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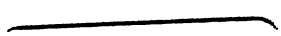

THE

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A MISCELLANY OF

CATHOLIC KNOWLEDGE AND GENERAL LITERATURE.

VOL. IX.

FROM MAY TO OCTOBER, 1875.

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THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

Vol. IX.—MAY, 1878.—No. 49.

A PRACTICAL CONSIDERATION OF THE PUBLIC SCHOOL PROBLEM.

A RESPECTABLE portion of the Roman Catholics of New York City, representing undoubtedly the opinions and wishes of the Church in that diocese, have made application to the authorities for a share of the money raised by general taxation for the support of schools, and these petitioners state distinctly that they desire their share in order to carry on their system of education. They admit, as all seem to attest, that general education is essential in a republic, and they willingly pay the tax that is imposed upon them to secure education to children in whom are the future statesmen, divines, and philosophers of our country, and, unfortunately, a different and less desirable portion of the community. But, in common with a considerable number of their fellow-citizens, they believe that religion is the true basis of all education, and they believe that without the religious support education may become, as it usually does become, the means of mischief; elevating and refining the crime, but not lessening its general injury.

Religion did at one time constitute a portion of the instruction of public schools, but when a denomination found that the tendency of that teaching was unfriendly to them, that it was sectarian indeed, a demand was made for a share of the general fund, that the benefit of instruction might be enjoyed by those who paid their assessed proportion, but were excluded from the benefit of its application. Then the idea of teaching religious dogmas was disavowed, and the public schools were said to be not *ir*religious but non-religious and unsectarian. They never were such. In the books, and in some of the practices, there was what seriously offended the consciences of those who asked for some of the funds.

But it is not the books nor the small practices that gave the occasion for the new movement in New York. The Catholics do not want non-religious schools; they think that religion is one of the elements of education, and they think if a choice is to be made between religion without school learning and school learning without religion, they would take the religion.

But people do not agree on that point; many think that the concession is sufficient that has professedly separated public school education from religion. The Catholics think that such a concession is more than sufficient; they would not have religion separated from education. But, as upon the subject of education, there is a wide difference of opinion; the Catholic would not wound the consciences of their fellow-citizens by making their own creed an element of public school instruction, nor will they admit the right of others to interfere with their children's creed while in the public schools. Still less will they consent to have the minds and the characters of their children moulded by non-religious teaching.

The Catholics of New York do not ask that State supervision of schools should be relinquished. They ask that the general direction of schools, sustained entirely or in part from public taxation, should be submitted to some common law; but as they pay their share of that taxation, they believe that in submitting to the ordinary general direction of the State, they should not be made to feel that they were paying to have their children reared in the neglect of the important doctrines and practices of the Church. Or, that paying their share of the taxation, they should be compelled to double their contributions for education by maintaining their own schools for the sake of their creed. As the views of the Catholics of New York are, and must be, those of their co-religionists in other parts of the country, and therefore in Philadelphia, it is not strange that the newspapers, not Catholic, in this city should have referred pointedly to the movement in New York. And it will appear no more strange that an individual who is a Catholic should feel and express an interest in the matter, and try, if permitted, to show the reasonableness of the request of the New York Catholics and the consistency of granting that request.

It is said by those who oppose the application of the Catholics of New York City, that it is presumptuous in them to suppose that the people at large will consent to grant to citizens of one denomination what is not allowed to those of other creeds.

We do not see that the prayer of the Catholics need be denied because people of other religious denominations do not ask for the same. It does not appear that others desire the same, certainly they do not desire it upon the same grounds of conscience.

It is further opposed to the New York Catholic prayer that secular learning is enough for the schools, and that learning may be had therein by children of all denominations, while the religious education may be imparted separately by the respective clergy of the different denominations.

That might do if religion was not considered the principal element of morals, and especially that which is to be the motive and reward of good action. To make the child go to a secular school in which nothing is taught but the contents of the grammar, the arithmetic, or the history, and to look to an occasional lesson upon religion, is to give very little weight to that which most Christians and Jews believe to be "the one thing needful to peace and comfort in this world, and the one thing essential to happiness in the world to come." Besides, most folks think that religion, instead of being an independent quality, which is too refined for mixture with earthly mould, too pure to be placed in contact and associated with worldly motives and business schemes, is the purifying and sanctifying quality to move, direct, and accompany all other qualities and attainments. And just in proportion as "religion is identified with all other acquisitions are those attainments operative in a useful direction."

This early association of religion with other qualities is pointed out in Scripture as the means of withholding the passions from the moral danger of life, and sustaining men in the trials and misfortunes which beset them here. How then can it be best to keep separate secular and religious instruction? How is it possible to infuse into the qualities of the child's mind, into his daily attainments, the saving influence of a religious lesson that comes only by accident, or which are given without the evidence that they are of little consequence, unless they influence all other acquirements, leavening the loaf, and giving it healthy and nutritive qualities? And, to keep up the figure, the attempt to separate secular education, that is to be of public benefit, from religious instruction, would be not unlike the effort of the poor housewife who uses her best flour and purest salt and freshest water to compose her bread, and saves the yeast, which is used as an ingredient of the loaf, for a separate diet at the table.

But it is argued by some who oppose the prayer of the New York Catholics, that the favorable response thereto would be unreasonable, and perhaps unsafe, as the Episcopalians, Presbyterians, Methodists, Baptists, and other denominations might demand the same division of the public funds on their behalf. We do not mean to say that they would not be justified in making the claim, or that the authorities would not be right in granting it. Of course if we would defend the claims of the Catholics in this respect, and justify a favorable response thereto by the authorities, we should not be less favorable to similar claims from other religious denominations. But we may say that some of those other denominations do not ask for such a distribution. Their *non usiter* of their own rights may perhaps, among themselves, be urged against the claim; we hope not, but their neglect should not vitiate the claims of those who have "asked" and who do now urge their petition. If the Methodists, Baptists, and other denominations respectable by number and social position see no evil in the separation of religious from secular education, then they may be doing well to continue the separation, at least they are exercising a right.

With Catholics, however, it is a matter of conscience. They believe that the creed of their church is true; that the doctrines of that church are a part of those which are essential to good citizenship, as well as to eternal happiness. Or, what is quite to the purpose, they believe that good morals depend much on early education, on instruction that includes religion.

It may be said on the opposing argument, that other large denominations do not so believe. We know that, and their conscience dictates according to their creed, and they should not be compelled to violate that conscience, in order to obtain that for which society was formed.

But it is the conscience of the Catholic of which we are now speaking. The conscience of some citizens of other denominations are not wounded at the neglect of religious teachings, or the primary instruction of their children. They are willing to take similar lessons in the schools, and trust to other means for obtaining that religious teaching which is so necessary for obtaining the religious instruction so necessary to morals.

The Catholic believes differently; and he thinks that in a government like this under which we live, his conscience is entitled to respect as fully as the conscience of any other citizen. It is no answer to say that on the school question, other denominations have not asked for a distribution of the school money, because it is seen that it is no violation of their conscience to have their

children educated out of the influence of their own religious creed. We are speaking of the religious conscience.

But it is said, "if the Catholic petition is granted, it will be legislating or administering the laws in favor of one denomination."

So far as the question is confined to the assistance of the Catholic school, certainly the distribution is in favor of the Catholic denomination. But the granting of a clear right is not to be regarded as an evidence of partiality.

But suppose the request should be granted to the Catholics upon the grounds that they believe that religious education should mingle with the teaching of the school, and that therefore their part of the taxes for schools should be devoted to the maintenance of schools to which they could conscientiously send their children. Would such a respect for the conscience of a large Christian denomination paying a full share of the fund be improper, or unprecedented in the legislation of State and country? We think not.

During the exigencies of the late civil war, the demand for men to fill the depleted ranks of the "Union army" was so urgent that a price as high as eight hundred dollars was paid to secure a substitute for a drafted citizen. Meantime the draft went on. Some were drafted and some enlisted in the ranks. Some were drafted whose circumstances, business, and domestic affairs rendered it almost impossible for them to leave home for the army. Many kept up a constant payment, a sort of standing insurance against draft, because one of the family had fallen on the field, and they were all that were left for the comfort and maintenance of the bereaved and dependent relatives. Yet at the next door, perhaps, a stout healthy citizen, with a family of four or five stalwart sons, was looking complacently upon the rupture in their neighbor's family circle, and the depletion of the treasury, hastened by the necessity of paying for a substitute. This father and his sons were all going forth to their pleasure or their business with no fear of the draft, with no apprehension of a demand for money to procure their exemption.

And why was this difference at such a moment, in the circumstances of the two neighboring families?

The reason is plain and reasonable. One family that lost children on the field of battle, and paid a high price to secure the exemption of others, were not conscientiously scrupulous about bearing arms; so they bore arms, and bore the consequences. Those that sent none of their members to the field at the call of the nation, and paid nothing for substitutes, were conscientious in their refusal to bear arms or to assist in war by payment to secure substitutes. And the laws of the nation and of the State respected their consciences, and exempted them from the draft, which forced others to be soldiers, or compelled others to pay for a substitute.

Yet while those men who had no religious scruples on the subject of defending and maintaining the Union against the fiercest rebellion that has a record, were spending their means and their blood for the national cause, in which all were concerned, the men who professed a scruple on the subject of war went forth to their daily business, securing its profits, augmented by increased demand and diminution of competition, and themselves and their families and their wealth *protected* by the sacrifices of the blood and treasure of their less scrupulous neighbors.

Yet we do not find the secular or the religious papers condemning the respect which the law and its administrators paid to the conscience of the enemies of war.

But if the consciences of the Friends and Mennonites, and others, are so

worthy of respect, as to exempt those persons from military duties, duties the discharge of which at the moment is necessary to national existence, surely some regard may be had to the conscience of a class of citizens that are not behind any in patriotic service, in labor, in sacrifices of money or life.

"No distinction can be made," it is said, "between classes of citizens. All must be amenable to the same laws; there cannot be one law for the Protestant, and another for the Catholic." Why, then, we ask, is there one law for the Friend or Mennonite, and another law for the Baptist, Presbyterian, etc., etc.?

The truth is, that at all times there has been, and in all future times there will be, in a country of law and equal rights, some distinction made in the enactment of that law. The circumstances of different classes are always consulted in a government by the people. It is only in a despotism that inflexible rules obtain.

But we are told that schools are necessary to education, and that education is necessary to the existence of a republic. We are not disposed to make an argument upon that point, though one may be permitted to inquire, "What is education?" If education, if learning, if instruction consist entirely in the acquisition of what is laid down in the spelling-book, the grammar, and the arithmetic, then we need not discuss the merits of the axiom; it is correct in its narrowest application. But if education mean the leading out of the powers of the pupil, if "instruction" includes the "*in-building*" of a moral principle, and if learning implies a knowledge of our duties to God and man, and how to discharge these duties, then we give to that axiom (of the importance of education) a broad comprehensive application, which takes the scholar above what the spelling-book, the grammar, and the arithmetic can teach, but takes them with him. And we should, with the first lessons of these handbooks, have the lesson of higher moral duties—religious obligation. "Thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children," is a command of the Most High, and the child's book lesson is to be taught with his duty to God, his country, his neighbor, and himself.

It is of national importance that those great truths, upon which character is to be based, should be explained to the learner in his early years. Lord Brougham says the character is formed at six years of age. That may be. Certainly moral instruction should commence before the child is ready for book knowledge, and that instruction—that moral, religious instruction—should go on, not *pari passu*, not side by side, but *in, with,* and *of* the primary teaching of the school, a part, operative, essential, inseparable.

Had religious education been thus mingled with the lesson of secular instruction, the prisons of civilized countries would have had fewer educated men as tenants, and the gibbet and the axe would have hanged and beheaded fewer men who owed their felonious life and their felon's death to a bad use of education—to learning unbalanced by religious responsibilities.

The Catholic memorialists, who, in New York, ask to receive aid from the income of the school tax. have contributed proportionately to its amount. But it seems that the application differs from that formerly made. They ask now to be allowed to retain their scholars, for whom they have ample accommodations. They propose that the order and discipline of their school, with the general curriculum, be under the inspection of the public authorities; and, while all this is going on, in these Catholic schools they shall be in conformity with the general school directions, and the general course of studies the same as in other schools.

There shall be found opportunities to blend religious education with the common exercises of the school, at least there shall be nothing opposed to Catholic doctrine taught; and the feelings of the pupils shall not be wounded, nor their minds warped by the misrepresentation of hostile book-makers. To these negatives there must be added, as stated above, positive religious instruction. That seems fair.

While preparing this paper for the press, we find in a daily paper from the Southwest, a particular notice of the measure of which we are treating. The editor is opposed to any concession to the Catholics on the school question. He says, emphatically:

"The State has decided that the education of children is its own duty; that it has devised means for a proper discharge of that duty; that it has established public schools in which every child in the State that is to benefit by the school system, may receive an education; that it has decided what that education shall be, and what it shall not include; and that none of the funds raised by general taxation shall go to any school that is not established by the State. For the Catholics to ask that they shall be an exception to this rule, by being allowed some of the school funds, towards which they contributed their assessed share, is preposterous. The State has prescribed the kind of school and of education that are to serve the public."

Now we agree to the importance of the education, and we consent to the proposition that the State tax the people for the support of schools, deeming it a duty to provide education for all, but we object to the kind of education which is to be forced upon the pupil.

Let us see how it will work. Education is necessary to the people, and the State therefore provides schools. That seems logical.

But eating is as necessary to the people as book-learning. Suppose, then, that our State were to say, we will provide food for the people and a common table, as the Lacedemonians did; we suppose that the bowl of black broth would not be deemed quite sufficient. We are a meat-eating nation, and some solid food would be required, or there would be a rebellion among the commons. Meat must be furnished. And probably that would vary with the supply of the neighborhood. In Cincinnati and Chicago one would look for a large supply of pork, and that, if not every day, would be almost always upon the table.

Now, as this common table must supply all the people, we are not so sure that our Hebrew fellow-citizens would not be making an application for their share of the common fund, as their conscience could not be satisfied with the daily provision. Nor would the class of Christians who avoid the use of animal food be without cause of complaint, if the only diet set before them should be "spare rib," middling, and hams, and they were compelled to purchase their vegetable food after having paid the tax levied to supply the common table.

We do not present this as an argument so much as an illustration of the case of the opponents of the Catholic claim. "Man shall not live by bread alone." There is food necessary for the immortal part, constant daily nutrition of the higher faculties; care, beyond all mortal claims, is demanded for the immortal soul. It is not what this man does *not* believe, but what that man does believe, that is worthy of thought; and conscience is entitled to respect, even though its dictation may not be a rule with the majority.

But we notice a serious objection, made by several writers, who, while they are not unwilling that the Catholics should have their share of the school fund and separate schoolhouses, affect to think that such a

concession would lead to the evil of employing Catholic teachers!

Of what use to Catholics would be a Catholic school-house and a proportion of the public funds, without a Catholic schoolmaster? The Catholics should have a right to build and maintain their school-houses at their own expense, and they may have the benefit of a schoolmaster, for which they must, like all denominations, pay their share, but they may not select him, nor must he be a Catholic. Certainly the spirit of Bismarck is in these objections. Catholics must pay their quota of the school expenses and the full cost of the school-houses, and have no voice in the selection of the teachers of their children. Nothing, of course, is conceded if the claim for teachers is not allowed.

Catholics have no objection to a Protestant or Jewish school, if their children could receive there the teaching which they think constitutes a proper education; and they have no predilection for a school-house, even built and owned by Catholics, and into which their own children could be received, if there was not imparted there such instruction as Catholics desire for their children, and which a non-Catholic is not likely to give, which, perhaps, it would be unjust to expect from him. We ask that the conscience of the Catholic pupil should be respected; he should not be compelled to learn anything contrary to his conscience. No less respect should be paid to the religious sentiments of the schoolmaster; he should not be compelled to teach anything contrary to his conscience. This rule is general, is catholic, not for one denomination alone, but for all.

"UNTO THESE LEAST."

It was a street that people avoided when possible; a street the outlet of reeking courts and tributary alleys; a street whereof the houses were dens of poverty and shame. It was not a street where the honest poor wrought and lived, with bare, but neat and well-tended homes, but one where crime and sloth created holes in which to hide from the light of day and the gaze of fellow-men. Yet troops of little children thronged its way, and in their cunning, or greedy, or vicious gaze, no trace of childhood's precious heritage of innocence could be found. The bitter fruit of the "tree of the knowledge of good and evil" had already been tasted by each infant lip, and invisible angels wept over the result. The soiled and often bruised faces were no more stained than the tender souls beneath; the children were only wrecks of something once fresh from the Master-touch whose creations are all wonderful.

One child stood apart from the rest, absorbed, unconscious, evidently essaying the mastery of something very unusual to such outcasts, viz., thought. This child was a little girl, unkempt, unwashed, and clad in rags, to specify color or form of which would be impossible. What capability of grace in bent head or drooping figure; what possibility of loveliness in grimy face, God knows! A mother's hand tenderly arraying the one, or bathing and softly stroking the other, might have called out latent charms from both. As it was, there she sat, propped in crouching,

ungainly attitude against the blank wall of a house, with filthy face held between gaunt and dirty hands; this, upraised to an object on an opposite fence, an ugly, repulsive picture from head to foot, save in one detail, and that the casual passer might not easily notice. The eyes, which dirt could not stain, which rags could not affect, which ill-usage could not wound, were beautiful! A struggling soul looked out from them, light shone around its presence, and from the curiosity of their fixed gaze, a trace of innocence, or, perhaps, more truly, of unconsciousness, softly dwelt, hiding for the time the bitter fruit of the bitter tree. For the rest, these eyes were of the indescribable gray which some people call black, and some blue, and which can picture a storm-cloud in passion, or glow with lovely light in happiness and hope; the wonderful, beautiful gray, that no tint of artist's pen can paint, nor no words of poet's verse embody, yet over which artists dream and poets sing continually. Yes, there they shone from beneath the grimy brows of this little street Arab, all their capability of soul bent on a ragged varieties bill, fluttering from the black fence opposite; all their strange beauty of light and shadow expended on the task of learning the letters staring from its yellow ground.

"Hello, Nole!" cried a boy's shrill voice; "forgittin' it all! hey?"

The boy was a dirty boy, a shambling boy, a boy that looked as if he slunk through life with a sense of being continually pursued, a boy with no expression whatever of face or eye, but the low cunning engendered by this method of life.

"Oh, Gabe," she said, and the tone was an abstracted one, and the eyes never desisted from their study, "the last un; the last! that un with the two bars an' the cat-a-cornered line down—I forget it! Tell it—bez—biz—no, zib; what *is* it?" Then all the light of the eyes were concentrated on his greedy face.

He stood, regarding her with a leer, his hands in his tattered pockets, through which they showed, horny and red, as revolting a picture of petty despotism and covetous desire as could well be imagined.

"Where's the stamps then? Shell out first, Nole! Ye know I'm up to yer games!"

"Ah, Gabe, trust me! I didn't git a chance last night; an' if ye gi' me this one letter, I'll have 'em all!"

"No, sir-ee; no pay, no larnin!" and he slunk away.

She sat for a moment like one stunned, and—yes, tears actually rose to the questioning eyes. But she conquered them, and again turned the eager gaze upon the bill.

"Zuma," she repeated to herself, "that's the word, it's the commencement uv zu—;" then she uttered the phonetic sound of *z*. "What kin it be? I'll make it any way."

She drew from the bosom of her ragged dress a roll of brown wrapping-paper, enveloping a piece of charcoal. On this, as she opened it, could be seen the letters of the alphabet from *a* to *y*, pretty accurately made. To the end of the list she proceeded to affix the *z*, copying it from the bill, and forming, as she did so, a suggestive tableau. An artist might have painted the forlorn figure and its filthy surroundings; the curious copy spread out on the little knees; the grotesque pencil, and the small, brown hand guiding it. But the most skilful could not have fixed to his canvass the look of absorbed intelligence darted to the ragged play-bill at every uplifting of the frowsy head, or the delighted and eager one, as it drooped over its task. These were as impossible to paint as they were charming to all true lovers of Nature. To such charm as lay in the whole scene, there had been, from the beginning, a charmed spectator. This was an

old gentleman, not clad in the latest style, and evidently oblivious of appearances generally. He had a fresh and ruddy and handsome face, suggestive of country air and plenty of baths, and this was fitly set in silver waves of beard and hair. As he moved forward towards our tableau, he revealed a little lameness in the right foot, which only served to enhance one's interest in his quaint and portly figure, with its blue broadcloth suit of ancient cut, and its buff vest, and snowy linen peeping through. He approached the poor little figure softly, and with a simplicity of awe quite refreshing to look upon, and gave token of his presence by ejaculating in the most cautious of whispers,

"Child!"

But the letter, with "the two bars and the cat-a-cornered line down," was not completed, and the abstracted child never changed attitude or look.

"Extraordinary power of concentrativeness!" he said, in the same cautious whisper, but to himself. "I'll now test her already proved capacity for useful knowledge."

Though almost close to her, he then arranged his two hands as a speaking trumpet, and roared in a voice loud enough to awake one of the Seven Sleepers:

"Say, that's *zed!*"

I do not think the visible advent of an angel could have produced a more wonderful and instantaneous burst of light on the little dirty face than that which leaped to it now. A smile reigned in place of the conquered tears, a luminous glow in place of the shadow.

"Knew I'd bring you!" he cried, rubbing his hands together, and chuckling: "Say 'em all now."

She looked at him doubtfully, heaving a wistful sigh.

"No; I'm not Gabe," he said, seating himself with a little difficulty on the low place beside her; "*I* don't expect pay."

She began and repeated all the letters, pointing to each as she pronounced it, and winding up with the final "zed" triumphantly, he nodding assent to every turn of the recitation.

"Yes," he put in at the end, "often called *zee*, in fact always by these new pedagogues."

"What's that?" she asked.

"Well, for instance," pointing over his shoulder in the direction the boy has gone, "Gabe there. Gabe would make a first-class one, with his motto: 'no pay, no learnin';' and his desire for you to 'forgit,' in order to spin out the pay. Now tell me, have you any more of these?"

She drew out another roll. Upon examination, it displayed the most extraordinary vocabulary of words that could well be imagined as having been culled from fields of English lore. With his previous knowledge gained from witnessing the scene just described, he divined that they had all been copied from play-bills. "Scout," "ranger," "bloody," "strangulation," "hell-hound," "prairie-chief," "thunderbolt," "death's head." These were a few which will serve to illustrate the whole.

"Learn 'em all yourself?" he inquired.

"Yes—least I put 'em down, an' ast Jake—he know'd more 'n Gabe. He didn't charge neither!"

"And where's Jake?"

"In jail. Stole."

"Stole what?"

"Money, an' he wanted to git me things, or he wouldn't 'a done it. I never had nothin' but what Jake got me."

"Why did you want to learn?"

"To git so I needn't steal. Gabe don't need to steal any more."

"Humph! There are more ways of stealing, 'than are dreamed of in your philosophy.' What's your name?"

"Nole; mother called me Leonora."

"Why do you want to get so you 'needn't steal?'"

"You're always goin' to be catched, you know, an' it's so wearin'. I foun' out there was a way uv gittin' things, an' it didn't make any difference if you was catched. I don't know what the way is," with a very weary and helpless look, "but all the young uns what knows it, walks along with clean dresses an' books, an' I guess they git the way out o' the books, so I want to larn an' git it too. I don't think I could ever stand bein' catched, yo' know!"

"What do you suppose is done to you when you're 'catched?'"

A fearful look stole over the dirty face, a look only fit for face of convicted murderer or detected felon.

"Yer tongue tore out, an' you tied to a wall, an' whipped with iron rods!"

"Who told you that?"

"Moll an' Bill, an' all 'em in there," pointing to a reeking house near; "I live there."

"God help you!"

"Yes! Every one of 'em says that, only *they* say 'damn,' instead of uv help! What's the difference?"

"Oh! Lord!" This was a groan.

"Oh!—Lord!"

She regarded him with a stare of undisguised astonishment.

"Sick, eh?" she asked.

"Yes, to the heart—child, child!"

He sat like one in a dream for a few minutes, then pointed to the paper.

"Do you know all these words?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Let's examine you."

He pointed to them, "up and down" and "every way." She knew each instantly.

"And you knew these before the letters!" he said.

"Yes, 'twas Gabe told me about *them*, an' how, if I'd larn his way, I needn't be mindin' every word separate, but could make 'em myself. I'd like to know his way, but he's got mad because I had no stamps to-day, so I guess he'll not show me any more. Do *you* know Gabe's way?"

He smiled to himself.

"So you went backwards; new style of education; words, whoppers of words at that, first, letters afterwards. And where now did you get 'the stamps?'"

She looked at him wistfully, cautiously.

"Ef Bill'd ever find out, I'd be murdered!"

The last dread word was said in a dread tone, dread from any lips, but fearfully so from a child's, with its strange certainty and terrible matter-of-fact interpretation.

"Bill shall not know," said her listener, in a pitying voice, quite as full of tears, and quite as tender as any woman's. For the simple and self-evident fact, that the poor little dark soul, had braved "murder" to gain a ray of light, went like the stab of a steel blade to his very heart.

"Come, tell me all."

She put her lips to his ear.

"When he gits drunk, I—I—take them out of his pocket. Ef it was Jake, I'd ast for them."

He stood up and walked about, evidently revolving in his mind some knotty question. Suddenly he stopped before her.

"Do you know who you are?" he said. "Got any parents?"

She shook her head.

"Got any name but Nole?"

"Jake says I have, but I forgit. It's an awful funny word."

"Do you remember your mother?"

"Yes, fur *she* never kicked me."

"Father did, eh?"

"I guess he did, an' got drunk! But he didn't steal like the rest."

"What did he do for a living!"

"*They*," pointing to the house, "said he played. I always thought play was something funny, but I bet ye, he was never funny."

"Both dead?"

"Yes, mother died first. Then

father got run over one day he was drunk, an' Jake kep' me here; an' only he was put in jail, I'd belong to him, I guess. I don't belong to no one now, an' ef I could git out o' here, they'd never miss me."

He walked up and down again now.

"This Jake," he remarked, more to himself than to her, "it might be well to see him!"

But she caught the words.

"Oh!" she cried, clasping her hands, and letting her precious papers fall, "*could* you bring me to Jake? Oh! when I stole frum Bill, I didn't care much ef I was catched so I'd be brought to Jake's jail, even ef I was whipped with an iron rod!"

Now he turned away; now he lost power of speech; now he could not face the sight she formed. She, with the death of hope stamped on her face, stooped to pick up her papers, for she thought he was going. He let her pick them up, stow them furtively away amongst the rags of her dress, sigh a woful sigh from the very depths of her aching heart, turn a last look on him, and begin to trace some lagging steps towards the tumble-down tenement. Then he started like one awakened from a dream, gained her side with a couple of rapid strides, took her thin and dirty hand in his.

"I will go with you," he said. "Show me Moll and Bill, and the rest."

She looked a little frightened, but cowering before his determined aspect, she led him obediently onward. Such squalor, such dirt, such defacing of the image of God in the human face, created to reflect a soul; such utter absence of human decency and human comfort, this man, old in the progress of life, had never seen before, as that which met his eyes on entering the house. Men swearing or fighting or playing cards as demons might; women and children half naked, and huddled together like animals, all on the filthy floor; none occupied in aught but what was wrong; the little ones imitating perfectly the horrid looks of hate and greed to be seen on the elder faces; the young voices echoing curses and angry words: this is but a faint outline of the scene. He stood a moment looking at it. Then said he: "My good people, is it true that none of you can lay claim to this child?"

"Good people! Ha! ha! ha!" the chorus was almost diabolical in its tone; "ef she's worth anything, we all claim her!"

The child trembled from head to foot. "Bill, that's Bill," she whispered, faintly.

"Has she any father, or mother, or other relation amongst you?" he asked then, mildly, but in that self-contained and firm tone which always conquers ruffianism.

"Nary one!" shrieked one of the women, "an' a good bargain uv trouble *you'll* have, old gent, ef you take Nole with ye!"

"Come, child," he said, gently.

"Where?" she asked, wistfully.

"Where, thank God! you can learn to forget all this!"

So she went with him, and quite trustingly faced the unknown, because all she knew of kindness or of pity led her towards its hidden shores.

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPES.

ITS LEGITIMATE TITLES CONSIDERED.

PUBLIC NECESSITY; THE WILL OF THE PEOPLE; THE DONATION OF PEPIN.

WE live in an age of appearances. Everything is done for appearance sake, and it matters very little whether there be a reality beneath or not. In fact, if there be no reality to sustain the appearances with consistency, it is counted as another evidence of the advanced civilization of our age, that it can get up an appearance on nothing. Confining our observations to Italy, we might cite, as evidences, such appearances as the memorandum of Visconti Venosta to the powers of Europe, previous to the *annexation* of Rome; that monstrous impostor called the "Roman Plebiscite," and that other agglomeration of lies, the "Papal Guarantees." These, and innumerable other productions of the age, are appearances only; and although this age professes to be very discriminating, it has failed as yet to perceive that they are a flagrant insult to the most ordinary intelligence.

But to come to the point at issue, to wit, the temporal power of the Popes. To legitimize the suspension of this power a great many appearances were gotten up, and the world in a great measure is receiving them as realities. Since our question is juridical, we too will cite appearances—which, however, will represent realities—to prove the legitimacy of the temporal power of the Church, and, consequently, to brand the annexation of 1870 with its true title, a monstrosity of injustice. The acquisition of territory is accomplished in these days with surprising facility. A march upon a defenceless city, with the avowed intention of protecting the citizens—it is not for them to inquire from what—a forced entrance, a plebiscite, and the deed is done. But in the days of the formal establishment of the temporal power of the Church the matter was not so easily accomplished. There lived in those days a very estimable and strictly uncompromising personage called Justice. She watched with an impartial eye every transaction between man and man, between communities and communities, and, above all, between governments and governments. We do not pretend to say that her principles were conscientiously taken into consideration in each and every particular; nay, we will state frankly, that in enforcing the observance of her principles dame Justice enjoyed no sinecure. Those ages were very ruthless. They very often did open violence to Justice and buffeted her about promiscuously, but they never attempted her utter annihilation, and, on the whole, acknowledged her right to exist. The present age has strangled her outright, and naught is left us now but to pray for her speedy resurrection.

That in the establishment of the temporal sovereignty of the Roman Pontiffs the voice of Justice was hearkened to, and no principle of equity violated, is a conclusion which has been already set forth in an indirect manner, in the two previous papers on the Temporal Power. Our direct purpose there was not to prove its legitimacy, but to determine when it began to exist. We are aware that it is a received maxim in politics nowadays, that an "accomplished fact" is a fact justified. We might invoke this maxim in favor of our thesis, seeing that the temporal power

was an accomplished fact of several centuries' standing. But we will leave that argument to the sorry quibblers who are beholden to it. We might with more effect cite the sentiments of authors of different ages, and different views in other matters, but agreeing in this, to prove the justice of this establishment, which is the subject of so much controversy to-day. But that would lengthen our paper beyond the limits compatible with a monthly review. Suffice it to quote two authors, whose authority is beyond dispute. De Maistre, in his learned work, Du Pape, lib. ii, c. 6, thus expresses himself on the legitimacy of the temporal power: "There is not in all Europe a sovereignty which is more justifiable, if I can express myself thus, than that of the Roman Pontiffs. It is like the divine law, *Justificata in semetipsa*" (justified in itself). Even the pen of Gibbon, the most unsparing enemy that the Church or the Popes could have, was forced, in deference to a truth which is too patent to be denied, to make the following acknowledgment: "The temporal dominion of the Popes is confirmed to-day by the reverence of ten centuries; and their most beautiful title is the free choice of a people whom they liberated from slavery." (Rise and Fall of the Roman Empire, chapter 49.) Let us, however, examine the identical principles of justice which induced the authors just cited to regard the temporal power as being founded in titles which defy dispute. A sovereignty may be legitimately acquired by election, by concession or donation, by conquest, and by the necessity of the public welfare. Election comes from the people, who have a right of choosing their sovereign. Such were the ancient Teutons and the Goths. A grant or donation is made by the legitimate possessor of a state to another, who receives the title-deeds under certain conditions proposed by the giver. We may cite, as an example, the cession of Savoy by Victor Emmanuel to Napoleon I. Conquest is the work of violence, of force, and the possession thus acquired is legitimate if the war be just; if the war be unjust it is called usurpation. We should say it *was* called usurpation; the modern name is *annexation*. Lastly, public necessity may constitute a just title to possession in him who, in a time of general dismay, abandonment, and confusion, and when society is without a protector, takes upon himself the weight of government, thus laying a claim to the rights of a sovereign.

Now we maintain that every title mentioned was verified in the establishment of the temporal power. There was the election of a people, who, first oppressed and tyrannized over by their rulers, and afterwards abandoned entirely by them, had an incontrovertible right to choose a sovereign; which they did, when, in their utter distress, they turned to the Popes for guidance and protection. There was the grant, or donation, made by Pepin the Short, who had acquired a legitimate possession in a just and successful war, which he undertook at the prayers of those whose rights were violated, viz., the Roman people. In fine, there was the supreme law of public necessity. Rome, abandoned by the Greek Emperors, first, at the very time of the Lombard invasion, would have inevitably fallen a prey to the Barbarians, becoming their miserable slaves, if the Popes, in their charity, had not come to their assistance, and taken up the reins of government, which were shamefully dropped by the Greek Emperors. Generally speaking, where many causes concur in producing the same effect, there is a certain concatenation between them—a law of supremacy, as it were, which makes one depend upon the other. This is eminently true of the causes just named. Hence arises the question, which of the causes men-

tioned constitutes the primary and radical title of legitimacy in the temporal power? The answer to this question will form the principal conclusion of this paper. No one can reflect seriously on the events narrated in the last two papers, and be at a loss to assign the principal title of legitimacy. The necessity of the times brought about the establishment of the temporal power; and from this necessity depend the other two titles which we assign, the will of the people and the donation of Pepin. To prove the existence of this necessity, is supererogatory. If it be conceded at all, that Rome and the surrounding provinces were abandoned by those whose duty it was to watch over them and protect them, the necessity of some one's coming to their assistance is self-evident. The abandonment of the Roman people by the Greek Emperors is eloquently attested by the facts of the sixth and seventh centuries. Though this abandonment may be said to have begun after the translation of the capital from Rome to Constantinople, yet it was not keenly and palpably felt by the people until the sixth century, after the Gothic war, and the victories of Belisarius and Narsetes. Then it was that the Lombards began their career of invasion. In fact, if they almost succeeded in bringing the whole of Italy under their yoke, it was because their ambition and cupidity were first roused by the traitorous eunuch, Narsetes.

The Emperors, as we have already seen, troubled themselves very little about Italy, and left it entirely to the mercy of the Exarch of Ravenna. These, however, devoted themselves more to the exaction of taxes for the support of the court of Constantinople, and to an endeavor to make the orthodox Italians subscribe to the formulæ of faith, proposed by the Emperors, than to protecting the people from the fury of the Lombards. Nay, we have already seen, that the Exarchs suffered themselves to be driven out of Ravenna by Astulphus, without making as much as a struggle to sustain the Imperial power. To the Popes, Gregory the Great, and the other two Gregorys, to Zachary, and Stephen II, is due, that the Exarchate of Ravenna did not perish long before the date of its final overthrow. We have already reviewed the events of the reigns of Leo the Isorian, and of Constantine Capromicus, when the abandonment of Rome was made complete. Suffice it to recall the answer which the latter gave to the Roman legates when they brought him presents, and begged him to send an armed force into Italy, to protect them from the Lombards. Refusing the gift, he bade them buy off the Lombards with it, or ask the Franks to help them. We may conclude with De Maistre (Du Pape, lib. ii, chap. vi), that the Emperors, by such a flagrant neglect of their most sacred duties, *studiously betrayed Italy* into the hands of the Barbarians, deeming it quite a happy expedient to allow them to ravage Italy, and thus divert their attention from Constantinople.

Having established the fact of the abandonment of Rome, and hence the public necessity which appealed to the Popes, and moved them to take upon themselves the cares of government, it is not illogical to conclude that such a necessity constituted a most legitimate title to a new sovereignty. The preserver of any community or society abandoned by its rulers, naturally acquires, in assuming the burden of governing and preserving it from ruin, a just claim to the rights of a sovereign. Common sense suggests this, nor does it need any principle of ancient or modern jurisprudence to prove it. It is founded, first of all, in the law of nature, which, since it wishes to preserve being or existence, must wish for the means necessary to that end; secondly, in the nature of society itself, which cannot exist

without the preserving principle of authority embodied in some individual, or body of individuals, no more than can the body exist without the soul, which is the principle of life. Hence it follows, that this principle of legitimacy, being founded in the very nature of things, must hold good at all times and in all places, is independent of all political changes and doctrines. From what has been said, it follows that the necessity of the public welfare constitutes a just and legitimate title of the temporal sovereignty of the Popes. We affirm, moreover, that this is the principal and fundamental title, without which the other titles could not very well exist. The other titles presuppose this, and without it they would be wanting in that justice which is necessary to establish a title. In fact, the will of the people would not, in itself, be sufficient; neither could they choose a sovereign, if the abandonment of their own lawful sovereigns had not placed them in the condition of people deprived of all authority, and extremely desirous, for their own social existence, of restoring it. Neither could Pepin have taken up arms against Astulphus, if the Greek Emperors, instead of abandoning Rome and Ravenna to the fury of the Lombards, had maintained a vigorous defence, and thus preserved the imperial power in the West. This abandonment, therefore, and the necessity which followed, constituted the principal and fundamental title of the sovereignty of the Popes. Having thus established the primary title, let us pass to a consideration of the claim which is founded in the will of the people.

The will of the people, together with the donation of Pepin, completed, in all its fulness, the temporal dominion of the Popes. They gave a decisive and lasting form to that political influence and authority which the Popes had exercised for long centuries before. Though the necessity of the times endowed the Roman Pontiffs with an indisputable right to act as sovereigns, still this right of itself was only temporary, and, in strict justice, could only exist as long as the necessity of saving Rome from ruin existed. To save a people from the ruin which threatens them, undoubtedly gives to their preserver unlimited claims upon their gratitude. But the fact does not of itself constitute a legitimate and lasting title of sovereign authority over that people. The man who rescues another from shipwreck, although entitled to his gratitude, does not acquire a right over his person or property. To the merit, therefore, of all the benefits which the Popes had conferred upon the Roman people, in their extreme necessity, it was necessary to add the consent of the people themselves, the investiture, so to speak, of the authority by those who, under the circumstances, were capable of conferring it, before they would be considered as endowed *in perpetuum*, with the rights of sovereigns. We shall not examine here, whether the will of the people could, under the circumstances, be set at naught. Such things have, in fact, happened, and no question of justice was raised afterwards. It is evident that the ruler, *pro tempore*, or benefactor of any society, does not, by that very fact, acquire sovereign rights over the same society. But it is also true, that society has the right of preserving its own existence, and must endeavor not to be tossed by new storms, through a mere caprice of changing the form of government. Hence follows an obligation on the part of the subjects of accepting that form of government which providential facts, over which they have no control, have established. These remarks are not intended to legitimize the temporal sovereignty of the Popes, because they became sovereigns by the free and unqualified choice of the people. We would, however, remark, that

the will of the people, of which we speak, has nothing in common with the modern theory and practice of the "sovereign people," who can confer and revoke sovereign power at will. The revolutionary spirit, as it is understood now, was not in existence in those days. The motto then was: "Given once, given forever." Another point to be borne in mind is this: It must not be imagined that the manifestation of the will of the people, in choosing the Popes as their temporal rulers, was made solemnly with set legal forms on a day established for the purpose, and that the "yeas" and the "nays" were counted out in the presence of a committee formed for that especial purpose. The vote of Italy, which called the Popes to the supreme civil power, bore no resemblance to *plebiscites*, ancient or modern. We need not bewail this want of formality. When we reflect on the strange and portentous consummations effected by universal suffrage in these our days, consummations which the more eloquent and universal suffrage of facts condemns, we do not go too far in asserting, that there is not a more lying and deceitful Proteus in existence than what is now styled a *plebiscite*. No, the suffrage of those days was nature's own impulse, and was called forth by the stern necessity of the times, and the resplendent virtues, religious and civil, of the Roman Pontiffs, from Leo the Great down to Stephen II. Only in such men as these could Italy find the power, the wisdom, and the charity necessary in times of such universal calamities. Now, as it always happens in events of nature's bringing about, in facts which begin to exist imperceptibly, and go on developing themselves until they become a powerful reality, so was it in this fact of the manifestation of the will of the Italian people. The precise moment of its manifestation cannot be determined. And yet, whoever places himself in the midst of the events of the eighth century, and then glances, even hurriedly, over the events of the three preceding centuries, cannot help meeting a thousand indications of the suffrage of the people; and will be forced to conclude that the Popes, in taking upon themselves the burden of the civil authority, yielded as much to the express desires of the people as to the imperious necessity of the times. In fact, the same may be said of the people of Rome, which has already been said of the Popes. As the Popes were sovereigns in fact, long before their right was formally defined, and before they themselves were fully aware of it, so the Romans and the Italians of Pentapolis were the willing subjects of the Popes, centuries before they were definitely regarded as such. There was a sort of mutual and continual attraction on either side. The Pontiffs, in the abundance of their great charity, felt themselves drawn towards their children, and were moved by a holy desire of acting as their protectors in the misfortunes of the times. The people, on the other hand, were drawn more closely to the Popes by a sense of gratitude, which gave birth to a strong and unchanging love for them. The Popes assumed the cares of the government, without seeking the honors thereof; while the people, with the love and docility of children, anticipated the duties and the respect of subjects. Thus, this mutual sympathy went on growing stronger as new trials, common both to the Popes and the people, drew them more closely together, until the extreme danger, which the Popes saw threatening Italy, forced them to make a lasting provision, by uniting themselves inseparably with the people in a loving bond of subjection on the one side, and fatherly tenderness coupled with sovereign power on the other. Sooth to say, if ever there was a government which was truly fraternal, either in its origin or in the exercise of the supreme power,

that government was the Papal government in the times of which we write. But there are not wanting positive proofs of the manifestation of the desire of the people to have the Popes as their rulers. We will cite a few of the most celebrated Pontiffs, in whose writings we find examples of the strong desire on the part of the people that the Popes would take upon themselves the administration of the civil government. Let it suffice to name a Leo the Great, the conqueror, first of Attila and then of Genseric, who, in his letter to Pulcheria Augusta, states that, at the "*prayers of the citizens*," he had undertaken to discharge civil duties; a Gregory the Great, who, during the fourteen years of his pontificate, was the only salvation of Italy; a Sergius, whose life and liberty were so dear to the Roman people, that, when Zacchary the Protospatarius came to Rome, with orders to bear the Pope off to Constantinople, not only Rome, but all Pentapolis rose up, to a man, and even the soldiers of Ravenna came to his rescue; a Gregory II, upon whom, as he himself wrote to the Emperor, the eyes of all the West were turned with confidence and *obedience;* a Gregory III, worthy successor of the former, both in religious and civil virtues, who, at the prayers of the people, stayed the ambitious Luitbrand; a Zacchary, who was meekness itself; and, finally, a Stephen II, whom the people hailed, on his return from France, after his successful mission to Pepin, with the title of "Pastor noster et post Dominum SALUS NOSTRA."

In fine, the fact itself, that the Popes, for three centuries before Stephen II, possessed and exercised so much authority in civil matters, as can only belong to a sovereign, and that, not only without the slightest indication of dissatisfaction, jealousy, or resistance on the part of the people, but, on the contrary, they showed their grateful acceptance, by an implicit obedience to that authority, by invoking it in all their troubles, and by showing themselves ever ready to defend the Popes, even at their own risk—this fact alone is sufficient to prove what were the sentiments of the people in the matter of making a choice. Their choice was made by the suffrage of facts, which are more eloquent and more reliable than the elections and plebiscites of our times, even supposing that the latter are conducted honestly.

The Donation of Pepin.—If ever it were true of that generous nation of the French, that it was moved by a chivalrous instinct, in running to the defence of any just or noble cause, it was supereminently true, when Pepin, with the consent of his dukes, and with the nerve and sinew of his army, twice crossed the Alps, and liberated Rome and the provinces from the Lombard yoke. This immortal act of Pepin's, and the liberality with which he ceded all to St. Peter, without a thought of himself, have justly merited for him the admiration of posterity. And yet there are not wanting Pharisees, who accuse Pepin of giving away what was not his own; and at the same time, with an unpardonable inconsistency, they praise to the skies the victories of Magenta and Solferino; they call Louis Napoleon's donation of Lombardy to Piedmont a noble act of generosity; nay, they give the name of "glorious" to the parricidal war, waged by Garibaldi and Cialdini against the Sovereign Pontiff; while the *annexation* of 1870 is the fulness of justice itself. Others again admit that Pepin was entitled to make a donation, but add that he should have made it, not to the Popes, but to the Greek Emperors. Gibbon, on the contrary, recognizes the justice of Pepin's donation, but accuses the Popes of ambition, and of perfidy towards the Byzantine Cæsars. He writes, "The ambition and avarice of the Popes have been very much blamed in this matter. The humility

of a Christian priest should have refused an earthly kingdom, which he could not easily govern, without renouncing the virtues of his calling. If the Emperor had commissioned Stephen to solicit the restoration of the Exarchate, I would not absolve the Pope from the accusation of treachery and double-dealing. But according to the rigor of the law, *any one can accept, without injury to another, that which a benefactor can, without injustice, bestow upon him.* The Greek Emperor had abandoned and lost his right upon the Exarchate, and the sword of Astulphus was broken in two by the more powerful sword of the Frankish King. If Pepin exposed his person and his army to the dangers of two expeditions across the Alps, he did not do so to defend the cause of the Iconoclasts. *He was the legal possessor of the conquests which he had made, and could legally dispose of them.* And to the importunate demands of the Greeks, he devoutly answered, that no human respect would induce him to take back the gift, which, for the remission of his sins, and the salvation of his soul, he had made to the Roman Pontiff." Gibbon is logical in the above, though, had he read the history of the three preceding centuries, with a little less animosity in his soul towards the Roman Pontiffs, he would be far from accusing Stephen II of ambition. But to return to Pepin's donation. We affirm, with Gibbon, that he gave what was legally his own. The cities which he bestowed had become his by the fortune of a just war; just in its purpose, because undertaken to liberate his friends and allies from the oppression and depredations of a robber king; just in the manner in which it was carried on, because Pepin not only declared it formally, but he tried persuasion to induce the Lombards to desist from their wicked career. It was just, finally, in the [illegible]deration which was observed after [illegible]r of Pavia; because Pepin did not treat Astulphus according to the usages of war then in vogue, but pardoned him, and even admitted him as a party, in the solemn treaty of Pavia. Pepin, therefore, had a perfect right to dispose of his conquest, and bestowing it upon St. Peter, as he swore at Quiersy, he neither could nor did violate the rights of any one. In the second place, it is equally false, that Pepin should have made the donation to the Emperor, and not to Stephen II. On the one hand, the Emperor had long since abandoned those provinces to their fate, and had ceased to offer them any protection whatever; he was rather their oppressor. Hence, he had lost all right to rule them, and much less had he any right to claim them, when they had become the object of a new conquest. Pepin, on the other hand, had made no promises to the Emperor, had formed no alliance or treaty with him. He protested solemnly that he only took up the sword for love of St. Peter. He had made a treaty with the Pope and the Romans, not as subjects of the empire, but as a miserable people, bereft of every protection, and left to themselves. Hence, he owed nothing to the Emperor. On the contrary, if Pepin had made the donation to the Emperor instead of to the Pope, he would have basely betrayed the hopes of the Roman people, and, instead of conferring a benefit upon them, as they had besought him to do, he would have done them an injury, by bringing them back under the much-dreaded yoke of the Greek Cæsars.

Pepin's donation, therefore, was most just, and, as a consequence, forms a just title of legitimacy in the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes. Though we attach so much importance to the donation of Pepin, yet we are far from admitting, with several French writers, that it constitutes the principal and only title of legitimacy. This may be gathered from the order of events, and the

conclusions following therefrom. From what has been said, it is evident that Pepin, at most, only added a powerful title to the two, still more incontrovertible and evident, which already existed, to wit, public necessity, and the desire of the people. The testimony of an eminent French writer may certainly be regarded in this matter as conclusive. "It is a rather common belief, that the Popes owed everything to the Carlovingians. And yet nothing is more false. The idea of the sovereignty of the Popes was so universal, and so indisputable, before the donation of the Carlovingians, that Pepin, before attacking Astulphus, sent several ambassadors to him, intimating that he should restore its possessions to the Church and the Roman republic." (Mgr. Dupanloup, La Souveraineté du Pape, page 128.) This conclusion follows from all the historical monuments extant. In the first place, from what has been set forth in our former papers, it is evident that the Pope, in fact and in right, was sovereign of Rome and the surroundings, so that, if the depredations of Astulphus had not called for the intervention of Pepin, the Papal dominion could have tranquilly existed, and have sufficient justification in the other two titles, even as it had existed before the donation of Pepin. In the second place, the donation of Pepin did not comprise all the States of the Church, but only some of the provinces. This will appear more evident in another paper, which will treat of the extent of the Papal territory. Let it suffice for our purpose to state that the possessions of the Church were divided into two parts, the Southern and the Northern. The Southern comprised the city of Rome, and what was then known as the Duchy. The Northern embraced Pentapolis and Ravenna. Now, neither Rome nor the Duchy was donated by Pepin, since they had not been *annexed* by Astulphus. The Roman territory had been invaded by Astulphus, but the expedition of Pepin interrupted the operations of the Lombards in the Roman provinces, and forced them to return to the defence of Pavia. Ravenna, however, and the Pentapolis had been seized by the Lombards some time previous, and these formed the substance of Pepin's donation. Rome and the Duchy were always regarded as belonging to the Popes, as may be gathered from the Diploma of Ludovicus Pius, in which the Emperor confirms all the possessions of the Popes. The Emperor begins by naming "*Civitatem Romana meum ducatu suo et suburbanis*, etc., sicut a predecessoribus vestris usque nunc in vestra potestate et dictione tenuistis et disposuistis." (The city of Rome with its duchy and surroundings, as you have held them in your power and dominion up to this time, from your predecessors.) From this, it is evident that the Church, prior to the donation of Pepin, already possessed considerable territory, and hence the donation cannot be regarded as the only title of legitimacy. We do not say this with the view of derogating from the merits of the Frankish King. Though his donation did not constitute the sole right of the Roman Pontiffs to temporal sovereigns, still that right which they already possessed was not formally defined and recognized in Europe until the treaty of Pavia, and, in this respect, the donation of Pepin assumes an importance which cannot be overlooked. Recapitulating now what has been said, we conclude, firstly, the Temporal Power of the Popes did not spring from the revolution of the Italian people against the Greek Emperors, nor from the Iconoclast heresy, though both one and the other tended to estrange Italy from the empire. Secondly. The foundation upon which the edifice of the Temporal Power is raised, was the abandonment of Rome and the Exarchate of Ravenna by the Emperors. Thirdly. In this aban-

donment an urgent public necessity called for a sovereign, a ruler. Now, the Popes, on the one hand, who, in point of fact, had for a long time been the only protectors of those provinces, had acquired every claim to the sovereignty; and, on the other, the unanimous suffrage of the people constituted them sovereigns. Thus, the temporal sovereignty was established not only in fact, but also in a perfect right. Fourthly. But the Lombards made inroads on this new state, and to save it from ruin, Stephen II invoked the aid of Pepin the Short. A treaty was signed at Quiersy, and put into effect in the two expeditions of Pepin against Astulphus, and confirmed anew in the two treaties of Pavia. Pepin constrained Astulphus to give up the provinces which he had usurped, and, in his turn, ceded them to the Pope, thus confirming the latter in the possession of his territory, and gave to it, by the legal sanction of public treaties, solemnly recognized, a lasting seal, which later on was confirmed by the consent of the whole world, and the reverenue of eleven centuries.

Such, in brief, are the fundamental titles of legitimacy in the Temporal Sovereignty of the Popes, and we cannot give a more fitting conclusion to our considerations than the words of the Protestant historian, Leo: "La souveraineté temporelle du Pape repose sur un droit plus incontestable, que celui de toute autre souveraineté de l'Europe."

LILIES AND ROSES.

(IN HONOREM S. MARGARITÆ, V.M.)

Lilies white and roses red
Deck the Spouse's golden bed:
Roses, for the Martyr train
For the love of Jesus slain;
Lilies, for the Virgins dight
In His Mother's mantle bright.

Margaret, how blest art thou!
Double glories grace thee now—
Virgin pure and Martyr true,
Thine the lily's spotless hue;
Thine the rose's crimson wreath,
For the love which conquers death.

Lord, Thy Virgin's Innocence
Keep us pure from all offence:
Nerve our hearts to courage high,
Lord, Thy Martyr's constancy!
Dauntless, stainless, pure, and brave,
Lead to glory through the grave.

THE BELFOREST BANK FAILURE.

I.

THREE GENERATIONS: TWO FRIENDS.

"As firm as a rock, sir,—as firm as a rock!" was the unanimous opinion of the people of Eagle's Falls when anybody mentioned the Belforest Bank; and the people of Eagle's Falls, being Pennsylvanians with streaks of cautious Dutch blood in their composition, are not far behind their brethren of New England in "'cuteness." If a clear record and unvarying steadfastness for more than fourscore years deserve confidence, the Eagle's Falls people were neither rash nor imprudent in implicitly trusting their great institution. It had stood all the shocks of Jackson's administration, partly because its conductors, the Belforests, father and son, were sagacious, and partly because it was rather an elastic sapling bowing before the blast than a towering oak.

Like the wealth of the Rothschilds —this phrase, by the way, is from the Eagle's Falls *Argus*—it was founded on an act of honesty.

One October night, in 1777, James Belforest sat beside his spacious fireplace in the stone farmhouse. He was too old and feeble to fight against the invader, but his mind was active, and just then it was following his son in the army.

The distant thunder of cannon came from the direction of Germantown. Each detonation froze the old man's blood. He shuddered, and cowered close to the hearth. War is horrible to those who fight, but even more so to those who wait. In the midst of his torturing suspense, he heard a faint sound at the door, and then a groan.

Might it not be his son returning, wounded, dying?

With trembling fingers, he pushed back the bolt, and threw open the heavy door. On the threshold lay a man in the uniform of a British officer. The face, upturned in the pale starlight, was young and handsome, though pain had made the features rigid, and drawn dark shadows under the eyes.

James Belforest slowly and tenderly moved the almost helpless man to the fire. His eyes, growing misty with the coming of death, spoke their gratitude. With an effort, he tore a ring from his finger, and drew by a thin chain a diamond cross from his breast. James Belforest tried to stanch the blood that oozed from a wound in his left side, just beneath the shoulder.

"It is useless," gasped the officer. "I am dying. Promise that you —send this ring and cross—to my mother in Lancashire. I am Henry Somerville."

Before James Belforest could speak, the young man made a convulsive movement, raised the cross to his lips, and fell back on the hard oak floor, dead.

After the war, old James and young James were again united. Some of their neighbors advised them to keep the "British spoil," but both the Belforests were honorable men, and, after some delay, the cross and ring were sent across the ocean to Lady Somerville, of Todmorden, Lancashire.

Two years passed. Young James Belforest worked on the small farm, and old James took his ease in the stone farmhouse, building castles in the air.

One day a letter came from London. Lady Somerville was dead. To James Belforest, she had bequeathed five thousand pounds and the cross set with diamonds.

"Father," said James the younger,

"let us leave the old place. I was not made to be a farmer."

"I have known that for a long time. You have submitted to necessity; you have done your best. I have made a plan for us both. We will go to Eagle's Falls."

Young America of to-day would have questioned, and probably doubted, "the old man's" wisdom. Years ago things were different; fathers were kings in their own households; and their power seems to have fallen with the other monarchies.

And so, one of old James Belforest's castles in the air became a reality, and the Belforest Bank was started, with Lady Somerville's five thousand pounds, after young James had been sent to Philadelphia for advice from the sapient Benjamin Franklin.

People shook their heads at first, and prophesied a failure, but old James, who had been in a London banking firm, knew what he was about, and the venture prospered.

James Belforest, third of the name, and grandson of the original James, associated with him, on the death of his father, Albert Verner. The bank flourished still, and the Belforest name was a power in the land.

Little Alice Belforest had a bright future before her, it seemed, although her mother had been dead one year; for all that wealth could give would be hers. This was in 1855.

On a bright morning in that year, James Belforest kissed his little daughter for the last time, and went down to the bank. As he entered, a clerk handed him a note.

"It was left here a few minutes ago, sir."

James Belforest carelessly ran his eye over the contents, and then all the ruddy color left his face. He staggered into his office, closed the door, and read the note again.

"You have trusted me too much. The entireness of your trust tempted [redacted] have speculated with the [redacted] bank, and my speculations have failed. There is no need to go into particulars. The bonds and mortgages I have left will not realize twenty-five cents on the dollar. Flight is my only resource. Do what you can for my wife and son. "A. VERNER."

James Belforest sat, white and rigid, as if petrified.

"Fool! fool! to trust him!" he groaned at last. "Oh, consummate villain! he has destroyed the work of three generations. I am ruined! —disgraced! In a few hours our name will be a byword in the streets! I cannot live to hear it."

He drew a revolver from one of the drawers of his desk, and prepared to load it.

The office-door was pushed open, and a tall man in black entered. He had about him that undefinable air which distinguishes a priest among men. His tall, thin form was slightly bent; his face was calm and sweet, but there were lines around the mouth and a latent fire shone in the eye that spoke of firmness and deep fervor.

He started slightly at the sight of James Belforest's livid face. His eye fell on the pistol. In an instant it had changed hands.

"And now, old friend, what does this mean?"

"It means that I will not live—ruined—disgraced!" And James Belforest covered his face with his hands, and uttered a groan that seemed to come from a broken heart.

"It means that you are a coward," said the priest, in a clear, distinct voice. "It means that, for fear of some transient trouble, you would cast your soul headlong into hell. It means that you would rather defy God than bear the scorn of men. I knew that you were not of the true faith, James Belforest, but I never thought for a moment that you would become so meanly selfish as to forget your duty."

"Read that."

"From my brother-in-law," said

the priest, with a slight tinge of bitterness in his tone. "I warned you against him."

"I was a fool not to listen to you. I trusted him entirely; and now the scoundrel, after ruining me, coolly asks me to take care of his wife and child!"

"There is hope. An establishment like yours cannot be utterly ruined in a day."

"Not utterly ruined, perhaps, but think of what we were—we, the Belforests! Oh, I cannot bear it! I must leave the place at once, before it gets into the papers."

"And Alice? You forget your daughter."

"Dear little Alice! No, I will not see her. She will hear soon enough that her father is a disgraced man."

"It strikes me that you are talking nonsense, James Belforest," said the priest, sternly. "Admitting that Albert Verner has lost or embezzled some money, does it necessarily follow that the bank is ruined?"

"In this case it does. Verner and I have been speculating and losing until—but you do not understand the terms of business—we were compelled to cease or break the bank. This dishonest individual speculation of Verner's has done it. I cannot remain here. I cannot face those whose trust I have helped to betray. Let them take all—everything."

"Stay. Be brave. You may retrieve—"

"I will hear no more. Oh, John Lewis, if you have not forgotten our former friendship, watch over Alice! Call her Lewis—any name—but make her forget that name which has been disgraced."

He pushed Father Lewis aside, and, crushing his hat over his eyes as he went, walked swiftly into the street.

"God have mercy on him!" murmured the priest, as he gazed after his friend through the plate-glass window of the office. "If the blow fell on these two men only, it were bad enough; but the poor, whose hard-earned savings are invested here! May God and his Mother pity them, and keep them from cursing the causes of *their* ruin!"

John Lewis and James Belforest had been chums at college. They had not lost their old sentiment of friendship even when the former became a Catholic convert and then a Catholic priest.

James Belforest, touched by the words and example of his friend, had often promised to "look in the matter" when business would allow him time for religion, but business thus far had not been accommodating, it seemed. Little Alice, however, had been baptized in the Catholic Church.

"Poor little Alice!" thought Father Lewis. "After all, it is for the best. The Sisters of the Sacred Heart will take better care of her than James Belforest could! I must also look after my nephew."

But Mrs. Verner did not trouble the good priest. She was a very proud woman, and the news of her husband's flight maddened her. Taking her son Albert, who was a year older than Alice Belforest, she hastened to New York to hide her shame in the midst of a crowded city. The letters that came from her to her brother were signed with her maiden name.

"If any of the Lewis family should happen to go wrong," said the priest, smiling, "I wonder what these people would do for a name."

Eagle's Falls was panic-stricken, and with reason. Its great institution, the bank "as firm as a rock," had crumbled away as other rocks sometimes crumble.

II.

"In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers:
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all."

TENNYSON.

ELEVEN years have passed since the

failure of the Belforest Bank. The Eagle's Falls people have not forgotten it, for nearly every farmer for miles round had some deposit in the bank, and they all suffered, more or less, by its collapse. That unhappy event gave an aggravating advantage to that class of people who never save any money. "We told you so!" they said. "A bank managed by two-men power! Ridiculous! *We* never deposited anything." And some of the unlucky ones were more angered by this cool assumption of sagacity than by the loss of their money.

After a time, however, the creditors were paid in part out of the wreck of the bank, and frequent remittances came from James Belforest, in Brazil, for that purpose. In 1857, Albert Verner died at Baden-Baden. "It is the best thing he could do," said his proud wife, bitterly. "A disgraced man is safest in the grave."

The woman who spoke those hard, cold words had been one of the most loving of wives, but her husband's dishonor seemed to have turned her heart to stone, and the stern Calvinism in which she believed was not likely to soften it. She was well-educated, energetic, and work was the only thing that could make her forget. She toiled early and late, sewing, sewing, sewing, as if it were her one hope in life. Unvarying industry and economy at last enabled her to start in business as a dressmaker. Even in crowded New York she held her own, and succeeded in giving her son a profession. The day on which Albert Lewis earned the privilege of writing "M.D." after his name his mother wept for the first time in many years. The icy pride that had frozen her heart melted for a moment under the influence of a mother's tender pride in her son.

Father John Lewis—everybody calls him Father John—has a few more wrinkles in his face, his tall form is more stooped, and he has much more need for spectacles than he had eleven years ago.

He is growing old; but for him the time has not yet come, "when no man can work." He serves two churches, ten miles apart, and, if you consider that the road, or rather path, between them lies through Jersey sand, you will admit that his office is no sinecure.

His house, a rambling, old structure—which was considerately bequeathed him by a grateful parishioner—stands on a hill not more than fifty yards from the beach. In the stillness of the night, the roar of old ocean seems to shake the timbers of the house.

It is Sunday evening. Vespers has been sung at St. Paul's, and the red afterglow of sunset still lingers on the cross at the top of the wooden spire. Father John is sitting on the porch of the pastoral house enjoying his only luxury,—a cigar.

"Father John! Father John!" cries a cracked voice, in a tone that an ordinary person might use in calling "fire!" But Father John does not start; he is used to it. It is only his old housekeeper, Cynthia Ann Spence, who makes her appearance from the house, carrying two letters. As usual, Cynthia Ann looks scornful; as usual, on Sundays, Cynthia Ann wears a dress with many flounces; as usual, on week-days and Sundays, indoors and out, Cynthia Ann wears a calico and cardboard sunbonnet.

"Beggin' letters," snaps Cynthia Ann. "Tim Rooney just brought 'em from the post-office. Throw 'em in the fire without readin' 'em. *I* would." And Cynthia Ann disappears abruptly.

It is not yet dusk. Father John puts on his glasses, and opens the letter with the New York postmark.

DEAR BROTHER: Many times you have expressed a wish in your letters to see my son Albert. I

have not sent him to you sooner, though I knew that you could help his education much, because I feared that in your hands he would become a papist. I speak plainly. Now, however, he is old enough to take care of himself. He knows the Old and the New Testaments almost by heart, as it has always been my custom to make him study the Scriptures on the Sabbath, besides taking him to the Rev. Job Hardwrinkle's three services; but, in spite of all this, his religious impressions are, I regret, not very strong. I warn you, however, that if you attack him with Catholic arguments, he will doubtless confound you with his Scriptural knowledge. You have probably forgotten the text about 'wisdom out of the mouths of babes and sucklings,' which you learned in your youth, for I have often heard the Rev. Mr. Hardwrinkle say that with you Romanists the Book is a dead letter. My son does not know of his father's disgrace. I do not wish him to know of it. Call him Lewis, and let it be forgotten that he ever bore another name. He has lately graduated, as you will see by the inclosed paragraph from the *Herald*. A few weeks' rest with you will do him good, and better enable him to enter upon his duties here as assistant to a prominent physician.

He will be with you early next week.

Your sister,
M. LEWIS.

Father John laid down the first letter with a sigh, and opened the second.

PARA, May 1st, 18—.

DEAR OLD FRIEND: A steamer, touching here on its way to Rio, gives me this opportunity of writing to you. The mail is about closing, which accounts for this villainous scrawl. You know, for I have told you several times that my ventures in coffee and rice have made me—yes, I may safely say it—rich. A large amount of my wealth is invested in valuable property in New York and Eagle's Falls; besides, I have paid many of the debts of the old bank. I am growing old, and intend to start North to little Alice as soon as I can wind up my affairs here. Dear little Alice! When I see her, I will tell her the story of the old bank, and call her by her own name, "Alice Belforest." We Belforests can once more hold up our heads and look the world in the eye. By the same mail, I write to the Superior of the Ladies of the Sacred Heart, requesting her to send Alice to you. I will, if all goes well, be with you myself in a month or two. Alice has the Somerville diamond cross. I sent it to her as soon as I acquired funds to redeem it. Alice is an heiress, and when I have feasted my eyes on her, I have thoughts of hunting up poor Verner's son, and sealing my forgiveness by making a match. Is your nephew a better man than his father or I? By the way, a Jesuit here, Padre Torquato, has almost persuaded me to be a Catholic, but I have no time to think of that at present. The mail closes. *Vale*, as we said, at school.

JAMES BELFOREST.

"'Too late, too late; ye cannot enter here!'" quotes Father John, folding up the letter. "I am afraid it will be with James Belforest as it was with the foolish virgins. He will have no time, indeed, when time slips from his grasp at the last moment; but who can tell what Alice may accomplish? Bless me! she must be quite a young lady. What on earth will I do with her? And my nephew here, too! I'd better write, and ask the Sisters to keep her awhile. No, that would seem inhospitable, and" (looking at the post-office mark on the envelope), "this letter has been delayed; she may be on her way hither already. I'll consult Cynthia."

"Law sakes!" says that valuable

personage, throwing back her sunbonnet, and allowing it to dangle gracefully by the strings. "Sure as my name is Cynthy Ann Spence, you'll have trouble, Father John. A feller and a gal comin'! The fust thing you know she'll be his admiration and he'll be her admiration, and off they'll go an' git married, and both as poor as Job's turkey when he hadn't a feather, I'll be bound! Pooty doin's for a priest's house!"

"I cannot prevent them from coming, you see," says Father John, ruefully. "There's plenty of room in the house —"

"Oh, that's all well enough," interrupts Cynthia Ann, resignedly. "An' I kind a'guess I can manage by borrowin' a few things from Mrs. Martin 'cross the lots, even if I do have to work my fingers to the bone."

"If they were both Catholics," begins Father John, rather thinking aloud than speaking to Cynthia.

"An' if they ain't," snaps Cynthia Ann, "don't have 'em here. Leastways, if she's a Catholic, she may turn him before marriage, but if she's a Protestant, keep him out o' her way. There was my Hezekiah an' me. When your teachin' opened my eyes to the truth, he was a rantin' Methodist, but I turned him. 'Hezekiah,' says I —"

"Yes, I know," returns Father John, "I think you have given me enough advice for one evening, Cynthia."

"Maybe I have, and maybe I haven't," retorts Cynthia, recovering her bonnet with a jerk. "Tea's ready."

Father John is more absent-minded than usual, and half a dozen times has Cynthia Ann to interfere in order to prevent him from inadvertently misusing her pet china.

"Some men," she mutters, rather irrelevantly, "ought to be in Heaven; they ain't fit for this airth. But," after a pause, "that kind's mighty scarce."

A sunlit sky, with floating white clouds; stretches of meadows, vividly, brightly green, with here and there a wooded spot of shade; beyond, a thin strip of still brighter green—the marsh grass near the sea; and yet beyond, old ocean itself, seeming narrow and crescent-shaped.

Alice Lewis sees all this through the open window of the railroad car.

The fresh, salt-tinged breeze tries to roughen her smooth brown hair, and then makes a swoop at the worn face of the tired-looking woman at her side. The woman closes her weary eyes—she has been travelling all night—but her baby finds it out right away, and utters a thrilling yell of remonstrance.

"Will nobody kill that child?" demands an awakened old bachelor. "I've given it all my cough-lozenges, and it doesn't seem satisfied yet. Why isn't there a special car for babies? Give 'em the smoking-car. *I* never smoke."

Alice stretches out her hands, and takes the baby, which, being allowed to tear her fan to pieces, condescends to be silent. The look of rest on the mother's face as she sinks to sleep more than repays Alice.

That young man on the other side, with the dark mustache and the frank-looking brown eyes, is pretending to read an illustrated paper, but in reality he is watching Alice. At the last station, she got into the wrong car, and their baggage became mixed up, because his initials are the same as hers, "A. L.," and they were obliged to hold a short dialogue, she speaking in that soft, sweet voice which is so rare among American women, but which convent-bred girls have in perfection.

Her few simple words linger yet in his mind. He looks at a damsel at the far end of the car—a damsel with garments wonderfully ruffled and puffed, with a short fringe of hair on her forehead, and a *soupcon* of rouge on her cheeks, and

then his eyes involuntarily stray towards Alice with her smooth hair, innocent face, and tasteful raiment. As she bends over that child, he thinks of one of the Madonnas of Raphael—not irreverently, though he is a Protestant.

The *enfant terrible* having demolished the fan, utters a few notes preliminary to a grand fantasia, and Alice hums a little hymn. That finished, she is not allowed to stop, and she glides into *Herrick's Daffodils*, intended only for the baby's ear, but which her neighbor does not fail to catch. He listens attentively, and he never forgets the song, which is almost a murmur.

"Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You hasten away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hastening day
Has run
But to the even-song,
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along!"

"Seaview!" calls the conductor.

The baby is restored to its mother, and the two A. L.'s step upon the platform of the little station.

The sexton, Tim Rooney, has driven Father John's old gig to the station every day of the preceding five days in the week, but to-day, for some reason best known to himself, he has rested. Luckily, St. Paul's cross is plainly visible from the station, and Alice guides her steps towards it. The young man, however, asks a boy at the station, whose directions are somewhat complicated, and consequently he makes a long circuit. Alice is the slower walker, and the two meet on Father John's porch.

"Alice, this is my nephew, Albert Lewis," says Father John.

And they are very glad to know each other. They say so, and, in this case, they mean it.

Six weeks have passed. Albert Lewis will leave Seaview to-morrow. Father John is not opposed to innocent amusements, and the Seaview people have made it pleasant for Alice with musical parties, croquet, and the like. Albert Lewis has seen her often, among the poor, among the rich, sympathizing in joy or in grief.

"She is a true-hearted girl, and she will be a noble woman," he has said to himself many times.

This afternoon Alice stands near the railing of the porch, holding a book in her hand. Among the lace at her throat glistens for the first time, Lady Somerville's diamond cross. The glory of the sunset falls on earth and sky, and the creamy white roses which cling to the porch turn rosy-hued in the light.

"Alice!" Alice starts; it is the first time *he* has called her thus. Her brow and cheeks vie with the roses.

"Alice," speaks Albert Lewis, plainly and directly, "will you be my wife?"

There is silence. Alice steals a glance at his face, so grave, sincere, tender, in its expression.

"I cannot," she answers tremulously; "I am a Catholic, you are not."

"Is that all?" he says, with a relieved sigh. "I thought that Father John might have objected on account of my poverty, or something of that kind. I have fair prospects, Alice, and I will work for you night and day as I will for my mother, to whom I owe everything. A difference in religious opinions need not prevent us from being happy."

"*You* cannot understand," she answers, sighing, "and *I* cannot argue. I have just been reading in this book," she continues, grasping at the first words that seem to bear on the subject, "'faith and unfai[illegible] can ne'er be equal powers.'"

"You would say 'yes,' if I w[illegible] a Catholic? Well, Alice, I will b[illegible] a Catholic for your sake?"

"No, no!" she says, eagerly, "if you cannot be a Catholic for God's sake—for the sake of sacred truth,

remain what you are. But, Albert, I am only a girl, and I—I like you a little. Speak to Father John, and I will abide by his decision."

"I agree. I will go to Mass every Sunday for your sweet sake, and maybe after awhile,—but I see Father John in his room."

Father John is a priest, but also a man, and, like other men, he is tempted. His nephew is poor, Alice—though she does not yet know it—is an heiress, an heiress to large wealth. Why not endow Albert with this wealth, make these two happy for the present, and leave the question of Faith to the future? He breathes a silent prayer, and firmly answers, "No."

The next morning Alice and Albert say farewell on the little porch.

"Poor Alice!" sighs Father John. "But, after all, human hearts are of little worth if not crushed and broken to the will of God."

As he looks after the departing form of Albert, Tim Rooney brings him a letter. It is written in Portuguese.

PARA, June 3d, 18—.

REVEREND SIR: As the legal adviser of Mr. James Belforest, it is my sad duty to inform you that my client was suddenly stricken with apoplexy on the fifth day of last month. Everything possible was done for him. Padre Torquato was sent for, but he arrived too late. I have communicated with Mr. Belforest's New York lawyer, whose name and address you will find below. SANCHO GOMEZ.

"Too late! Too late!" And the unaccustomed tears dim Father John's eyes. James Belforest was his oldest friend.

After a week has passed, Alice goes back, in tears and mourning, to enter the novitiate of the Sisters of the Sacred Heart.

III.

"We have short time to stay, as you;
We have as short a spring."
"*To Daffodils*," HERRICK.

"YES," says Cynthia Ann, wiping her eyes with her black apron, "I am kind o' resigned like, but I did think that when God has so many saints in heaven, he might have spared us one on airth. But I s'pose He knows best."

Cynthia Ann is talking to Alice Belforest, who, since her father's death, has resumed her own name. Father John, who survived his old friend only three months, is the subject of their conversation.

Alice entered the novitiate of the Sacred Heart, but it did not take long to discover that she has no vocation for the life of a religieuse, and so she and Cynthia Ann went to housekeeping at Eagle's Falls. They are now seated in Alice's pretty sitting-room.

Four years have changed Alice greatly. She is the same, yet not the same. She is beautiful, womanly, graceful; but now she is a grave, sad queen among women; then she was a joyous princess among girls.

The last four years have been busy years for her. Her large fortune has dwindled to a comparatively small sum; but in all Eagle's Falls there is no one who suffered by the collapse of the Belforest Bank who has not been repaid in full. The stain has been wiped from the Belforest name.

She thinks of Albert sometimes; but she has never heard from or of him, though Cynthia Ann has told her of his mother's death.

Albert, or Dr. Verner, as I ought to call him now, has prospered. He, too, has resumed his father's name.

"I will not tell you the wrong your father did," Mrs. Verner said, passionately. "I command you *never* to inquire."

"If our name has been disgraced,

mother, I will redeem it!" he answered, proudly. And blessing him, she died.

"*Domine, non sum dignus!* I am unworthy — unworthy!" murmurs Albert Verner, kneeling before the Holy of Holies, in the Eagle's Falls church.

Alice's prayers have availed. God's grace has opened Albert Verner's eyes to that Light "which shineth in darkness."

"I will see her in heaven, if I can never see her here." This feeling, human and earthly as it was, drew him towards the Truth, and now Albert Verner is one of the most fervent of Catholics.

As he is about to leave the church he notices a bright glitter just under the door of the tabernacle. He looks again. He cannot mistake that great diamond in the centre. It is the diamond cross that Alice wore on that summer afternoon.

He asks a question of the sexton whom he meets in the vestibule.

"Is it the cross you mean? Sure that was given to the church by Miss Belforest, the best-hearted lady in the place, sir."

Miss Belforest! It is not *her* cross, then, he thinks. If the man had said that it was given by a nun of the order of the Sacred Heart, his conclusion would have been different.

Albert Verner has come to Eagle's Falls to attend a convention of physicians. After that was over, there were several important consultations, and his stay is prolonged.

He has letters of introduction to various people, and as "good" society is rather limited at Eagle's Falls, he meets Alice Belforest very often. She talks to him as she does to others, and makes no sign.

"My Alice would be like this one, if she were in the world," he cannot help thinking.

On the morning of the day on which he intends to leave Eagle's Falls, he calls on Miss Belforest to say good-by.

Alice is at the piano in the sitting-room when Cynthia ushers him into the parlor. He hears a faint sound of music on which softly float the words he caught that day in the car,

"Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon."

He is at her side in an instant.

"Alice, my Alice, at last!"

"I knew you all the time."

"Yes," snaps that oracle, Cynthia Ann, addressing the bridesmaids, "even the best of men haven't got no memories; but just show me the woman that can forget!"

LIFE.

THEY err, who say life is not sweet,
Though cares are long and pleasures fleet;
Though smiles, and tears, and sun, and storm,
Still change life's ever-varying form,
The mind that looks on things aright
Sees through the clouds the deep blue light,
And from the bank, all mire and wet,
Plucks the fresh-scented violet;
Each thing is beauteous in its time,
And this is not our native clime;
But sweet enough for those who roam,
Seeking the path which leads them home.

TALK-STOPPERS.

We hear a great deal of lamentation nowadays, proceeding mostly from elderly people, on the decline of the Art of Conversation among us. Old ladies and gentlemen with vivid recollections of the charms of society fifty years ago, are constantly asking each other why the great talkers of their youthful days have found no successors in this inferior present time. Where—they inquire mournfully—where are the illustrious men and women gifted with a capacity for perpetual outpouring from the tongue, who used to keep enraptured audiences deluged in a flow of eloquent monologue for hours together? Where are the solo talkers in this degenerate age of nothing but choral conversation? Embalmed in social tradition, or imperfectly preserved in books for the benefit of an ungrateful posterity, which reviles their surviving contemporaries, and would perhaps even have reviled them as bores. What a change seems indeed to have passed over the face of society since the days of the great talkers! If they could rise from the dead, and wag their unresting tongues among us now, would they win their reputations anew, just as easily as ever? Would they even get listeners? Would they be actually allowed to talk? I should venture to say, decidedly not. They would surely be interrupted and contradicted; they would have their nearest neighbors at the dinner-table talking across them; they would find impatient people opposite, dropping things noisily, and ostentatiously picking them up; they would hear confidential whispering, and perpetual fidgeting in distant corners, before they had got through their first half-dozen of eloquent opening sentences. Nothing appears to me so wonderful as that none of these interruptions (if we are to believe report) should ever have occurred in the good old times of the great talkers. I read long biographies of that large class of illustrious individuals whose fame is confined to the select circle of their own acquaintance, and I find that they were to a man, whatever other differences may have existed between them, all delightful talkers. I am informed that they held forth entrancingly for hours together, at all times and seasons, and that I, the gentle, constant, and patient reader, am one of the most unfortunate and pitiable of human beings in never having enjoyed the luxury of hearing them; but strangely enough, I am never told whether they were occasionally interrupted or not in the course of their outpourings. I am left to infer that their friends sat under them just as a congregation sits under a pulpit; and I ask myself amazedly (remembering what society is at the present day), whether human nature can have changed altogether since that time. Either the reports in the biographies are one-sided and imperfect, or the race of people whom I frequently meet with now, and whom I venture to call talk-stoppers, because their business in life seems to be the obstructing, confusing, and interrupting of all conversation, must be the peculiar and portentous growth of our own degenerate era.

Perplexed by this dilemma, when I am reading in long biographies about great talkers, I do not find myself lamenting, like my seniors, that they have left no successors in our day, or doubting irreverently, like my juniors, whether the famous performers of conversational solos were really as well worth hearing as eulogistic report would fain have us believe. The one invariable question that I put to myself under these circumstances runs thus, Could the

great talkers, if they had lived in my time, have talked at all? And the answer I receive is, In the vast majority of cases, certainly not.

Let me not offensively and unnecessarily mention names, but let me ask, for example, if some such famous talker—as, say, the Great Glib—could have discoursed uninterruptedly for five minutes together in the presence of my friend Colonel Hopkirk? The Colonel goes a great deal into society; he is the kindest and gentlest of men; but he unconsciously stops or confuses conversation everywhere, solely in consequence of his own sociable horror of ever differing in opinion with anybody. If A. should begin by declaring black to be black, Colonel Hopkirk would be sure to agree with him, before he had half done. If B. followed, and declared black to be white, the Colonel would be on his side of the question before he had argued it out; and if C. peaceably endeavored to calm the dispute with a truism, and trusted that every one would at least admit that black and white in combination made gray, my ever-compliant friend would pat him on the shoulder approvingly, all the while he was talking, would declare that C.'s conclusion was, after all, the common sense of the question, and would set A. and B. furiously disputing which of them he agreed or disagreed with now, and whether, on the black, white, and gray question, Colonel Hopkirk could really be said to have any opinion at all.

How could the Great Glib hold forth in the company of such a man as this? Let us suppose that delightful talker and a few of his admirers (including, of course, the writer of his biography), and Colonel Hopkirk to be all seated at the same table; and let us say that one of the admirers is anxious to get the mellifluous Glib to discourse on capital punishment, for the benefit of the company. The admirer begins, of course, on the approved method of stating the objections to capital punishment, and starts the subject in this manner:

"I was dining out, the other day, Mr. Glib, where capital punishment turned up as a topic of conversation—"

"Ah!" says Colonel Hopkirk, "a dreadful necessity—yes, yes, yes; I see—a dreadful necessity—eh?"

"And the arguments for its abolition," continues the admirer, without noticing the interruption, "were really handled with great dexterity by one of the gentlemen present, who started, of course, with the assertion that it is unlawful, under any circumstances, to take away life—"

"Ha! unlawful—just so," cries the Colonel. "Very true. Yes, yes—unlawful—to be sure—so it is—unlawful, as you say."

"Unlawful, sir!" begins the Great Glib, severely. "Have I lived to this time of day, to hear that it is unlawful to protect the lives of the community, by the only certain means—"

"No, no—O dear me, no!" says the precipitately compliant Colonel, with the most unblushing readiness. "Protect their lives, of course—as you say, protect their lives by the only certain means—yes, yes, I quite agree with you."

"Allow me, Colonel," says another admirer, anxious to assist in starting the great talker, "allow me to remind our friend, before he takes this question in hand, that it is an argument of the abolitionists that perpetual imprisonment would answer the purpose of protecting—"

The Colonel is so delighted with this last argument that he bounds on his chair and rubs his hands in triumph. "My dear sir!" he cries, before the last speaker can say another word, "you have hit it—you have, indeed! Perpetual imprisonment; that's the thing; ah, yes, yes, yes, to be sure—perpetual imprisonment—the very thing, my dear sir—the very thing!"

"Excuse me," says a third admirer, "but I think Mr. Glib was about to speak. You were saying, sir—"

"The whole question of capital punishment," begins the delightful talker, leaning back luxuriously in his chair, "lies in a nutshell." ("Very true," from the Colonel.) "I murder one of you—say Hopkirk here." ("Ha! ha! ha!" loudly, from the Colonel, who thinks himself bound to laugh at a joke when he is only wanted to listen to an illustration.) "I murder Hopkirk. What is the first object of all the rest of you, who represent the community at large?" ("To get you hanged," from the Colonel. "Ah, yes, to be sure! to get you hanged. Quite right! quite right!") "Is it to make me a reformed character, to teach me a trade, to wash my bloodstains off me delicately, and set me up again in society, looking as clean as the best of you? No!" ("No!" from the compliant Colonel.) "Your object is clearly to prevent me from murdering any more of you. And how are you to do that most completely and certainly? By perpetual imprisonment?" ("Ah! I thought we should all agree about it at last," cries the Colonel, cheerfully. "Yes, yes—nothing else for it but perpetual imprisonment, as you say.") "By perpetual imprisonment? But men have broken out of prisons." ("So they have," from the Colonel.) "Men have killed their jailers; and there you have the commission of that very second murder that you wanted to prevent." ("Quite right," from the former quarter. "A second murder—dreadful! dreadful!") "Imprisonment is not your certain protective remedy, then, evidently. What is?"

"Hanging!" cries the Colonel, with another bound in his chair, and a voice that can no longer be talked down. "Hanging, to be sure! I quite agree with you. Just what I said from the first. You have hit it, my dear sir. Hanging, as you say—hanging, by all manner of means!"

Has anybody ever met Colonel Hopkirk in society? And does anybody think that the Great Glib could possibly have held forth in the company of that persistently compliant gentleman, as he is alleged, by his admiring biographer, to have held forth in the peculiar society of his own time? The thing is clearly impossible. Let us leave Glib, congratulating him on having died when the Hopkirks of these latter days were as yet hardly weaned; let us leave him, and ascertain how some other great talker might have got on in the society of some other modern obstructer of the flow of eloquent conversation.

To take another instance, there is the case of the once-brilliant social luminary, Mr. Endless—extinguished, unfortunately for the new generation, about the time when we were most of us only little boys and girls. What a talker this sparkling creature must have been, if one may judge by that racy anonymous publication (racy was, I think, the word chiefly used in reviewing the book by the critics of the period), Evenings with Endless. By A Constant Listener! "I could hardly believe," I remember the Listener writes, "that the world was the same after Endless had flashed out of this mortal scene. It was morning while he lived—it was twilight, or worse, when he died. I was very intimate with him. Often has the hand that writes these trembling lines smacked that familiar back—often have those thrilling and matchless accents syllabled the fond diminutive of my Christian name. It was not so much that his talk was ceaseless (though that is something) as that it moved incessantly over all topics from heaven to earth. His variety of subject was the most amazing part of this amazing man. His fertility of allusion to topics of the past and present alike was truly inexhaustible. He

hopped, he skipped, he fluttered, he swooped, from theme to theme. The butterfly in the garden, the bee in the flower bed, the changes of the kaleidoscope, the sun and shower of an April morning, are but faint emblems of him." With much more to the same eloquent purpose, but not a word from the first page to the last to hint even that Endless was ever brought to a full stop, on any single occasion, by any one of the hundreds of enchanted listeners before whom he figured in his wonderful performances with the tongue from morning to night.

And yet, there must surely have been Talk-Stoppers in the world, in the time of the brilliant Endless—talk-stoppers, in all probability, possessing characteristics similar to those now displayed in society by my exasperating connection by marriage, Mr. Spoke Wheeler. It is impossible to say what the consequences might have been if my relative and Mr. Endless had ever come together. Mr. Spoke Wheeler is one of those men—a large class, as it appears to me—who will talk, and who have nothing whatever in the way of a subject of their own to talk about. His constant practice is to lie silently in ambush for subjects started by other people, to take them forthwith from their rightful owners, turn them coolly to his own uses, and then cunningly wait again for the next topic, belonging to somebody else, that passes within his reach. It is useless to give up, and leave him to take the lead—he invariably gives up, too, and declines the honor. It is useless to start once more, hopefully, seeing him apparently silenced—he becomes talkative again the moment you offer him the chance of seizing on your new subject, disposes of it without the slightest fancy, taste, or novelty of handling in a moment, then relapses into utter speechlessness as soon as he has silenced the rest of the company by taking their topic away from them. Wherever he goes he commits this social atrocity with the most perfect innocence and the most provoking good humor, for he firmly believes in himself as one of the most entertaining men who ever crossed a drawing-room or caroused at a dinner-table.

Imagine Mr. Spoke Wheeler getting an invitation to one of those brilliant suppers which assisted in making the evenings of the sparkling Endless so attractive to his friends and admirers. See him sitting modestly at the table, with every appearance in his face and manner of being the most persistent and reliable of listeners. Endless takes the measure of his man, as he too confidently believes, in one bright glance—thinks to himself, Here is a new worshipper to astonish; here is the conveniently dense and taciturn human pedestal on which I can stand to let off my fireworks—plunges his knife and fork, gayly hospitable, into the dish before him (let us say a turkey and truffles, for Endless is a gastronome as well as a wit), and starts off with one of those "fertile allusions," for which he was so famous.

"I never carve turkey without thinking of what Madame de Pompadour said to Louis the Fifteenth," Endless begins in his most off-hand manner. "I refer to the time when the superb Frenchwoman first came to court, and the star of the fair Chateauroux waned before her. Who remembers what the Pompadour said when the king insisted on carving the turkey!"

Before the company can beg Endless, as usual, to remember for them, Mr. Spoke Wheeler starts into life, and seizes the subject.

"What a vicious state of society it was in the time of Madame de Pompadour," he says, with moral severity. "Who can wonder that it led to the French Revolution?"

Endless feels that his first effort for the evening is nipped in the bud,

and that the new guest is not to be depended on as a listener. He, however, waits politely, and every one else waits politely to hear something more about the French Revolution. Mr. Spoke Wheeler has not another word to say. He has snatched his subject, has exhausted it, and is now waiting, with an expectant smile on his face, to lay hands on another. Disastrous silence reigns until Mr. Endless, as host and wit, launches a new topic in despair.

"Don't forget the salad, gentlemen," he exclaims. "The emblem, as I always fancy, of human life. The sharp vinegar corrected by the soft oil, just as the misfortune of one day is compensated by the luck of another. Heigho! let moralists lecture as they will, what a true gambler's existence ours is, by the very nature of it! Love, fame, wealth, are the stakes we all play for; the world is the table; Death keeps the house, and Destiny shuffles the cards. According to my definition, gentlemen, man is a gambling animal, and woman—" Endless pauses for a moment, and lifts the glass to his lips to give himself a bacchanalian air before he amazes the company with a torrent of eloquence on the subject of woman. Unhappy man! in that one moment Mr. Spoke Wheeler seizes on his host's brilliant gambling metaphor, and runs away with it as his own subject immediately.

"The worst of gambling," he says, with a look of ominous wisdom, "is, that when once a man takes to it he can never be got to give it up again. It always ends in ruin. I know a man whose son is in the navy, and whose daughter is a maid-of-all-work at a lodging-house. The poor devil himself once had a large fortune, and he now picks up a living by writing begging letters. All through gambling. Degrading vice, certainly; ruins a man's temper and health, too, as well as his property. Ah! a very degrading vice—very much so indeed!"

"I am afraid, my dear sir, you have no vices," says Endless, getting angry and sarcastic as a fresh pause follows this undeniable commonplace. "The bottle stands with you. Do you abjure even that most amiable of human failings — the cheerful glass? Ha!" exclaims Endless, seeing that his guest is going to speak again, and vainly imagining that he can cut him short this time. "Ha! what a debt we owe to the first man who discovered the true use of the grape? How drunk he must have got in making his immortal preliminary experiments! How often his wife must have begged him to consider his health and his respectability, and give up all further investigations! How he must have shocked his family with perpetual hiccups, and puzzled the medical men of the period with incurable morning headaches! To the health of that marvellous, that magnificent, that inestimable human being, the first Toper in the world! The patriarchal Bacchus quaffing in his antediluvian vineyard! What a picture, gentlemen; what a subject for our artists! Scumble, my dear friend," continues Endless, breathlessly, feeling that Mr. Spoke Wheeler has got his topic again, and anxious to secure assistance in preventing that persistent gentleman from making any use of the stolen property—"Scumble, your pencil alone is worthy of the subject. Tell us, my prince of painters, how would you treat it?"

The prince of painters has his mouth full of turkey, and looks more puzzled than flattered by this complimentary appeal. He hesitates, and Mr. Spoke Wheeler darts into the conversation on the subject of drunkenness forthwith; scatters Mr. Scumble's ideas, if he has any, on the pictorial treatment of the patriarchal Bacchus; stops the bursts of eloquence on the topic of Art with

which the brilliant Endless was about to delight the company, and produces a fresh pause, after having added to the conversational enjoyment of the evening by remarking that intoxication is very much on the increase, and that delirium tremens is, in the large majority of instances, an incurable complaint.

Will even the most indiscriminate of the surviving admirers of Endless, and of the great talkers generally, venture to assert that he, or they, could have shown off with the slightest approach to success in the company of Mr. Spoke Wheeler, or of Colonel Hopkirk, or of any of the other dozens on dozens of notorious talk-stoppers whose characters I refrain from troubling the reader with? Surely not! Surely I have quoted examples enough to prove the correctness of my theory that the days when the eminent professors of the Art of Conversation could be sure of perpetually attentive audiences have gone by. Instead of mourning over the loss of the great talkers, we ought to feel relieved (if we have any real regard for them, which I sometimes doubt) by their timely departure from the scene. Between the members of the modern generation who would not have listened to them, the members who could not have listened to them, and the members who would have confused, interrupted, and cut them short, what extremities of compulsory silence they must have undergone if they had lasted until our time! Our case may be lamentable enough in not having heard them; but how much worse would theirs be if they came back to the world, and tried to show us how they won their reputations!

THE TWO PICTURES.

(SOLEM QUIS DICERE FALSUM AUDEAT?)

'Tis piece for piece, and line for line,
The head, the brow, the eyes, the hair,
No feature in that face of thine
But lies repeated duly there—
The Sun, we know, is limner true—
And yet, my friend, it is not *you*.

In sooth, methinks, he made a slip,
His cunning hand was somewhat out;
There's something lumpish on the lip,
The mouth, methinks, appears to pout:
But let the lines be e'er so true,
I miss the soul to make it you.

Within my heart a picture shines,
By memory's stealthy pencil wrought;
Long years have steeped its cherished lines
In hues from glancing visions caught,
Blending the lights of happy home
With clearer sunshine yet to come:

A gentle spirit's mirthful play,
Through daily change of good and ill,
Unwearied on life's weary way,
Bright, faithful, hopeful, thankful still:
Humble in joy, in sorrow true—
This is my picture—this is *you*.

LETTERS TO A PROTESTANT FRIEND,

GIVING A BRIEF HISTORY OF PROTESTANTISM AND OF CHURCH-OF-ENGLANDISM IN THE WORDS OF PROTESTANTS.

ELEVENTH LETTER.

DEAR SIR: As we approach the completion of the work of the trinity of murder, viz., Henry, Somerset, and Elizabeth, we lose sight of every vestige of Christianity and reformation, and gaze solely at a protestation against gospel truth, and a most hideous deformation of society.

COLLIER.—"In January, 1553, the king fell ill of a consumptive cough. Not being likely to last long, the Duke of Northumberland quickened his motions, and executed his scheme with all the diligence the juncture required. In the first place, he brought on a match between his fourth son, the Lord Guilford, and the Lady Jane Grey, eldest daughter to the Duke of Suffolk. He applied himself so dexterously to the king's passions, that at last he prevailed with him to make a settlement of the crown upon the Lady Jane Grey. To bring about this contrivance, he suggested how happy the nation had been under his government, and what a glorious reformation had been carried on by him; that when such a blessing (!) was so far advanced, the next point was to secure its continuance; that both his sisters were the issue of marriages censured and disallowed in Parliament. As for the young Queen of Scots, she had rejected an alliance with his Majesty engaged with the French, and therefore was no further to be thought on; that Lady Jane Grey, who stood next upon the royal line, was a person of extraordinary qualities; that her zeal for the reformation was unquestioned; that in this case he was bound to set aside all partialities of blood and nearness of relation. The king's affections standing for this disposition of the crown, he was gained at last to overlook his sisters, and break through his father's will. The next thing was to draw an instrument, and put the settlement in form of law. Besides this settlement, signed by thirty-three of the Privy Council, there was another instrument, subscribed by twenty-four of them by the king's order. In this writing, they engage upon their oaths and honor to adhere to and perform every article and branch contained in the settlement of the succession. In the beginning of the next month the king died. Some thought his consumption was the effect of foul practice; that a slow poison was conveyed into his veins, and his death secured by Northumberland." (Eccles. Hist.)

I will now, sir, record some conclusions arising from the foregoing testimony. "The true religion," says Lord Bacon, "is built upon the rock; the rest are tossed upon the waves of time. If a new religion has not two properties, fear it not, for it will not spread; the one is the supplanting, or the opposing of authority established, for nothing is more popular than that; the other is the giving license to pleasures and a voluptuous life." I cursorily examined, by way of introduction, the manner in which these two properties of a new and popular religion were exemplified by the so-called reformation in Germany, and other parts of the Continent. First, the opposing of the established authority of the Church; and the allowance of every brawler, not only man,

but woman also, to be a preacher. Second, the giving a license to pleasures and a voluptuous life. In confirmation of what has been already said upon this subject, allow me to state that Cranmer in a letter to Osiander, complains of the loose casuistry and mistaken opinions of the German divines, and what scandal they gave to the reformation. Although he was himself Satan accusing sin, yet his testimony is a precise exhibition of facts. For the purpose, he tells us, they allowed the younger sons of noblemen to entertain strumpets, to prevent the parcelling out of their estates, and lessening the figure of the elder family. I desire, says he, to know what excuse can be made for your permission of a second marriage after divorce, while both the parties were living; and which is still worse, you allow a man a plurality of wives without the ceremony of a divorce.

Here, perhaps, it may be well to recall, in a brief manner, some of my conclusions with respect to the so-called reformation in Germany. Luther was the first Protestant in that movement; Protestantism was divided from its very commencement into numerous sects, violently wrangling with and contradicting one another; immorality was the fruit of the wicked doctrines taught by Luther and Calvin; and the leading members of the apostasy were men of very bad character.

Let us now turn our attention to the state of England before the catastrophe called reformation.

"Few princes," says Southey, "have succeeded to a throne under such propitious circumstances as Henry VIII. He found the kingdom at peace, the treasury rich beyond all former example, the country prosperous, the royal authority firmly established. Trade was flourishing, the liberal arts in a state of rapid advancement, and learning rising as it were from the dead. Fortescue, Lord Chief Justice of England for nearly twenty years, and afterwards appointed Lord Chancellor by Henry VI, gave this description of the state of the English people in his time:

"'The inhabitants are rich in gold, silver, and in all the necessaries of life. They drink no water, unless at certain times upon a religious score, and by way of doing penance. They are fed in great abundance, and upon all sorts of flesh and fish, of which they have plenty everywhere; they are clothed throughout in good woollens; their bedding and other furniture in their houses are wool, and that in great store. They are also well provided with all other sorts of household goods, and necessary implements of husbandry. Every one, according to his rank, hath all things which conduce to make life easy and happy.'

"There were, when the reformation commenced, within the realm of England, 118 monasteries founded by the kings, and 527 by other persons. 'These places,' says Higgins, 'were first founded by the piety of our ancestors, with a charitable design, to give a retreat to such persons as had a mind to detach themselves from the affairs of the world, and dedicate their lives to the service of God in a state of quiet and devotion. By these people were the hungry fed, the naked clothed, and the dead buried, with all other acts of charity, which seem so essential to the spirit of Christianity.'" (Short View of Eng. Hist.)

"In this their solitude and apartment, they seemed like stars of the first magnitude, by the rays of whose devotion the ignorant vulgar found oftentimes the way to heaven. Such was their severity to themselves, their kindness to their friends, and, lastly, which exceeds all their fervency in religion to their God, that all the world admired them." (Southhouse.)

DR. TANNER, pseudo bishop.—"In every great abbey there was a large

room, called the Scriptorium, where several writers made it their whole business to transcribe books. The monasteries were schools of learning and education, for every convent had one person or more appointed for this purpose, and all the neighbors might have their children taught grammar and music without any expense to them. In the nunneries, also, young women were taught to work and to read English, and sometimes Latin also. All monasteries were, in effect, great hospitals, and were most of them obliged to relieve many poor people every day. They were likewise houses of entertainment for almost all travellers. They were great ornaments to the country; many of them were really noble buildings. Many of the abbey churches were equal, if not superior, to our present cathedrals, and they must have been as much an ornament to the country, and employed as many workmen in building and keeping them in repair, as noblemen's and gentlemen's seats do now." (Hist. of Warwick.)

Whilst the monasteries stood, there was no act for the relief of the poor; so amply did these houses give succor to them that were in want.

COBBETT.—"That England was more populous in Catholic times than it is now (1820), we must believe, when we know that in the three first Protestant reigns, thousands of parish churches were pulled down, that parishes were united in more than two hundred instances, and when we know from the returns now before Parliament, that out of 11,761 parishes in England and Wales, there are upwards of a thousand which do not contain one hundred persons each, men, women, and children. Then, again, the size of the churches. They were manifestly built in general, to hold three, four, five, or ten times the number of their present parishioners including [redacted]. This is the best criterion of the population. The[re] was one parish church to every fo[ur] square miles throughout the kin[g]dom, and one religious house every thirty square miles, so that th[e] churches and religious house[s] amounted at that time to upwar[ds] of 16,000 in number." (Hist. [of] Reform.)

We must now turn our view to the picture of the "*reformation*" in it[s] rise, progress, and final settlement. What bitter irony is often expresse[d] in this one word *reformation!* The testimony adduced proves beyon[d] all doubt the correctness of this observation. However, I will not indulge in a description; facts shall speak for themselves.

With respect to the persons who commenced the destructive work called *reformation*, the counterfeit bishop Burnet says, Luther was *postilion* to the reformation in Germany. Henry VIII, the opponent of Luther, was *postilion* to the reformation in England. With respect to the motives of these individuals, they were nearly the same. The Pope transferred the privilege of proclaiming the grant of certain indulgences to the Dominicans. Luther resented the assumed affront to his own order, and commenced his opposition to the Catholic Church through spleen and vexation. This was a fictitious pretext, his real motive being a desire to violate his religious vows, and to live unmolested with the depraved nun, Catharine Bore. Henry VIII, being violently affected by brutish lust, wished to marry Anne Boleyn, whilst Catharine, his queen, was living, and finding that the Pope appeared the greatest obstacle to his desires, he revolted against the authority of the Church, and dared to destroy the power which Christ had given to his vicar on earth. Henry, therefore, was actuated by the same motives that turned Luther against the Church, viz., spleen, pride, and vexation fomented by diabolical lust.

With respect to their first proceedings, Luther, refusing "to hear the Church," *for a long time stood alone* (as Tillotson said); and at last, giving way to his pride and lust, and resting on the infallibilty of his depraved judgment, swept away, in a current of impetuous declamation, whatever was opposed to his own decisions—the fathers of the Church, the theologians and philosophers, the canons and the councils; and he pronounced the anathema of perdition upon every one who dared to give a meaning to Scripture at variance with his own interpretation. (Hallam's Introduction to the Literature of Europe.)

Henry VIII, maddened by his impure passions, not only refused obedience to the Head of the Church, whom he had so lately acknowledged to be the common father of the faithful, but forbade his subjects, under penalty of death, to pay obedience, and, in the paroxysms of his vexation, proclaimed himself the Supreme Head of the Church. Thus was the established authority of Christ's Church opposed and suppressed in England, and one entirely new and unheard of forced by severe laws into its place. "Henry," says Burnet, "impatient of contradiction, or perhaps blown up either with the vanity of his new title of Head of the Church, or with the praises which flatterers bestowed upon him, thought all persons were bound to regulate their belief by his dictates, which made him persecute Protestants as well as Catholics."

CALVIN.—"Those who called Henry VIII the Supreme Head of the Church, under Christ, were plainly guilty of BLASPHEMY. This was extravagantly too much. Those are an unthinking sort of people, who carry the royal character too far into spiritual matters. This extreme is too common in Germany. Neither do the countries about us stand clear of this infection. And now we are sensible of the consequences of that unhappy principle, which gives the civil magistrate a sovereignty in religion, and dissolves the Church into a state. This sacrilegious invasion rages amongst us at present, by not distinguishing the bounds of civil authority. As things are managed, princes don't think they can reign, unless they strip the Church of her authority, and make themselves supreme, both in matters of faith and spiritual government. The devil prompted Amaziah with this notion. Since it was the king's chapel, there must be no prophesying against the court belief. No; the king's religion must stand, and not be questioned. This is agreeable doctrine! These notes make music in the ears of princes. They fall in with imposture, and desire nothing more than to hear themselves made masters of everything without reserve." (Prælinamos.)

Edward VI, a beardless, scattered-brain boy, claimed and exercised this very authority which Calvin termed blasphemy. He mounted the same horse which his father had ridden before him. He obliged the bishops to take out from him a commission, in which it was asserted, that they were to be bishops only so long as his good pleasure lasted; he forbade the bishops and clergy to preach in any pulpit without his special license; he begged his loving subjects to quiet themselves with his direction, as men content to follow authority. "We would not," says the ten-year old king, "have our subjects so much to mistake our judgment, so much to mistrust our zeal, as though we either could not discern what was to be done, or would not do all things in due time."

With respect to the consequences of this suppression of all lawful authority, we have seen that "the Lutheran Church was often a prey to the most unhappy dissensions." (Mosheim.)

Hallam, alluding to the return of Protestants to the Catholic Church,

at the conclusion of the Council of Trent, says: "We ought to reckon among the principal causes of this change those perpetual disputes, those irreconcilable animosities, that bigotry above all, and persecuting spirit, which were exhibited in the Lutheran and Calvinistic Churches. Each began with a common principle, the necessity of an orthodox faith. But this orthodoxy meant evidently nothing more than their own belief as opposed to that of their adversaries—a belief acknowledged to be fallible (or liable to error); yet maintained as certain, rejecting authority in one breath, and appealing to it in the next, and claiming to rest on sure proofs of reason and Scripture, which their opponents were ready, with just as much confidence, to invalidate." (Literat. of Europe.)

With respect to England, besides the unquestionable testimony of Henry VIII, who declared that "discord and dissention beareth rule in every place," we have this strong remonstrance upon the subject from the Book of Homilies: "For too many there be, which upon the ale benches, or other places, delight to set forth certain questions, not so much pertaining to edification as to vainglory, and showing forth of their cunning, and so unsoberly to reason and dispute, that, when neither part will give place to the other, they fall to chiding, contention, and sometimes from hot words to further inconvenience. What would St. Paul say, if he heard these words of contention, which be now almost in every man's mouth? He is a pharisee, he is a gospeller, he is of the new sort, he is of the old faith, he is a new broached brother, he is a good Catholic father, he is a heretic! Oh, how the Church is divided! Oh, how the cities be cut and mangled! Oh, how the coat of Christ, that was without seam, is all rent and torn! Oh, body mystical of Christ, where is that holy and happy unity out of which whosoever is, he is not in Christ? If one member be drawn from the head, where is the life of the body? We cannot be joined to Christ, our Head, except we be glued with concord and charity one to another. For he that is not in this unity, is not of the Church of Christ, which is a congregation or unity together, and not a division. There is but one faith; and how can we then say he is of the old faith, and he is of the new faith?" (First part of a Sermon against Contention.)

And these divisions were upon the fundamental principles of religion; and they were carried on not only in alehouses and taverns, but also in the pulpits, which clashed one against another, and tended to stir up sedition and rebellion, for the clergy were no less divided than the laity.

COLLIER.—"And since the alterations in public service and ceremonies had occasioned contests in several places; since people were observed to bring their passions to church with them, and quarrelled where they ought to have prayed together; it was thought fit to guard the honor of religion, and the places consecrated to divine worship, by *Parliamentary Provisions*. It is therefore enacted 'that if any person shall by words only, quarrel, chide, or brawl in any church or churchyard, he shall be expelled the church; that if any person shall smite, or lay any violent hands upon any other, either in the church or churchyard, he shall be excommunicated." (Eccl. Hist.)

As contention and bitter wrangling in important matters of religion must necessarily tend to destroy the spirit of religion and produce immorality, so we have seen that, from the period of the so-called *reformation* in Germany and England, a *deformation* took place in the morals of the people. With respect to Germany, I will merely refer to what has been mentioned in Letters I, II, and X. With respect to England, I deem it prudent to make a recapitulation, with additional instances and

testimonies. Henry VIII, my first witness tells us: "That charity was never so faint among people; that virtuous and godly living was never less used; that the Sacred Scripture was disputed, rhymed, sung, and jangled in every alehouse and tavern, contrary to the true meaning and doctrine of the same; that God himself among Christians (?) was never less reverenced, honored, or served; and that the peopled railed at bishops, spoke slanderously of priests, and rebuked and taunted preachers;" and all this from the commencement of the deformation in his reign."

In Edward's reign these matters became very much worse. Besides the strong and unquestionable testimonies already mentioned of England being, during this period of the deformation, infamous for drunkenness, impurity, and swearing; of outrageous blasphemy and abuse of the Blessed Sacrament of the Eucharist; of insult, contempt, and shameful degradation of the clergy; of the destruction of libraries, of the desecration of churches, etc., we are informed by the Book of Homilies, that there were "great swarms of vice worthy of being rebuked; unto such decay is true godliness and virtuous living now come; above all other vices, the outrageous sins of adultery, whoredom, etc." Again: "There appeareth in these days great slackness and negligence of a great sort of people in resorting to the church, as also much uncomely and irreverent behavior of many persons in the same." In the homily for repairing, etc., of churches, there is this exhortation: "Keep your churches comely and clean; suffer them not to be defiled with rain and weather, with dung of doves, and owls, and storks, and choughs, and other filthiness, as it is foul and lamentable to behold in many places in this country. It is lamentable, to see the wicked boldness of those that will be counted God's people, who pass nothing at all of keeping and hallowing the Sunday. And these are of two sorts: the one sort, if they have any business to do, though there be no extreme need, they must not spare for the Sunday. The other sort is worse. For, although they will not travel, nor labor on the Sunday as they do on the week-day, yet they will not rest in holiness as God commandeth; but they rest in ungodliness and filthiness, prancing in their pride, pranking and pricking, pointing and painting themselves to be gorgeous and gay; they rest in excess and superfluity, in gluttony and drunkenness, like rats and swine; they rest in brawling and railing, in quarrelling and fighting; they rest in wantonness, in toyish talking, in filthy fleshiness, so that it doth too evidently appear, that God is more dishonored, and the devil more served, on the Sunday than all the days of the week beside." (Sermon on Time, etc., of Prayer.)

"Alas, nowadays, so they have worldly wealth and riches abundant to satisfy their immeasurable lusts, they care not what they do. They are not ashamed to show their drunken faces, and to play the madman openly." (Hom. against Gluttony and Drunkenness.)

But did not all this frightful immorality subside as Protestantism became more widely spread and settled in the country? Let the question be answered by facts. It will not be necessary to trouble you with any more quotations from the Homilies, because these were published partly in Edward's and partly in Elizabeth's reign.

With respect to churches, notwithstanding the repair and cleansing which St. Paul's Cathedral had undergone, Malcolm states that many scandalous abuses were allowed to exist, though much complained of by contemporaries; the bell-ringers allowed persons, for a certain sum, to ascend the tower, where they amused themselves by hallowing and throwing stones on passengers beneath.

By the year 1597, the same author states that a large dunghill, which would have filled four carts, had been suffered to accumulate within the church, and that drunkards and vagabonds might be found at all hours sleeping on the benches at the choir door; men walked about with their hats on their heads, and butchers and water-carriers passed through it with their wares, without reproof. Outside, too, the church suffered much; about twenty-four houses were built against it, one of which was used as a theatre; the owner of another had contrived a way through one of the windows into the steeple, which he used as a wareroom; while a third baked bread and pies in an oven formed within a buttress. As a matter of course, the building soon became again dilapidated; and to what extent may be judged from an estimate for repairs obtained from two masons in 1608, amounting to £22,536, etc.

D'ISRAELI.—And with respect to the abuse of the Bible, "the learned Usher one day hastening to preach at St. Paul's Cross, entered the shop of one of the stationers, and inquiring for a Bible of the London edition, when he came to look for his text, to his astonishment and his horror he discovered that the verse was omitted in the Bible.

"The pearl Bible (printed by Field, 1653) is set off by many notable errata, of which these are noticed. Rom. 6: 13: Neither yield ye your members as members of *righteousness* unto sin—for *unrighteousness*. 1 Cor.: 6, 9: Know you not that the unrighteous shall *inherit* the kingdom of God—for shall *not inherit*. This erratum served as the foundation of a dangerous doctrine, for many libertines urged the text from this corrupt Bible against the reproofs of a divine. . . . One Bible swarmed with 6000 faults.

"The Parliament of the Commonwealth at length issued one of their ordinances for punishing blasphemous and execrable opinions, and this was enforced with greater power than the slightest proclamations of James I and Charles I; but the curious wording is a comment on our present subject. The preamble notices that 'men and women had lately discovered monstrous opinions, even such as tended to the dissolution of human society, and have abused and turned into licentiousness, the *liberty given in matters of religion*.' It punishes any person not distempered in his brain, who shall maintain any mere creature to be God, or that all acts of unrighteousness are not forbidden in the Scriptures, or that God approves of them, or that there is no real difference between moral good and evil. On the restoration, Charles II had to court his people by his domestic regulations. He early issued a remarkable proclamation, which strongly marks the moral disorders of those depraved and wretched times. It is against 'a sort of men of whom we have heard much, and are sufficiently ashamed, who spend their time in taverns, tippling-houses, and debauches,'" etc. (Curiost. of Literature.)

TILLOTSON, counterfeit archbishop (1666).—"Notwithstanding all these dismal calamities" (the fire of London, etc.), "which our eyes have seen, wickedness doth still prevail in the nation, and overflows it like a mighty deluge, so as to overspread all ranks and orders of men. And is this repentance? to live in filthy and abominable lusts, to tear the name of God by horrid oaths and imprecations; to be atheistical and profane, and by an unexpected boldness to turn the Word of God itself, and the gravest and most serious matters of religion into raillery? And such crying and clamorous sins as these are almost come to be the garb and fashion of the nation, and to be accounted the wit and gallantry of the age." (Serm. 1.)

BURNET (1668).—"We of the church communion have trusted too

much to the supports we receive from the law, we have done our duties too slightly, and have minded the care of souls too little; therefore, God, to punish and awaken us, has suffered so many of our people to be wrested out of our hands. It is apparent the wrath of God hangs over our heads, and is ready to break upon us. The clergy accuse the laity, and the laity condemn the clergy. Those in the city charge the country, and the country complains of the city. It cannot be denied, since it is visible, that universally the whole nation is corrupted, and that the gospel has not had those effects among us as might have been expected, after so long and so free a course as it has had in this island. If to all these sad considerations we add the gross sensuality and impurity, that is so avowedly practiced that it is become a fashion, so far is it from being a reproach, the oppression, injustice, intemperance, and many other immoralities among us, what can be expected, but that the just judgments of heaven should fall on us so signally as to make us a reproach to all our neighbors. But as if all this were not enough to fill up the measure of our iniquities, many have arrived at a new pitch of impiety, by defying heaven itself with their avowed blasphemies and atheism. They reject Christianity and the Scriptures with open and impudent scorn, and are absolutely insensible of any obligation of conscience in anything whatsoever." (Hist. of Refor.)

LAVINGTON, counterfeit bishop of Exeter (1747).—"We have long been attempting the reformation of the nation by discourses of this kind (moral preaching). With what success? *None at all;* on the contrary, we have preached the people into downright *infidelity*."

Rev. MR. JONES (1786).—"What would St. Paul have said, if he had lived in these times, when perhaps not one-half of the people are at public prayers, not one-quarter of them at the sacraments." (Lect. IV on Heb.)

VICESIMUS KNOX, parson (1795).—"It is a fact, to which I have frequently been an eyewitness, that spacious churches in London, capable of containing thousands, are almost empty, notwithstanding the preachers everywhere inculcate morality. . . . An inexperienced and unobservant man might expect to find extraordinary devotion and piety in the chapels and colleges of our English universities. Many of our academies are summoned to prayers, not less than four times every day throughout the year. But do they attend voluntarily, or in obedience to a statute? Is there any particular piety or decency in the performance of public worship? Quite the reverse; for in no place of worship are the prayers read in a more careless or perfunctory manner; in none are more indecencies practiced and connived at, than in the chapels of our English universities. The reason is, that those who attend in them consist for the most part, either of jolly fellows, who drown all thoughts in wine and its concomitants; or of dry logicians and metaphysicians, who, in towering heights of their wisdom, are superior to the weaknesses of a devotee." (Essays.)

HIGGONS.—"To the want of religious retreats, especially nunneries, in a great measure, are to be ascribed the several inconveniencies we lie under at this day; especially, since the frequent marriages of the meaner and indigent clergy, who, having no temporal estates to support their families after death, leave their wives and daughters destitute and necessitous, who being too proud or lazy to work, often take ill courses to subsist; all which might be prevented, if there were places to support them in a virtuous and comfortable way of life. From this defect results the lewdness of these abandoned times, more than from any vicious-

ness in the temper or constitution of the English, since we seldom find these disorders in women of birth, fortune, and education." (Short View of English Hist.)

The *Christian World*, a Protestant American paper, 1841, says: "Protestant Christendom monopolizes nine-tenths of the drunkenness of the habitable globe. One single British regiment has more court-martials for drunkenness than all the 150,000 native troops of India. These are the facts of the case, staring us in the face. England—the land of Bibles—England that has printed more Bibles than all the nations of the earth put together—is herself the most drunken nation under the sun. Her children in America have nearly drowned the new world in drink. The flag of England has carried drunkenness to every port in the habitable globe!"

This work of awful demoralization —this destruction of faith, shame, honor, and honesty, and of almost everything held sacred by man, is what is usually termed "*Glorious Reformation*" — the deliverance of England from the darkness of Popish superstition!

So fluctuating are all human languages in common use, that, whilst some words become obsolete, others change their meaning, and sometimes signify the very reverse of that which they were originally intended to express. To illustrate this observation, no better instance need be adduced than the word *reformation*. Formerly this word signified "a change from worse to better;" now it is applied by clerks, doctors, acts of Parliament, courtiers, and writers of every description, to a "*change from better to worse.*" We have learnt from the witnesses cited, that from the period when the Holy Catholic religion was suppressed by law in England, and a new one, under a new name, and under a new form of government, and with new doctrines, was established in its place, the morals of the people gradually grew worse. Yet this gradual deterioration has always been honored with the name of "*Glorious Reformation.*" Hence, when we wish to describe in a brief manner, a state of frightful immorality — a state in which churches were robbed and desecrated by most horrible profanations, the sacred Scriptures turned into ridicule, and sung and rhymed in public houses, the patrimony of the poor divided among profligate courtiers, a state in which new oaths are coined, and open profession made of the most abominable kinds of depravity—when, I repeat, we wish to describe in a few words a state of things so offensive to God and so injurious to man, we cannot, throughout the whole vocabulary of the English language, select terms more expressive than "*a Glorious Reformation.*"

THE HISTORY OF GALILEO.

THE name of Galileo has long enjoyed a remarkable celebrity. And yet, strange to say, the common appreciation of his character rests upon a misconception of his real claims to distinction. His name is associated in the minds of most persons with great astronomical discoveries, and the decision of the question regarding the true system of the universe. But in these respects he holds only a secondary position. His true claim to greatness rests upon his discoveries as a natural philosopher and as the founder of the science of dynamics. Galileo's astronomical discoveries, such as those of the satellites of Jupiter and of the phases of Venus, are indeed brilliant. But they required no genius, and are such as might have been made by any person of ordinary ability possessed of the command of a good telescope, and an attentive habit of observation. On the other hand, his physical and mechanical discoveries were such as could only proceed from a superior mind. Accordingly we find him evincing extreme jealousy regarding the first, in which he felt he might meet with many competitors; whereas in the latter he stands alone and without a rival. Such is the opinion expressed by Lagrange in his *Mécanique Analytique*. "This science (dynamics)," he says, "is due entirely to the moderns, and it was Galileo who laid the first foundations of it. This discovery (of the laws of falling bodies) did not indeed procure for him in his lifetime as much celebrity as those which he had made in the heavens; but it forms now the most solid and real part of the glory of this great man."* M. Arago, in his *Biographical Notices*, forms a similar appreciation of the discoveries of Galileo in astronomy.

* Lagrange, Mecanique, p. 207.

"Without intending," he says, "to lessen their just claims to the admiration and surprise which they excited at the time, we are bound, from a due regard to truth, to say that the rapidity with which they succeeded one another was nothing astonishing. It would have required only a few hours to make all the observations made by Galileo during the years 1610 and 1611."

The astronomer Delambre, in his *Histoire de l'Astronomie Moderne*, speaks as follows of the astronomical discoveries of Galileo: "Galileo shows, indeed, in his *Livre des Dialogues*, the superiority of the hypothesis of Copernicus over that of Ptolemy. But how much greater effect would he have given to his assertion, if he had said that the remedies against the opposite errors, which he says are to be found in the system of Copernicus, had been set forth by Kepler; if he had done for the discoveries of a contemporary what he has done for his own? His discoveries have, indeed, removed some difficulties and done away with some objections which would sooner or later have answered themselves, whereas the ideas of Kepler have essentially ameliorated the whole system by laying down the true foundations of planetary astronomy. It is truly inconceivable that Galileo should not in a single place have made the least mention of those far more difficult discoveries which finally led Newton to discover the general cause which forms the soul of that mechanism first established by Kepler." "Chance," he remarks in another place, "led to the discovery of the telescope in Belgium. Galileo received an account of it, and by the next day he had made one for himself, which magnified three times. He perfected it a little, and discov-

ered spots on the sun; he saw also the phases of Venus and the satellites of Jupiter. This was useful and brilliant; but was it difficult? Compare these three discoveries with the three laws of Kepler."

Galileo's true claims, then, to celebrity rest upon his discoveries in mechanics. His position as an astronomer has been unduly exaggerated. It is the common impression that the question regarding the true system of the universe remained undecided until his time, and that it was he who definitively decided it. This, we have seen, is false. The true system of the world had been already proved and solidly established by Copernicus and Kepler. The discoveries of Galileo served opportunely to confirm what had already become known from other sources. They have furnished science with no new principle, and the proofs which he has supplied can bear no comparison in point of strength and power with those already advanced by his two illustrious predecessors.

Others, again, suppose that Galileo at least established the movement of the earth by direct proof. But this, also, is a mistake. The physical proofs which establish by sensible evidence the movement of the earth, as, for instance, by the movement of the pendulum, are of quite recent date. There is not one of the observations of Galileo which goes to prove the fact. The only proof which he did bring forward, and on which he greatly prided himself, was singularly unhappy. This was the proof drawn from the phenomenon of the tides. For this phenemenon is completely independent of the movement of the earth. It is due solely, as is now ascertained, to the combined action of the sun and moon upon the waters of the ocean. M. Arago says of this theory advanced by Galileo, that "it is unworthy of the author to whom we are indebted for the true principles of modern mechanics, and that its least defect is that it fails to satisfy any of the experimental laws of the phenomenon."

The interest attaching to the name of Galileo is connected in the minds of many with the position which he holds in respect of the relation of science to religion. He represents in his person, as they suppose, the advance of science struggling against the persecution of the Church. How erroneous is this idea will be best seen by a short review of Galileo's life and of the circumstances which led ultimately to the condemnation of his doctrines by the Sacred Congregation.

Galileo Galilei, of Florentine extraction, was born at Pisa on the 8th of February, 1564. On the 5th of November, 1581, he entered on the study of natural philosophy and medicine in the university of that city, and here first showed the strong bent of his mind towards mechanical inquiry. It was at this time, according to some writers, that Galileo was led, by observing accidentally the oscillation of a lamp suspended from the roof of the cathedral, to the discovery of the principle of the isochronous movement of the pendulum, destined to prove hereafter productive of so many important consequences for the measurement of time. In 1585 he came to Florence to follow a course of mathematics. In 1589, in his twenty-fifth year, he was called by the Grand Duke of Tuscany to the chair of Professor of Mathematics in the University of Pisa, at the recommendation of the Cardinal del Monte. He did not, however, remain long at Pisa. His discoveries in mechanics, such as those which resulted in the establishment of the laws of falling bodies, struck a blow at the peripatetic doctrines of motion. He thus found himself in direct opposition to the teaching of the schools, in which the philosophy of Aristotle had long been dominant. An outburst of indignation, in which his own scholars

joined, was raised against him. Galileo fled before the storm, gaining at the same time a wider field by obtaining from the Republic of Venice the place of Professor of Mathematics, in 1591, in the University of Padua, which he continued to hold till 1606. By some writers Galileo's retirement to Padua is ascribed to his injudicious censure and needlessly public exposure of the defects of a piece of machinery contrived by John de Medicis, natural son of Cosmo I, de Medicis, and subjected to his criticism. An order of banishment, it is said, was the penalty of his imprudence and want of judgment.

It was during his stay in Padua that he published the greater part of the works which have given celebrity to his name. Here, as at Pisa, he continued to make active researches in mechanics and natural philosophy, and brought both reasoning and experiment to bear, though with but little consideration for the prejudices of his opponents, upon the received doctrines of the schools. He also openly declared himself in favor of the ancient opinion held by Pythagoras concerning the movement of the earth, revived in the preceding century by Copernicus, and supported at this time with great distinction by Kepler. What was the common opinion at the time on this point, and how was it regarded by the Church? The greater part of the body of professors and learned men believed, with the mass of the people, the system of Ptolemy; a few more gifted minds maintained the system of the world taught by Pythagoras, and which had been in general lost sight of during the Middle Ages, though perhaps some traces of it had been kept alive in the schools of Bologna. The Church left the discussion of the question perfectly free. There had been sovereign pontiffs, cardinals, and priests who had even supported and defended the doctrine of Pythagoras. Nicolas de Cusa, born in 1401, and created cardinal by Pope Eugenius IV in 1448, was the first who had revived the old doctrine, and published in 1435 his work *De doctâ Ignorantiâ*, dedicated to Cardinal Cesarini, in which he maintains the movement of the earth around the sun. He was followed by Copernicus, who, born in 1473 at Thorn, at that time under Poland, studied in Italy, entered holy orders, became canon, and was appointed in 1500 Professor of Mathematics at Rome. It was in this character that he was consulted in 1512 by the Council of Lateran in the work of the reform of the Calendar, completed seventy years later by Pope Gregory XIII. The opinion maintained by Copernicus had found supporters; and in 1533 John Albert Widmanstadt, a German, explained it in Rome in the presence of Pope Clement VII, the Cardinals Orsini and Salviati, the Bishop of Viterbo, and the physician Matthew Corte. The Pope listened with pleasure to the explanation, and, as a mark of his satisfaction, appointed Widmanstadt one of his secretaries, and presented him with a Greek manuscript, which is preserved in the library at Munich, with an inscription on one of the pages recording the circumstances of the gift. Ten years after this *séance* at the Vatican, Copernicus was prevailed upon, much against his will, by the Cardinal Schomberg and by the Bishop of Culm, to publish his treatise *De Revolutionibus Orbium Celestium*, a work on which he had been employed for more than thirty-five years. The work was dedicated to the learned Pontiff Pope Paul III, who was engaged in a correspondence with Calcagnini, the first Italian who publicly supported the system of Copernicus. It is well known what a spirit of faith and piety animated the elevated researches of Kepler.

The Church, then, it will be seen from these few facts, so far from thwarting the progress of science, en-

couraged it, so long as it confined itself within its own legitimate bounds, and avoided the introduction and the discussion of theological questions. Galileo, like his friend Kepler, embraced at an early period the opinion in favor of the earth's motion. In a letter dated May 30th, 1597, he declared plainly that he regarded the opinion of Pythagoras as much more probable than that of Aristotle. Kepler having sent him his work published in 1596, Galileo told him in answer that he should read it with great pleasure, for that he had already for many years adopted the doctrine. He added that he should himself have added a number of demonstrations and proofs in support of it, were he not afraid of sharing the fate of Copernicus; "for if Copernicus," he says, "has gained with some undying fame, he is with numberless persons an object of raillery and contempt."*

It was not, then, the Church that Galileo was afraid of, but public opinion. Copernicus had received the support of the Sovereign Pontiff; but the new doctrine, though it might be favorably received by a few minds of a higher order, would be rejected by the great body of professors and learned men. This enables us to see the famous decree of 1616 in its true light; it shows what was the general opinion at the time regarding the doctrine of Copernicus.

To return to Galileo at Padua. The telescope, the principle of which, as we mentioned above, recently discovered in Holland, and in a manner rediscovered and at once applied by the Tuscan astronomer in Italy, opened to him new fields of discovery beyond all, according to the expression of M. Biot, that the imagination could conceive. Galileo gave a report of his discoveries in a work which he published in 1610, entitled *Nuntius Sidereus*, and in which he pointed out their bearing upon the system of the rotation of the earth. The work was received with great applause throughout Europe. The Grand Duke of Tuscany, who had already been flattered by the compliment paid him by Galileo in naming the newly discovered satellites of Jupiter the *Stars of Medici*, and who had on this account, it is said, recalled him to Florence, conferred on him the title of first Professor of Mathematics and Philosophy, securing to him at the same time leisure to continue his researches by leaving him unincumbered with the charge of teaching. The King of France requested as a favor that the first star he should discover should be named Bourbon. Kepler publicly acknowledged his appreciation of the sublimity of genius manifested by Galileo, and printed the work at Prague with a preface by his own hand. It raised, however, on the other hand, serious attacks from his opponents. The members of the Universities of Pisa and Padua, and all the favorers of the Peripatetic school, rose in a body against it.

This hostility to Galileo owed its origin in a great measure to the very advance which he made in science. His mechanical and astronomical discoveries struck a fatal blow at the Aristotelic doctrine almost universally received at the time in the schools. The system which regarded the earth as the centre of the universe, and immovable in the heavens; which fixed the stars and planets in material and transparent spheres, to which alone they owed their motion; which recognized no change in the heavens except in the sublunary space, that is to say, in the portion of the heavens between the earth and the moon —was shaken to its centre by the discoveries which tended to confirm with accumulated proofs the hypothesis of the earth's rotation, with the rest of the planets, around the sun.

Galileo's naturally impetuous character, which, not satisfied with establishing the truth of his own discov-

* Op. di Galileo, vol. vi, p. 11. Florence, 1842–56.

eries, led him unnecessarily to expose and triumph over the errors of his opponents, increased the exasperation of the attacks against him. His enemies gladly availed themselves of any arguments which could be brought to bear upon him with the greatest effect.

Galileo and his friends turned their eyes to Rome, where, though they had reason to expect much opposition from the learned, they still looked with confidence for an impartial judgment. Any one who really knows Rome is aware that—not to speak of the caution, prudence, and gentleness, which so naturally belong to its tribunals—the dominant tone among its highest circles is always one of indulgence, forbearance, and liberality. But every great system has its Tadpoles and Tapers,—the men who live upon gossip picked up third or fourth hand from the eavesdroppers of some anti-camera, and who are never so happy as when they have the opportunity of hinting at some probable exercise of the Church's severity, or at the imagined disfavor which has fallen on some illustrious Catholic. These men usually find a goodly number of very un-Roman friends of Rome in various quarters to propagate the mischief which they have initiated. It is therefore almost surprising that the air should not have been so filled with sinister reports as to shake the well-grounded confidence of Galileo. Father Clavius wrote to him on December 17th, 1610, that he had himself on several occasions seen the new planets he had discovered, and added that he was entitled to great credit for having been the first to observe them. Strengthened by such support, Galileo set out for Rome on the 23d of March, 1611. He was warmly received by Prince Cesi, founder of the Academy of the *Lyncei*, and the Cardinal del Monte, and he entertained sanguine hopes, from his communications with several learned and distinguished persons, that before his departure he should see his discoveries generally recognized.* He was received with distinction by Paul V. Cardinal Bellarmine consulted the Jesuit Fathers, the astronomers of the Roman College, regarding Galileo's observations upon the fixed stars, the milky way, the character of Saturn, the phases of Venus, the inequalities on the moon's surface, and the satellites of Jupiter. Fathers Clavius, Griemberger, Malcozzo, and Lembo returned a favorable reply. The omission of Galileo's name in the inquiry only shows that the matter was a scientific, and not a personal, question.

Galileo might, then, be well satisfied with his stay in Rome. The Cardinal Farnese, after having received Galileo at his table in Rome, entertained him at his magnificent villa at Caprarola, and Cardinal Maffei Barberini, afterwards Urban VIII, who had already celebrated his discoveries in verse, addressed to him, amongst many affectionate letters, a note dated October 11th, 1611, in which he says, "Valuable men such as you deserve to live long for the public benefit." Galileo had thus obtained entire success in this visit to Rome. But things were not so in Florence, where a jealous party had gathered round the Archbishop. An attempt was made, though without effect, to induce a priest to protest in the pulpit against the "extravagances" of Galileo. This was the first symptom of opposition. His enemies were trying their strength.

In the following year, 1612, Galileo published his *Discorso sui Gallegianti*, in which he paid compliments to many of the distinguished persons in Rome, and received encouraging replies from the Cardinals Maffei Barberini, Bellarmine, and Conti. Galileo, who was already uneasy at the complaints of his opponents, had inquired of Cardinal Conti whether

* Opere di Galileo, vol. vi, p. 47.

Holy Scripture favored the principles of Aristotle on the constitution of the universe. Conti replied that Scripture, as explained by the Fathers, was rather contrary to the Peripatetic doctrine of the incorruptibility of the heavens. As regards the movement of the earth, its movement on its own axis might be maintained without contradicting Scripture. But the system of the circular movement of the earth, as maintained by Pythagoras and Copernicus, appeared to him less conformable to Scripture. For if some passages which speak of the stability of the earth might be understood of its perpetuity, yet those which speak of the sun moving must be understood according to the ordinary use of language, and such an explanation should not be abandoned without great necessity.* Galileo was satisfied with this testimony, and entered with great confidence into the lists.

He had, however, serious reasons for uneasiness. His adversaries, the Peripateticians, sensible of the difficulty of relying solely on the doctrine of Aristotle, hastened to call to their aid the authority of Holy Scripture. The cry was raised that Galileo was attacking Scripture, and Catholics readily took the alarm. A monk named Sizi, in a work published at Venice, in 1611, against the *Nuntius Sidereus*, had been the first to introduce into the discussion the testimony of Holy Scripture. We shall see that Galileo had the imprudence to follow him on to this dangerous ground.

The objections raised by Sizi were taken up by others. The Grand Duchess Christina, supported by some professors, engaged in discussion with the Benedictine, Father Castelli, a devoted friend of Galileo, and maintained that Holy Scripture was opposed to the movement of the earth. The question then ceased to be astronomical, and became a question of the interpretation of Scripture. The Peripateticians took advantage of this complication of the question; and Galileo, in his attempts to maintain his system, found himself obliged to explain texts of Scripture, to lay down rules of religious controversy, and to act the part of theologian. He accordingly now found himself in opposition to ecclesiastics who had hitherto supported him. It was a snare laid for him by his opposing Aristotelian scientists, and his naturally headstrong disposition led him to fall into it.

Father Caccini, a Dominican, was explaining at this time the book of Joshua in the Church of Santa Maria Novella in Florence. Having come to the explanation of the words in Joshua about the sun standing still, and choosing for his text, as is said, the passage from the Acts of the Apostles, "*Viri Galilæi, quid statis aspicientes in cœlum?*" he took occasion to censure the opinion of Copernicus "maintained and taught at Florence by Galileo," according to the words of his own subsequent juridical deposition, "viz., that the sun was the centre of the world, and consequently immovable."† Such an opinion, he maintained, was at variance with the Catholic faith, as being contradictory to the literal sense of several texts of Holy Scripture, which was followed by the holy Fathers, and hence that it was a quasi heresy.*

Galileo complained of the attack, though with great moderation, to Father Maraffi, General of the Dominicans, and received in reply a most formal disapproval of the conduct of his rash assailant. But this did not satisfy him. He must needs retort the attack which had been made upon his doctrines; and in a letter to his friend Father Castelli, Professor of Mathematics, written, as he avows, *currente calamo*, he followed Father Caccini upon the ground to which he had transferred the debate, and, protesting against the explanation of Scripture which

* Opere di Galileo, vol. viii, p. 222.

† MS. of the Process, fo. 353.

had been given, laid down what he terms the true principles of interpretation. Several copies of this letter were taken, and Father Lorini, a Dominican, sent one of them to Father Caccini, who declared that it contained several expressions theologically incorrect. Father Lorini upon this denounced the letter to the Cardinal President of the Congregation of the Index, pointing out certain propositions in it as "suspect" or "rash;" as, for instance, that there are certain modes of expression in Holy Scripture which are inappropriate (*inconvenienti*); that in questions as to natural effects Scripture holds the last place; that its expounders (*i suoi espositori*) are often wrong in their explanation of it; that Scripture should not be appealed to except in questions which concern the faith; that, in natural things, philosophical or astronomical arguments are of more weight than sacred and divine; lastly, that the commandment of Joshua to the sun should be understood as addressed to the first principle of motion. Father Lorini proceeds then to point out the danger of allowing people to interpret Holy Scripture after their own fashion (*a lor mode*), and contrary to the common exposition of the holy Fathers, and to maintain opinions apparently altogether contrary to Holy Scripture. This would be to allow them to speak with but little reverence of the holy Fathers, and to overthrow the whole philosophy of Aristotle, of which scholastic theology had made such use. This letter of Father Lorini is the first document which appears in the process, and is valuable as giving a key to its whole character. The question was brought before the tribunal not as one of science, but of the interpretation of Scripture. The theory of the movement of the earth held but a secondary place.

At the present day every one holds the theory of Copernicus and Galileo as to the scientific question; but no sound Catholic—and, we may add, also no one of the "orthodox" defenders of Sacred Scripture among those who are not Catholics—would put their signatures to such propositions as those which we have just mentioned?

MAY.

HAIL sweet month of May!
Hail bright month of May
Bring sunshine with thee,
Chasing clouds away.
March has left us sighing
In cold and chilly blast,
April's tears have fallen,
May has come at last!

I will wander in the meadows,
I will search in sunny bowers,
I will cut sweet-scented posies,
I will twine a wreath of flowers.
The lily and the rosebud
With May I will entwine,
And lay them for an offering
Upon Our Lady's shrine.

And there is another offering
  Which at Mary's feet I'll lay,
I know that she will prize it more
  Than all the flowers of May,
I will pray to her to keep it
  And never from it part,
And my Queen will deign to take it—
  My poor, yet loving heart.

I will pray to her to guide it,
  In truth and wisdom's way,
And make it pure and balmy
  As the flowers which spring in May;
I will pray to her to warm it
  With the sunshine of her love,
And make it fit to deck a crown
  One day in heaven above.

ELDINE'S DREAM.

ELDINE was a woman grown, beautiful, tender, and true. She possessed a charming face and figure, a clear, bright intellect, and a pure heart. She had many virtues and but few faults, for she was as good as she was beautiful.

What more could God bestow upon one of his creatures? What brighter inheritance could he give to one who had just stepped from girlhood into the more responsible position of womanhood? And yet Eldine was not happy.

She was not happy, or rather, she did not possess that true contentment which makes even the humblest lot a blessing and a joy. And yet her discontent did not arise from any worldly cause; for as far as human happiness went, Eldine knew that hers was an enviable lot. She was the dearly loved child of affluent parents, and possessed all the comforts and many of the luxuries of life. She knew that hers was the fairest face in the pretty village of Glyan; that her eyes were the brightest, and her form the most perfect. But these things occupied but few of Eldine's thoughts.

Many a maiden with far less attraction set more store by her personal appearance than did Eldine.

She knew that exterior beauty is among the least of God's good gifts; and though she did not prize her beauty very highly, she was thankful for it as coming from God.

She knew, too, that she had a mind of rare intelligence; and for this she was very thankful, prizing it as one of God's best gifts; happy in the thought that she might render something back to him. But though she prized this gift of intellect, yet she took no merit of it to herself, but gave all her praise to him from whose generous hand she had received it.

And then besides this beauty of face and form, and this higher beauty of the mind, Eldine possessed additionally, the highest of all beauty, God's very best gift—beauty of the heart. Ah, yes! Eldine's heart was indeed beautiful, but of this beauty she was the least conscious.

And now we come to the cause of Eldine's discontent.

And now she had propounded a

curious question to herself, a question which might perhaps bring some startling answer. But she did not quail before it; her brave young spirit would not be daunted.

No pain would she think too much —no sacrifice would she count a sacrifice, were she only sure that she might place herself in a position in which she would be more pleasing to God.

In her pure enthusiasm she longed for the days of martyrdom.

With her lips parted and her cheeks aglow she would think with pious envy of those who had died for the Faith. But she would presently awaken from her reverie, saying sadly, "But this, alas, is the nineteenth century!" Then her imagination would carry her away again, and she would exclaim: "Oh! were I but a man. What more pleasing to God than a missionary priest? to go forth with the gospel on my lips and the love of God in my heart, and convert not only one or two, but hundreds and tens of hundreds. Oh, glorious mission!" But more quietly, "Such things were never destined for woman."

She wished to do something for God. She was anxious to render back to him something in return for all his generosity to her. What wonderful things might she do to testify her great love for him? and for this she opened her brilliant mind, and set her wonderful brains to work.

Eldine never proposed a question to herself which she left unanswered. No; if it took her weeks and months and years, she would not give it up half solved; in fact Eldine never did anything by halves.

And this was the secret of Eldine's discontent. No doubt God forgave her, for it was but an excess of love for him.

Her childhood and her girlhood had passed happily and contentedly; and it was only at the dawn of womanhood that this holy discontent came upon her. She knew that what she gave to God as a child, and a maiden, were not sufficient from the woman; and though she had no regrets in the past, she was anxious regarding the future. And still she knew that she was good—even that strict monitor, the conscience, assured her that her sins were few; but yet she was not satisfied; she longed for a better life —a higher mission.

She often compared her life with those of her companion maidens, and even her humility could not conceal that she surpassed them all in virtue. But that did not comfort her, for she knew that God does not judge us all by the one standard; but from those to whom he gives much he expects much, and she felt that she was lower in his sight than many of her companions to whom she was held up as a model, inasmuch as he had given a more abundant share of gifts to her than he had to many another.

This thought made Eldine sigh, but it answered not the mighty question which lay so heavily on her heart and occupied so large a share of her thoughts.

"God has been very generous with me; what can I render to him in return? for I love him beyond expression."

She took this burden, as she took all her burdens, to her worthy confessor; that patient, spiritual guide, in whom she had great confidence, but for once she was not satisfied.

"My child," her good director had said, "God does not expect extraordinary things from you; he only exacts that his commandments shall not be broken, demanding merely that you do your best to avoid sin. This you do, my child, but at present you are over-anxious. Go in peace, and be troubled no longer."

Still there was a mist clouding Eldine's intellect, a load of doubt resting on her heart. Her question was not answered, and she could not give it up.

Eldine had been torturing her mind for many days, the consequence of

which was that the rose-tint was fading from her cheek, the glad lustre from her eye.

She arose one morning before the sun, and dressing quickly wended her way towards the little river, which was the chief beauty of Glynn. What was her object? She had none. Merely one of those sudden fancies we are apt to take after a restless night. It was midsummer, and Eldine had walked so quickly, that by the time she reached the pretty valley, through which flowed the river, she was warm and languid. Her hat was thrown lightly aside, as she nestled herself beside the bright little stream in the soft grayness of the early morning. Even the little birds were not yet up, and Eldine felt that the whole world belonged to her. She leant against a tall tree, the gentle rustling of the leaves of which reminded Eldine of angels whispering. The stream at her feet went on in its rippling course, soothing her overwrought nerves; and in the eastern sky was a faint ray of rosy light heralding the great day king.

Eldine half closed her eyes in delicious rapture. Presently she forgot all the perplexities, all her anxieties, having nothing in her mind but rustling trees and rippling streamlets. Soon she ceased to think of even these, and later, forgot that she was in the world at all. Then she heard sweet music, a delicious perfume was floating around her, and gentle zephyrs were fanning her brow. She raised her head and opened her eyes. There, opposite her, on the very margin of the stream, stood a white-robed form. Eldine did not cry aloud or start, though she knew that she was in the presence of an angel. The silver wings were folded, and the crown sat lightly on the glowing brow. Eldine merely folded her hands upon her breast, and fell upon her knees in a reverential attitude. She knew that God had sent a message to her, and after one glance at the angel's pure face, on which there was not the shadow of a smile, Eldine meekly lowered her eyes. And then a soft, clear voice spoke: "Eldine, your zeal for God's glory has overreached itself. You are wasting many golden moments in idle anxiety—moments which you might employ in adding jewels to your crown of glory. Eldine, God expects but one thing from all persons, from the king on his throne to the poor beggar who solicits alms in the public streets, and that is, to do his duty. You have not to sit down and plan and think what is your duty, you have not even to seek it. If you but meet it half way, you have done all that is necessary, for duty is not a thing hidden away, but confronts us at every point. Do your duty, and you have done all that is required of you. The holy martyrs whom you envy, only did their duty, and though your duty may be far less heroic than theirs, yet, if you do it conscientiously, you may expect the same reward. Do not waste your time in longing to do great deeds; do your simple ones perfectly, and you have done enough. You have only to do each day what is required of you for that day, and so on to the end. To be a thorough Christian, and beautiful in the eyes of God, you have but to make each day more perfect than the one before." The silver wings were outspreading, as though longing to ascend, yet the beautiful form tarried a moment, whilst the voice added: "Remember my counsel. Do your duty, and make each day more perfect than the one before."

And in a mist of golden light the angel vanished.

Eldine rubbed her eyes and pushed the soft hair back from her face, and then looked around her. The sun had risen high in the heavens, and the birds were twittering from tree to tree. All nature seemed astir.

Eldine leaned forward towards the stream, and dipping up some water in her palms, bathed her flushed

face. She gazed at the spot where she had seemed to see the angel, and thanked God for her beautiful dream. She knew that it had been no vision, but merely the effects of an excited mind.

But she felt none the less that it had been sent by God. Her sleep, too, had refreshed her; and as she arose and shook out the folds of her dress, she kept repeating to herself: "Do your duty; make each day more perfect than the day before." Then picking up her hat, she exclaimed: "I must hasten home, for there are a hundred little things to be done before breakfast. I must have the newspaper cut beside papa's plate, when he comes down, and I must take a cup of tea up to mamma, for I remember she was complaining of a headache last night, and there's poor little Glada's golden hair has hung uncurled all these days, because I was too preoccupied to settle it nicely, and I must take a peep in at Willie and Vincent, so that they shall not annoy papa by coming to breakfast with untidy collars or cuffs."

And then tripping on with a light step, she murmured: "I have been in a dream all these days—a dull, disagreeable dream, and God has sent an angel to awaken me."

MY FATHER'S HOUSE.

"Laetatus sum in his quæ dicta sunt mihi: domum Domini ibimus."

THOU hast pitied my heart's great needing,
Thou hast stooped to my low estate,
And opened unto my pleading
The long-sealed beautiful gate.

Ever through gloom and sadness,
Thou hast been my guide and guard;
Into the light and gladness
Of the courts of Thy house, O Lord!

Why should I fear or falter
Under a roof so blest?
Here, near Thy holy altar,
Surely Thy child may rest.

Here in Thy house it endeth
My quest that was erst so vain,
For the Spirit of peace descendeth,
Stilling the olden pain.

In Thy house, my Father, never
Is grief that burns or stings,
Nor the anguish of lost endeavor,
Nor a shadow that chills and clings.

For Thy love makes rest of labor,
And gain of the bitterest loss,
And the glory and joy of Thabor
In the shade of the drearest cross.

THE CHURCH'S WISDOM.

It has ever been the end and aim of Holy Church to symbolize the heavenly by the earthly: to use the beauty and majesty of this world, in leading on her children to the yet unseen glory of the many mansions prepared for them in the next. She has pressed into her service the precious things of land and sea; she has hallowed that which had otherwise been abused to worldly pomp; "she has dared to 'inherit the earth.'" She leaves not the snowdrop, in its spotless loveliness, to return with a smile from its laurel hedge shelter the faint caresses of a February sun; it must deck the High Altar of the gray Chancel, when we commemorate her Purification, who was herself pure beyond the daughters of Eve. She will not allow the budding softness of the palm to give life and joy to the April hedge; it must be for the solemn procession of those, who go forth with the *Gloria, laus, et honor*, to celebrate the last entrance of our Lord into Jerusalem. The lily may not hide itself in the modest garden bed; we need it when we hold High Festival on St. Margaret's Day; it is the flower of virgins, the symbol of the pure in heart. The rose, that at morning peeped from the rustic trellis, ere noon helps to deck the choir, wherein the deeds of the Prince of Apostles are chanted by the full band of priests.

So with gold and silver, and the gems of the mine: they blaze in the Chalice and the Paten, they are curiously wrought in the mitre and the clasped cope; they glitter in the pastoral staff and processional Cross. So with the work of the needle; the hanging, the frontal, the corporal, and the veil, all exercise the patient skill of the artist, all occupy the quiet hours of the convent. The deep forest gladly gives up its treasures; the oak, that might have battled with the waves, or carried some royal armament to conquest and worldly glory, receives a more peaceful and more happy lot in the high roof of the minster. The cedar and the pine, the chestnut and the beech, the beauty of Lebanon and the pride of Carmel, all come up to the sanctuary, and make glorious the resting-place of the Lord's feet. The mountain delights to yield block after block for the rising wall; the spice-tree its sweetness for the lighted censer; the silk-worm its labors to deck the altar; for that the elephant gives up his ivory spoils; for that the bee toils all day long in the recesses of summer flowers, well deserving thereby the care bestowed on it by the inhabitants of the Western Ocean's loveliest island, who will not destroy the insect that labors for Holy Church.

Thus, then, the spoils of nature come to her; thus her children gladly offer for her service the best and the brightest of God's gifts. Why? but in some faint degree to set forth that land which eye hath not seen, nor ear heard; to allure the wanderer from the riches of earth, by means of those very riches; to impress on the enemy's gold the stamp of the King of kings. Faint, indeed, are these efforts; in spite of them all it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive the good things which God hath prepared for them that love him.

Faint, indeed, they may be, and yet useful. Some of the wise and the holy sons of the Church have called out the principle still further, and have made a covenant with their eyes, that in beholding the pleasant things of creation each should be, as it were, to them a Sacrament of the new heaven and the new earth.

For a sacramental life is the proper life of a Catholic; he delights in multiplying to himself these holy signs, knowing that, of a surety, the antitype will exceed the type, as much as a substance does its shadow.

It may be, indeed, incomprehensible to us, as we gaze on some mountain prospect, where the glorious form is heightened by the majestic light and shade, how there can be a world which will render such scenes unworthy of a thought; or how, such a one existing, our soul, already filled to the full with the influx of beauty, could endure more.

And yet what earthly river but becomes more beautiful, when it typifies to us the river of the water of life, clear as crystal? What jutting peak, when it calls to the mind the True Rock? What mountain range, when it pictures to the eye of faith the utmost bounds of the everlasting hills?

The traveller, as he gazes on these things, thanks God for such earnests of heavenly beauty; they are lighted for him with a ray far exceeding that of the noonday sun, though the man of the world has no share in his delight; a ray from that eternal glory, which gives splendor to the abodes of the blessed.

Nor is it to the eye alone that these emblems speak; they appeal, as powerfully and as sweetly, to the ear. Nay and perhaps more powerfully, because more really; because there is not only a likeness, but a sameness, in the thing signifying and the thing signified. All that we hear of the harpers harping with their harps, of the new song, of the voices like the sound of many waters, seems to bring heaven in this respect, nearer earth, than in any other. For, as the poet has not ill said,

> "All that we know they do above,
> Is that they sing and that they love."

And doubtless, music has always been privileged by God to have a power over the soul that no other material influence ever claimed; whether, as in the case of Saul, by expelling unclean spirits from the breast, or by inviting, as in that of Elisha, more blessed tenants to be its inhabitants.

Therefore I know not whether, to those for whom I write, it ought to be a sweeter or a more solemn thought, that there is so wide a difference between the study of music, and that of all the other feminine arts and accomplishments in which they are engaged. The needle and the pencil may indeed be devoted to the service of the earthly church; by the one may the shrine be adorned, or the poor of Christ clothed; by the other may the buildings of more Catholic ages be held out for the imitation or reverence of our own. But these things, which are of the earth earthly, cannot be carried beyond the grave.

It is not so with music. In learning that, you are learning an art which will endure as long as love, and that is forever.

That study which is everlasting is surely to be treated with all awe. Debased it may be, and prostituted to earthly passions, and social frivolity; it was not made for such things. Its fountain is still pure; it is where Cherubim and Seraphim are; it is one of the delights of heaven; it is one of the sciences of the "well-adventured." To its fountain it of necessity must tend: it is a miserable force which enchains it to earth: this is not its home, this can never be its rest. We may link it, in unholy marriage, to secular or sensual ideas, but God made it for himself, and that which he hath joined together let no man put asunder.

And perhaps the heavenly strains, which are the voice of the Church Triumphant, may not differ so widely in kind, however much in degree, from those of the Church Militant.

Celestial may be but the transfiguration and glorification of terrestrial music. From the former the latter may have acquired more

than we know. It is certain that the antiphonal system of chanting was of no earthly devising; St. Ignatius had it immediately by inspiration. · Palestrina constantly affirmed that his compositions were only his memories of that which, during sleep, he heard the angels sing.

It may well be, also, that on those whom he has raised up to show what music is, he bestowed only a portion of that harmony which is the endowment of his glorified servants; even as the four Living Creatures in Ezekiel each contain the four attributes which are proportioned, one by one, to those of the Apocalyptic Vision.

Is it to debase our ideas of that Blessed World, the comparing it thus with this? I trow not. Rather it is to exalt our appreciation of that in which we dwell, and with which we are engaged. Our Blessed Lord, who knew what was in man, ever by the seen led him on to the unseen; not judging that the former would detract from the latter; rather that this would ennoble that.

And we may well imagine that Holy Church, when she seized the treasures of form and color, would not leave those of sound untouched. She taught that most lovely of instruments, the human voice, to utter melodiously her Lord's praises; she bade wind and stringed instruments to bear their part with it; she invented the majestic organ, that should, like an ocean of harmony, pour out its billows of sound, dashing on roof and window, shattering itself on pier and clerestory, rolling along the pavement, and shaking, like an earthquake, the great cathedral. She hung, halfway between earth and heaven, her musical bells; she taught how to welcome in the festival by modulated chime; how to ask a prayer for her departing child; how to ring out a peal of victory as his corpse, conveyed with cross and banners, entered the resting-place of Christian soldiers; how to rejoice over the bridal, how to solemnize the baptism; how, in the sweet Angelus, to call the thoughts of lord and peasant, of laborer and merchant, for a few short moments from the cares of this world to the repose of the next; how, finally, by a silence more eloquent than music, to hallow the solemn hours that our Lord was in the earth.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

AT St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York City, on Tuesday, 27th ult., a spectacle was witnessed unprecedented in America. We refer to the ceremonial of imposing the *beretta* upon Cardinal John McCloskey, the most Reverend Archbishop of New York.

It was a solemn and a significant ceremonial. It was a testimonial on the part of the Sovereign Pontiff of his high appreciation of the personal worth and of the eminent piety, prudence, efficiency, and zeal of the venerable and distinguished prelate who was thus honored. But it was also much more. It evidenced the just estimate of his Holiness of the importance and greatness of this great country, and of the freedom from interference, on the part of our national government, enjoyed by the Church in the United States. Still more, it was a public recognition by the Holy Roman Pontiff of the strength and growth of the Catholic Church in the United States. It was, in this view, an honor conferred upon the faithful of this country; and as such, it should be received by them, and acknowledged as forming an additional incentive to grateful devotion to the Visible Head of the Church, and to the interests of Catholicity.

In the short space allowed us in these notes we can only hint at, not describe the splendid and impressive ceremonial. It was grand and edifying, apart from all its other features, in the extraordinary number of Archbishops, Bishops, and eminent Very Reverend and Reverend Priests, that were congregated from all parts of the United States to assist at it. We could not but feel, as we looked upon them, how greatly God has prospered

the Church in our country. But a few years ago, Catholics were but a handful of the population of the United States. Now they are counted by millions, and the prelates and priests by thousands. If the Church continues thus to grow in the future as in the past—and God will cause it to grow if its members, prelates, priests, and laity, continue faithful—the beneficent influences of our holy religion will multiply and increase, to the salvation of millions who are now unenlightened by the true faith, and the prosperity of our common country.

Besides the members of the episcopate and priesthood, very many distinguished private citizens, non-Catholic as well as Catholic, were also present.

The ceremonial proper of imposing the beretta took place at the close of a Solemn High Mass, as follows:

Archbishop Bayley ascended the altar and took his position on the Epistle side. The Papal Ablegate, Mgr. Roncetti, then advanced and delivered to him the Brief of his Holiness Pius IX, empowering Archbishop Bayley to impose the beretta. This was handed by the Archbishop to Rev. Dr. McGlynn as Lector, who read it aloud to the Archbishop and assembled prelates and clergy. The Ablegate then proceeded to the stand, upon which the red beretta had been placed, and taking it therefrom, delivered it to the Archbishop, whom he then addressed in a Latin discourse.

The Brief of the Holy Father, constituting Archbishop McCloskey Cardinal, was then demanded, and handed to the Rev. Dr. McGlynn as Lector, who read it.

Archbishop Bayley then first responded in Latin to the address of the Ablegate; and then turning to Cardinal McCloskey, made to him, also in Latin, a suitable and beautiful address. At the close of his address, Archbishop Bayley approached the Cardinal, and reverently placed the beretta upon his bowed head.

Cardinal McCloskey, having thus received the beretta, made addresses, first to the Archbishop and Bishops and priests in Latin, and then to the assembled laity in English. After this he intoned the *Te Deum*, which was taken up by the choir. Meanwhile the Cardinal, accompanied by his Vicar-Generals and the Master of Ceremonies retired to the Sacristy, where he was arrayed in the gorgeous robes of the Cardinalate. Towards the close of the *Te Deum* he reappeared in the full dress of his office, and ascended the altar, where he gave the Blessing to the assembled multitude.

THE Prussian government persists in its wicked war upon the Church. With the recent legislation, depriving bishops and priests of the yearly grants hitherto made them, the readers of the RECORD are, doubtless, familiar. These grants represented a portion, and only a small portion, of the revenues annually accruing from church property, which the State has previously appropriated. To withhold them is, therefore, not only dishonest, but also sacrilegious.

The last act of hostile legislation is in the form of a bill, which the Diet, of course, will pass, closing all the convents and religious houses in Germany, and confiscating their property. The bill also proposes to declare the schismatics, who call themselves "Old Catholics," entitled to a share of Roman Catholic churches, cemeteries, and revenues proportionate to their numbers as compared with the true Catholics.

The German penal laws—for that in effect they are—now cover every possible act which priests or bishops can perform in relation to their flocks. A bishop cannot ordain, or confirm, or issue a pastoral address, nor can a priest baptize a child, or solemnize a marriage, or hear confessions, or say mass, or administer the last rites of religion to the dying, without subjecting himself to fine and imprisonment.

Not satisfied with endeavoring to subjugate the Church within the territorial limits of the German Empire, the German government is persistently endeavoring to force other countries to engage in like wicked attempts. The latest effort in this direction was made in the shape of a demand upon the Belgian government to prevent the free expression of sympathy on the part of Belgian Catholics with their persecuted brethren in Germany. Belgium was selected as the country against which this demonstration was made, for two reasons. First, it is one of the smallest, and, in a military and numerical point of view, one of the weakest countries of Europe. It could, therefore, be threatened with less danger than some others; and was supposed to be more likely to yield to the demands made upon it. Secondly, it was believed that, even if the demands were not complied with in the form in which they were made, the demonstration would strengthen the Liberals of Belgium, and perhaps enable them, by a change of the ministry, to obtain control of the government, and thus secure legislation hostile to the interests of Catholicity in Belgium.

Providence, however, has prevented this by means which he has often employed in times past, by causing some of the enemies of the Church to oppose others of its enemies. The independence of Belgium is guaranteed by several European powers, among others by England; and England cannot, in self-defence, permit Belgium to become subordinate to Prussia. Nor can

England, without giving up a principle, which the English will never consent to surrender—the right of free expression of sentiment and feeling on all matters, both of religion and politics—do otherwise than sustain Belgium in the exercise of the same right. Bismarck has thus been foiled in his effort to force Belgium into a position of subserviency. Thus it is that God has restrained the hands of the persecutor in this attempt, as in his own good time, he will in others.

THE word "cardinal" is derived from the Latin *cardo*, meaning a hinge. From this "cardinal" derives its signification of "principal" or chief.

After a time the title of "Cardinal" was used to designate the highest ecclesiastical dignity in Rome, next to that of the Papacy, but it was still given in certain churches to the titular functionaries. By a formal law, in 1567, Pius IV restricted the use of the title to Roman Cardinals; and from that time the Cardinals have been the body of Prelates who constitute the permanent Senate of the Sovereign Pontiff, and are his special advisers and assistants in the administration of the Church, and who, on his death, elect his successor.

The number of the Sacred College of Cardinals was fixed by Sixtus V, in 1586, at 70, namely, six Cardinal Bishops, whose Dioceses are the six Roman "Suburban Sees;" fifty Cardinal Priests, who take their titles from certain churches, called titular churches, over which they have jurisdiction; and fourteen Cardinal Deacons, who are placed over churches called "Deaconries." These latter had their origin in the "Regionary Deacons," who, in the early centuries, had charge of the poor of Rome.

The three orders of Cardinals are distinct from the orders of the Catholic Hierarchy. For many of the Cardinal Priests are Archbishops or Bishops, and the Cardinal Deacons are generally Priests. The number of Cardinals, as fixed by Sixtus V, is seldom complete, and for some years there have been many vacancies. The addition of the six recently created Cardinals brings the present number up to fifty-five; or, counting the five announced as created, but reserved *in petto*, to sixty.

The creation of Cardinals belongs exclusively to the Sovereign Pontiff. It is usual to keep some nominations reserved *in petto*, that is, *in pectore* (in the Sovereign Pontiff's own breast), announcing the fact of the promotion, but withholding the names until such future time as his Holiness may see fit to publish them.

NEW ENGLAND has been celebrating the Centennial of the battles of Lexington and Concord, which took place, as all readers of American history are aware, on the 19th of April, 1775. G. W. Curtis, the editor of *Harper's Weekly*, at the conclusion of a speech, unexceptionable and even eloquent in other respects, had the bad taste to sneer at the "foreign" element in the United States as well as all "foreign" faiths. Nothing could be conceived more inappropriate to the occasion. It was one of the grievances of which the early colonists complained, that impediments had been thrown by England in the way of the naturalization of foreigners in these regions. Catholics formed a small proportion of the Americans of "75," but were inferior to none in their zeal and patriotic love of country. Washington, on November 5th, 1775, when encamped before Boston, forbade the Pope's being burned in effigy as proposed by some foolish bigots, declaring that it was "monstrous," and that, instead of insulting Catholics, it was the duty of all true patriots to thank them for their services.

At the same time the Catholic Indians of Maine joined the cause of the colonists. At the close of the War of Independence, there were only one hundred Catholics in Boston. Their priest was Father John Thayer, a convert, descended from one of the oldest settlers, and born in Boston. There is thus, it will be seen, a considerable flavor of the soil about the birth even of New England Catholicism. What a change from that day to this, from a little church in School Street to the splendid Cathedral of the Holy Cross, from a handful of people to three hundred thousand in one diocese, and that only half of the State, and from the solitary priest to the Most Reverend Archbishop of Boston receiving on the first Sunday of May the pallium, emblem of Metropolitan jurisdiction over all New England, and six dioceses from the hands of the first American Cardinal, and in the presence of a special ablegate from the Holy See. Truly, a wonderful progress.

THE English Arctic Expedition, consisting of two steamships, specially strengthened and equipped for the purpose, will set sail about the end of June. A large quantity of beef—some 15,000 pounds—is being preserved at Deptford for the expedition. It is entirely lean meat taken from the round, and stripped of all fat, and is cut into steaks, put over a fire, and dried. It is then packed in canisters holding about six pounds each, covered in boiled suet, which is run in, and then hermetically sealed.

The two vessels of the expedition will carry eighteen boats and thirty-five sledges. There are also dog carriages for the offi-

cers. Each sledge has two cooking apparatus attached. A small quantity of rum will be carried in each sledge, but the principal burden will be pemmican or extract of meat. The two vessels are to push on towards the Pole as far as they possibly can. After two years' battling with the ice, it is supposed that they will have arrived at the furthest point which it is possible for a vessel to go. If the ships are very fortunate, this will be about 400 or 500 miles from the Pole. A party is then to leave the ship with sledges, and push over the frozen ocean straight for the Pole. Of course, if the ships are jammed in ice at a very considerable distance from the Pole, the march across the ice will probably fail in reaching the ultimate object of the expedition; but even in this case it will probably solve the still disputed question of whether or not there is an open Polar Sea, and will also throw light on other matters intimately connected with the progress of material science.

THE controversy raised by Mr. Gladstone, on "Ultramontanism and Civil Allegiance," as it has been called, still interests British Protestants. In England, the *British Quarterly Review*, the leading organ of the English "Nonconformists" (as all Protestants not members of the established church are called), in its April number has a long article on the subject. Not content with this, in another long article on Mr. Gladstone, it devotes ten more pages to the same subject. The English *Contemporary Review* for April, under the title of a "Jesuit on Papal Infallibility," has a long article on the same subject. The *Pall Mall Budget* has an article on the "Landmarks of Religious Belief," in which it discusses the position of Catholics in England, admitting that the Church has made and is making considerable progress in that country. It affords a proof of its own assertion by giving also a two column description of the opening of the new church to St. Thomas a'Becket in Canterbury, where Cardinal Manning, four archbishops, a dozen bishops, besides abbots and provincials, and two hundred clergy, assembled to dedicate a church in honor of a saint whose shrine was demolished, whose bones were scattered to the winds, and whose memory has been sought to be rendered odious for three centuries.

FROM the report of the National Bureau of Immigration, some very interesting statistics may be gleaned. During the year 1874, 313,339 came to our shores from one hundred and three different countries. Of these immigrants, 194,144, or more than half, arrived at the port of New York. Of the whole number 156,203 were males over fifteen years of age, and 93,588 were females over fifteen years of age. Under fifteen years, there were 33,022 males, and 30,566 females.

The countries from which the greatest numbers come are, Germany, 87,291; Ireland, 53,707; England, 50,935; China, 13,776; Scotland, 10,429; Norway, 10,384; France, 9643; Italy, 7596; Sweden, 5712; Russia, 3960; Denmark, 3082; Poland, 1795. The remaining few come from Cuba, the Azore Islands, Australia, Turkey, the Sandwich Islands, Iceland, Morocco, and Algeria.

The number of passengers not immigrants who arrived in the United States during the year was 62,240. Of this number, 14,610 were aliens, or foreigners visiting this country for pleasure or business, and intending to return to their native countries. The remaining 47,730 were American citizens, who returned to this country from foreign tours of pleasure or business.

IT is very amusing to read of some of the proceedings now taking place in England about Ritualism. Every inch of ground, in other words, every scrap of ceremonial usage is wrangled over and fought about as if the most vital principles of salvation were at stake. For example, we read in an exchange lately, that "the clergy of Kent had just elected, by a majority of twenty-two, a Proctor pledged to the eastward position." What this means, or what significance lies in it, we are informed by a letter from Malcolm MacColl, who ought to be a Scotch Orangeman by his name, who informs us that success in this eastward position battle is to decide whether the Church of Christ is a divine institution or not. To think of the whole world having to wait for a few English parsons to settle this question!

Turning to the Convocation we find still more amusing scenes. The Bishop of Llandaff says that eight hundred and eighteen persons, in nine years, in his diocese, wished for immersion, to be completely dipped, and that to satisfy these he had caused a "vault to be made in the church, with steps leading down to the water." The Bishop of St. David's, in a like case, had ordered an inquiring clergyman to use a bath "disguised as much as possible."

IN no country of the world has the Church such an opportunity of displaying the attribute of "Catholicity" as in the United States. Besides the great Irish, American, and German elements, which comprise its membership, we find special churches for the colored people in Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, St. Louis, Augusta, Ga., and many other places; churches for Bohemians in Baltimore, Chicago; French, in New Orleans

and all Louisiana, New York, Chicago, Toledo; Italians, in New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis; Spanish, in San Francisco and the Pacific States; Poles, in Chicago, Cleveland, Wisconsin, etc.; Hollanders, in Wisconsin; Flemish, in Wisconsin; Indians, in many Western States; Chinese, in Nevada.

As regards the latter nationality, we fully believe that should the Chinese increase in the United States, that the Catholic religion will find more favor in their eyes than any of the multifarious sects. In China the Catholics number over a million. They have suffered more for the faith and furnished more martyrs than any other people. Thousands have been put to death, banished, or plundered sooner than deny their religion.

SEVERAL interesting events have lately occurred in Canada. The Right Rev. John O'Brien, of Brockville, was consecrated Bishop of Kingston on April 18th, by Archbishop Lynch and the Bishops of Hamilton and London, in the presence of seven bishops and a large number of priests. He is the fifth Bishop of the See, which comprises fifteen counties in the province of Ontario and the archbishopric of Toronto. It contains fifty priests and fifty-five thousand Catholics.

On April 23d, the Canadian Bishops sent an address of sympathy to the Archbishops and Bishops of Germany, and on April 27th they were represented in New York at the great celebration in St. Patrick's Cathedral, when the beretta was conferred on Cardinal McCloskey, by the Archbishops of Quebec, Halifax, and Toronto.

Strenuous endeavors have also been made in Montreal, to establish a Catholic daily paper, ten gentlemen putting down their names for $5000 each.

THE proposition made by Vicar-General Quinn and the New York clergy, in reference to the public schools, is still under consideration. The Vicar-General was overwhelmed with work in connection with the ceremonial on April 27th, and took time to answer certain questions in reference to the New York Catholic schools put to him by the Board of Education.

In the meantime, the question has been discussed by the Catholic and secular papers. Most of the latter disapprove of the scheme, and some of the former, but of course they base their objections on different grounds, the Catholic papers thinking that the proposed scheme is a compromise, and the secular papers that it is the thin end of the wedge to secure Catholic education in schools.

A MOST interesting congress, for Americans, will be held at Nancy, in France, on July 22d. It will consist of archæologists, who have made a special study of American antiquities and ancient history previous to the discovery of this continent by Columbus. It is well known that a vast number of facts relative to this period have been collected. Not only the civilizations of Mexico and Peru, and the forgotten cities of Yucatan, will be investigated, but also the mysterious mounds of Ohio and the relics of extinct Indian nations will be discussed and investigated. We anticipate a most interesting session and very able and exhaustive dissertations, from the assembled savants, fruitful, we hope, in adding much to our knowledge.

RECENT explorations show that the great Australian trees exceed in height, though not in circumference, the giants of California; some of the Australian trees must be regarded as very respectable in girth as well as in height, the hollow trunk of one of them being large enough to permit three horsemen to enter and turn without dismounting, while they led a fourth horse. A fallen tree, in the recesses of Dandenong, Victoria, was measured not long since, and found to be 420 feet long; another, on the Black Spur, ten miles from Halesville, measured 480 feet. The highest trees on the Sierra Nevada, Cal., yet discovered, reached only 450 feet, the average size being from 300 to 400 feet in height, and from 24 to 34 feet in diameter.

THE question of religious liberty in State institutions, particularly as regards the rights of Catholics, have been under discussion in two Legislatures during the past month, but with different results. In Ohio, a bill securing such liberty has been passed; but a bill of like purport introduced into the New Jersey Legislature was defeated. We regret that our neighbors of New Jersey are not (as represented by the Senators) so just as the Ohio legislators, even defeating the Catholic Protectory Bill. But their action is not final, and we may hope to see it reviewed in a future session.

CATHOLICITY, in New Jersey is making great strides under the supervision of its Bishop, Right Rev. M. A. Corrigan, the youngest Bishop in the United States. On April 25th he dedicated a new Franciscan college at Trenton to our Lady of Lourdes, the first under that title in the United States.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

MR. GLADSTONE'S EXPOSTULATION UNRAVELLED. By Bishop Ullothorne.

THE SYLLABUS FOR THE PEOPLE; A Review of the Propositions condemned by His Holiness Pope Pius IX, with Text of the Condemned List. By a Monk of St. Augustine's, Ramsgate; author of "The Vatican Decrees and Catholic Allegiance."

RIGHT REV. HERBERT VAUGHAN, D.D., ON MR. GLADSTONE; Submission to a Divine Teacher neither Disloyalty nor the Surrender of Mental and Moral Freedom. A Pastoral Letter. By Herbert, Bishop of Salford.

TRUE AND FALSE INFALLIBILITY. By the Right Rev. Bishop Fessler.

These works, together with DR. NEWMAN'S and ARCHBISHOP MANNING'S REPLIES TO MR. GLADSTONE, have been republished by the Catholic Publication Society, and together form an invaluable collection of treatises upon the relation of the Spiritual and Secular Power. They are all for sale by P. F. Cunningham & Son, No. 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

We cannot too earnestly recommend their perusal by all Catholic readers, who are now more than ever called upon to defend the so-called "pretensions" of the Church. The bold and firm stand which Pius IX has taken against that meanest of the enemies of Christianity, the world, has aroused the hatred and malice of its slaves and votaries to a degree almost unparalleled in the history of the human race. The contest, however, is not waged, as of old, with the sword; it is a battle of intellectuality. The enemies of the Church, provided by the world with copious resources of the wisdom of the infernal serpent, are encompassing the children of the Church everywhere with the meshes of their craftiness, which has been cultivated to the highest degree by means of the godless education which the world dignifies with the title of "progressive enlightenment." Some of the ablest champions of the Church, ever on the alert against evil, have happily provided all the faithful with the instruction necessary to counteract this dangerous influence. Indeed, so numerous and so able have been the repulsive attacks by the Church against the late premier of England, that even Protestants have begun to acknowledge that Mr. Gladstone has advanced the cause of Catholicity ten thousand times more by his malicious villifications than by his doublefaced policy of political "Liberalism." In his lame efforts to stand well with the world, he has committed not only political suicide on himself, but has likewise murdered his own cause, and developed the glory of truth by contrast with the meanness of his own falsehood. It is the old, old story: *Iniquitas mentita est sibi.* Of what avail, however, are the testimonies of the doctors of truth, if the children of the Church fail to profit by their labors and teachings? Where is the social circle where the Catholic is not some time called upon to enter the lists of argument and defend the faith that is in him? Shame of shames, that we should dare even to ask the question, is he always ready for the onset? With so much knowledge by which to profit, and so much carelessness in benefiting thereby, how truly cannot our divine Lord, in displaying the stigmas he receives when his cause is thus so negligently upheld, style them the wounds inflicted in the houses of his friends, for every one of which these his weak-hearted adherents will have to render an account at the bar of eternal justice. Mental inability will then be no plea in bar, since even the infused knowledge, which a Christian possesses by virtue of the Sacraments, is more than sufficient to confound the most intricate philosophy of earth and hell, if we do but develop the talents given.

THE ORPHANS' FRIEND; a series of plain instructions for the use of orphans after leaving the asylum, and for persons of the same class living in the world. By Rev. A. A. Lambing, late Chaplain of St. Paul's Roman Catholic Orphan Asylum, Pittsburg, Pa. New York and Montreal: Sadlier & Co. 1875.

The official position formerly held by the reverend author of this admirable little book ought to be a sufficient guarantee that he knows whereof he speaks, but how beautifully and how effectively he has spoken, must be learned from his own pages, which furnish a feast of instruction, which sometimes is rich enough to savor of the honeyed doctrine of even so great a writer as the lamented Faber. It is a frequent cause of complaint by those who receive into their families children of either sex, who have been bound to them from the orphan asylums, that they do not display in after-life, by their fidelity to duty, domestic or religious, the effects of the admirable training they must have received. This is not only an injustice to the good religious who have reared them, but a thoughtless reflection on the Catholic system of public charities. While in many cases the blame rests with the employers themselves, who by ill-regulated

lives, or a lack of the proper ideas of the treatment of their servants, must bear a goodly show of the blame; still it must be candidly confessed that the charge is sustainable to a far greater degree than is pleasant to admit. But there is much to be said in extenuation of the abused side. In the first place, the natural propensities of vitiated blood are too often a hard resisting element in the asylum education; but when after this has succumbed to the superior tact, aided by the divine helps which the good religious bring to bear, human nature is after all crushed, not killed; crushed while it has no temptation, but every spiritual and moral aid overwhelming it. In an instant the child thus gained to God and well-regulated society, is removed at a most susceptible age from all these heavenly surroundings. It is transported to the midst of a host of hitherto unknown and terrible temptations of the soul; and often to unwonted trials of mind and body, while at the same time, the religious and spiritual assistance is rendered proportionately weaker. Even in many Catholic families there are scandals which cannot fail to be stumbling-blocks to the weakened spirit. The asylum training has done what it can, but it cannot follow its *proteges* out into the world to see that the good work is carried on in daily life; and very often the harshness of the employer is the last stroke that aids in overthrowing the good, which otherwise might have been completed in the world as a monument to the benefits of the cloister. Like a gentle and revivifying sunbeam in winter, like a mighty hand stretched out to save, like a guardian angel's ceaseless whisper, like a sacramental charm carried about the person, Father Lambing's book will accompany through all the walks of life, the social waifs whose father and mother is God alone, and accompany them with a success commensurate with its exalted mission.

THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS; compiled from authentic sources, with a practical instruction on the life of each Saint for every day in the year. By Rev. F. X. Weninger, D.D., S. J. New York: P. O'Shea, 1875. Received from C. A. Hennessy, 827 Arch St., Philadelphia.

This latest production of the famous Jesuit missionary is an English translation from the original German, by the same gifted pen. The style, notwithstanding the brevity, is concise and entertaining, and the instructions short and admirably adapted to the Saints whose lives are exemplified. The lives of the Saints might naturally be considered a trite theme for the religious penman, but besides the attractive form in which they are here presented, the brevity of each chapter or daily division is such as to make them easily a subject of spiritual reading, even by the most preoccupied minds, a great advantage over the more ponderous works of Alban Butler, whose cumbersome volumes would naturally defy a daily perusal, however valuable they might be as works of reference. This series is issued in twelve numbers of about one hundred and fifty pages each, printed on very fine tinted paper, in large and beautiful type, each number bound in flexible binding, and containing a fine steel engraving as a frontispiece. It is intended to issue the entire work in two easily portable volumes, from which fact the reader can easily perceive how admirable a condensation in comparison with similar works Father Weninger has succeeded in effecting. The first number is as yet the only one issued. It is embellished with a fine frontispiece of the nuptials of our Blessed Lady and St. Joseph.

THE CATHOLIC NATIONAL SERIES, First and Second Reader. By the Right Rev. Richard Gilmour, Bishop of Cleveland. Benziger Brothers, New York and Cincinnati, 1875.

Bishop Gilmour, before attaining to the Episcopacy, had earned for himself a decided reputation as an opponent of the public school system of the United States. His opposition, however, was rather of the negative order, consisting less in futile denunciations than in practical attempts at raising the standard of our Catholic system, by the writing and publication of the Catholic National Series of Spellers and Readers. Since his elevation to the Episcopal See of Cleveland, Dr. Gilmour has, notwithstanding his many arduous and official labors, continued the humble work which he began as a priest—a work which is truly God's work, since there was little to be gained from it in the way of worldly applause. Thus, too, while endeavoring to build up the Catholic system of primary education, he has, in addition, turned his attention towards the godless system of public instruction. This double work of building the edifice of truth, and levelling that of error, has been so successfully carried on as to merit the concentrated spleen of the Harpers, whose *dis*civilizing journal is generally, in a negative way, a barometer of Catholic progress. Had Bishop Gilmour failed, the *Harper's Weekly* would not have honored him with notice either by pencil or pen.

When a prelate of the Church thus devotes his energies to the education of youth, how eagerly should not our Catholic teachers prove their gratitude, by generously responding to his efforts, especially when, by the adoption of such text-books as these, their school-rooms become not merely nurseries of mental instruction, but cradles of the spirit of our Holy Faith.

THE

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ARCHBISHOP MacHALE.

AN incident worthy of record occurred during the sessions of the great Synod of Thurles—that memorable synod, which in 1850, inaugurated a new era in the history of the Catholic Church of Ireland. After the labors of the day two venerable prelates were taking an evening walk in the suburbs of Thurles, when a stalwart Tipperary peasant reverently approached them, and kneeling before one of them, begged his Lordship's blessing. After a moment's silence he raised his head, and fixing his eyes on the Bishop's face, asked him: "Are you Archbishop MacHale?" "No," replied the Bishop, "this is the man," pointing to the other prelate. "Well, my lord, said the brave peasant calmly and firmly, I want no blessing but that of Archbishop MacHale;" and immediately kneeling at his feet he received the blessing of the great Archbishop of the West. The Tipperary man praying that God would bless him with length of days departed, and the two prelates continued their walk, reflecting upon the patriotism of that gallant county whose unconquered sons inspired the stirring muse of Davis, with those immortal verses, which will be sung between upper and lower Ormond when the fawning poets of despotism will be forgotten. I have heard the anecdote from an Irishman whose genius is an honor to his native land, and I believe that it strikingly illustrates the wonderful influence which Archbishop MacHale exercises over the Irish people at home and abroad. Of all living Irishmen he holds the first place in their affections; he is truly the uncrowned monarch of that faithful, chivalrous, and warm-hearted people, no matter in what quarter of the globe their lot may be cast. Their friends have been his friends, and their enemies his enemies. True as the needle to the pole, to the ennobling traditions of his heroic and martyred ancestors, he has for nearly sixty years advocated the rights of his countrymen with unpurchasable fidelity and unconquerable courage. With a voice loud as that of the tempest; loud as the angry ocean; loud as that which pealed from Sinai; he has denounced their wrongs before earth and high Heaven; branded their hereditary foes with infamy;

resisted every open attack, and exposed every covert assault on the rights and freedom of his episcopal brethren. Like the seraph Abdiel, he has kept his loyalty, his love, his zeal; no opposition could shake for a moment his unbending courage; no tempting offer could seduce from the path of patriotism; no threats could terrify him. He never bent the knee to Baal; never sold his birthright for a mess of pottage; never sought the favors of despotic viceroys; never courted the smiles of royalty; never accepted the patronage of the lords of the treasury; never betrayed his trust; never surrendered the fortress; never abandoned the watch-towers on which he has so long stood a fearless sentinel guarding his flock, his people against every approach, every stealthy advance of the enemy. No wily English statesman could ever overreach him, ever mislead him; yet English policy and intrigue sometimes deceived Grattan, deluded O'Connell, and made dupes and victims of other distinguished Irishmen. It is a remarkable fact that Archbishop MacHale has never made one political mistake during his long and glorious career. From the day when he first fixed his eyes on the star of his country's destiny, he has unceasingly, through storm and sunshine, in good report and evil report, followed the holy light in its onward course; never for a moment turning his gaze to objects interesting and inspiring, but not so dear to his great and noble heart. It may be truly said, that in him love of religion is indissolubly blended with love of country. Church and country, religion and Ireland, have been the twin passions of his soul—the inspiration of all the acts, all the triumphs of his memorable life; the inspiration of that tender and genuine piety which has renewed the days of the Apostles, and of those heroic Christian virtues which have made his existence a vision of beauty, a blessing to his people, and a bright example for the imitation of the most gifted of other nations. He is a man of a century, a man who has passed through life without fear and without reproach, blessing and blessed, spreading about him benedictions, and receiving in turn the heartfelt homage of a whole nation. No stain tarnishes his honest and well-won fame; no spot dims the lustre of his renown. His hands, like those of Moses on the mountain, have been always lifted up in prayer for the triumphs of his people, whose liberty and happiness have been the dream of his life, the thought next his heart. The story of his life will be always read with fresh pleasure, his history will be always perused with renewed delight by the soldiers of liberty, the champions of right, the lovers of literature, and the admirers of genius in every land and every clime where freedom is cherished and tyranny abhorred; where the arts and sciences are cultivated, and ignorance dreaded as one of the greatest evils that can afflict humanity.

The celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of his episcopate on the 8th of June, is an event which will make the present year memorable in the annals of Ireland. It is no violation of truth to affirm, nor is the gift of prophecy required to predict, that the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of Archbishop MacHale's episcopate will be long remembered by the Irish people—long a landmark in Irish ecclesiastical history.

Archbishop MacHale was born in 1791, in Tobarnavian, a small village in Mayo, one of the largest and most populous counties in the west of Ireland. Following his own example, I give the Irish orthography of his birthplace, which is named Tobarnavian, from its excellent waters, pronounced equal to the juice of the grape, or according to other etymologists and antiquarians, from the historical and poetical legends of ancient Irish chivalry connected with

it. Situated at the base of Nephin, one of the highest mountains of Connaught, encircled with beautiful and romantic scenery, hills, lakes, and woods, and enriched with classic legends, proud historic recollections, and the glories of ancient Celtic poetry and valor, Tobarnavian was well calculated to inspire the child of genius with high aspirations, generous thoughts, lofty aims, and above all and before all, with a deep and lasting love of faith and fatherland. Irish historians loved to visit Glyn-Nephin; Irish archæologists increased their ancient treasures by the songs and traditions preserved by its inhabitants, and Irish poets drank new inspiration from its legendary waters and haunted streams. When Macpherson was winning a high reputation by his literary frauds and forgeries, the poems of Ossian were still recited by the children of the valley; when music was treason, the harp of Carolan still cheered them in their afflictions, and consoled them in their sorrows, and when education was felony, they sheltered and cherished with fond and religious fidelity the persecuted schoolmaster, and the ever-faithful soggarth. The zeal of Bunting in collecting many beautiful airs in the valley of Nephin, won the warm admiration and lasting gratitude of Moore, who wedded them to verse as immortal as the shamrock on the summit of the historic mountain, and as musical as the harp he loved—the harp which after centuries of silence he proudly unbound, joyously giving "all its chords to light, freedom, and song," and breathing over them the Celtic spirit which has never been conquered, and never will die in the Green Isle. To Glyn-Nephin, Hardiman, the Irish Percy, was indebted for some of the sweetest specimens to be found in his collection of Irish minstrelsy. What wonder that Archbishop MacHale is proud of his birthplace! What wonder that he always speaks with rapture and enthusiasm of the enchanting and romantic valley of song and story, with which his own name will be ever inseparably associated! The first sign and proof of talent which his friends discerned in young MacHale, was a most retentive memory. While yet a boy, he could recite with amazing accuracy in Irish, the language which, like Father Burke, he first spoke, and in which, I believe, his last prayer for his ancient race will be offered up to Heaven, stories and legends which he heard from his parents and old neighbors. Without a good memory, eminence in any branch of science or letters is impossible. I indorse the opinion of Quintilian, that it is the first indication, the first mark of genius. John MacHale had scarcely entered his sixteenth year, when he was considered a prodigy of learning by his friends and neighbors. He learned the rudiments of Greek and Latin in a classical school in Castlebar, where he prepared himself assiduously for Maynooth. After two years study of classics, he passed with éclat the matriculation examination in 1807, in that celebrated ecclesiastical seat of learning, which for more than eighty years has been the great nursery of the Irish priesthood. His progress in his studies was rapid; he distanced without difficulty all competitors for college honors, while his curious and various erudition, independently of the subject-matter which daily engaged the attention of his class-fellows, astonished veteran professors. A severe and successful student, he read with judgment and discrimination the masterpieces of ancient and modern literature. The poets, orators, historians, and philosophers of Greece and Rome were his constant companions, and his letters abundantly prove that they have often come to his assistance when fighting the battle of his country against the cultivated intellect of England, sometimes pointing a moral, sometimes lending force to

an argument, sometimes throwing light on a dark subject, sometimes making wit more effective and ridicule more triumphant. The language, literature, and history of his own country were his special delight. He studied with equal diligence the languages and literature of France, modern Italy, Spain, and Germany. He read English literature more extensively than any Irish ecclesiastic of those days. Shakspeare, Milton, and Edmund Burke, were his favorite authors. There is a tradition still among the students of Maynooth, that he was a great admirer of the lofty and majestic style of Gibbon. Whether this story is based upon fact or not, I cannot say with certainty; but I know that when he visited Geneva in 1831, he examined Gibbon's library at Lausanne, and gazed for many minutes with deep interest on the bower, shaded with blooming acacias, in which the last lines of the Decline and Fall were written.

The chateau in which the philosopher and fool of Ferney resided possessed no interest for him; he always spoke of Voltaire in the language of scorn and contempt. The philosophical and religious opinions of Gibbon were painful to him as a champion of the Catholic faith, but he admired what was good in the famous historical work, which has engaged the attention and compelled the study of more than one Catholic commentator.

But of all the subjects to which he devoted his time and attention in Maynooth College, the Sacred Scriptures had the greatest attractions for him. Enthusiastic study made him familiar with the letter and spirit of the sacred volume. He strengthened and ennobled his mind by its inspirations; he imprinted on his memory its sublime narratives, its pure maxims, and heavenly lessons. I believe that if every copy of the Bible in Ireland was destroyed, his astonishing memory could supply at least the greater part of it. Unlike the leaves of the Sibyl, book and chapter and verse are arranged in proper order in his mind. This opinion may seem incredible to some persons who make their own minds a criterion and standard for judging others. Macaulay, however, boasted that if every extant copy of the Paradise Lost was destroyed, he could give to the world again the immortal epic in its genuine integrity. The powers and capabilities of a retentive memory cannot be comprehended by ordinary minds.

Having nearly finished his college course of studies, the future Archbishop was appointed lecturer, a position which he held in his Alma Mater till he became a regular professor, with credit to himself and profit to the students. In 1819, having been a few years previously ordained priest, he received with the unanimous approbation of the College Faculty, the appointment of professor of dogmatic theology.

On the 29th of January, 1820, he wrote under the signature of Hierophilus, the first of that series of public letters which numbered thirty-two, and which embraced the questions of Bible societies, the Protestant Church in Ireland, tithes, and Catholic emancipation.

These letters awakened great attention at the time of their first appearance in the press, and gave the suffering people of Ireland room to hope that Hierophilus would be numbered among their most valiant champions. His rich and flowing style, his irresistible arguments, and his exact and varied learning, won the praise of Dr. Doyle, and the admiration of O'Connell. His promotion in the Church was rapid; a man of his talents and attainments could not be long kept in a subordinate position. The cloisters of Maynooth could not long hide a light so brilliant from the public gaze. On the 5th of June, 1825, he was consecrated Coadjutor Bishop of Killala,

with the title of Bishop of Maronia, in partibus. His deserved elevation to the episcopal dignity, brought him more prominently before the public, and the Bishop of Maronia was even more powerful and successful than Hierophilus in the advocacy of his country's rights. His bold and eloquent letters, like those of Dr. Doyle, confounded the enemies of the faith, and encouraged the advocates of the rights of the Irish people, and when O'Connell wrung emancipation from the victor of Waterloo, he thanked and congratulated the illustrious J. K. L., and the patriotic Bishop of Maronia as his two most powerful assistants. The fiery and gorgeous eloquence of Sheil, and the beautiful and soul-stirring songs of Moore, contributed much to O'Connell's success in winning emancipation; but neither the gifted orator, nor the inspired poet, had such power over the people, such a strong hold on their affections as the two immortal prelates, whom both justly admired for their genius, learning, courage, and patriotism.

In 1831, Dr. MacHale visited the Continent for the purpose of recruiting his health, injured by a national calamity, similar to that of 1846, and of proving the authentic claims of Ireland to its ancient fame as the island of saints and scholars. Everywhere he was received with marked favor and distinction; the patriot is honored in every land. There were no spots, no places on the Continent which possessed such charms for him as those immortalized by Irish genius and hallowed by Irish piety. The shrine of the Apostles in the Vatican was the only exception; that one spot had the first place in his true Catholic heart. No city in France had such attractions for him as Auxerre, where the saintly Germanus instructed and fitted St. Patrick for the conversion of Ireland. No part of Switzerland was as interesting to him as the city of St. Gall, which perpetuates the name of one of the most celebrated of the companions of Columbanus. The classic ruins, the flowery meadows, the blooming valleys, the enchanting groves, the rivers familiar to "the youth of many a clime," the famous battle-fields, and the bright skies of Italy seemed, as Pope said of Addison, to raise his fancy and brighten his expression. He could not tread unmoved such sacred ground; on the classic soil of Italy the objects which attracted his special attention were the monuments of Irish wisdom and Irish virtue.

Though surrounded with scenes of surpassing beauty as he entered the fertile plains of Italy, he turned his eyes with patriotic devotion to the celebrated monastery of Babbio, embosomed in the depths of the Apennines, situated between Genoa and Milan, not far distant from the shores of Trebia, where Hannibal defeated the Romans, and founded and erected by St. Columbanus, that illustrious Irish missionary who rekindled, like a second Elias, the lamp of piety on the Continent, and who in our own time has received a new immortality from the magic pen of Montalembert. At Fiesole, in Tuscany, he offered up a prayer for the eternal repose of the soul of an Irish exile, St. Donatus, who over ten centuries ago was Bishop of that place, and who wrote the famous epitaph engraved on his tomb, descriptive of the beauty of Ireland, and the heroic virtues of her people. At Rome his visits to the library of the Convent of St. Isidore were frequent, because he found there a considerable number of valuable Irish manuscripts, interesting to Irish antiquarians. Among the portraits of illustrious Irishmen decorating its walls, those of two in particular, Luke Wadding, the learned author of the Annals of the Franciscans, and Florence Conry, Archbishop of Tuam, and founder of the convent and college of St. Anthony of Padua, at Louvain,

awakened inspiring historic recollections in his mind. Anxious to examine some documents that would throw light upon Irish ecclesiastical history, he requested admittance to the archives of the Vatican, but his request was refused by a British pensioner, who was employed to supply the English government with such state papers as were necessary to "elucidate public transactions connected with the history of England." By threatening, however, to seek redress from the pontifical government he obtained admission. Thus does British money exercise its perverse influence against Irishmen wherever they seek instruction, or aspire to power and position in foreign countries. In the small church of St. Peter, on the paniculum, two names, O'Neill and O'Donnell, on a marble slab in the middle of the floor, recalled to his memory the history of those gallant chieftains, who defended their country's freedom against fearful odds, till a foul conspiracy compelled them to seek a safe asylum in the city of the successors of St. Peter. The sad fate of the hero and victor of Bealanathbride, long the terror of the armies of Elizabeth, brought tears to his eyes, and after having offered up a heartfelt prayer for the Irish patriot, he left the spot with mournful recollections of the oppressions of his country.

Before bidding farewell to Rome, he received from the hands of the Holy Father, Gregory XVI, a present of a magnificent gold chalice, of exquisite workmanship, as a mark of his esteem, and a memorial of his confidence. His Continental tour afforded him eloquent proofs of the triumphs of ancient Irish missionaries. "The paths of our countrymen," he says, "you can track by the streaks of glory that still linger on the lands which they traversed; and in the sanctuaries of their most magnificent cathedrals, as well as in the hearts of their present inhabitants, their ashes or their memories are devoutly enshrined." His lett[illegible] from many of the principal pla[illegible] on the Continent contain instruct[illegible] lessons for Irish tourists who do [illegible] forget their country in their forei[illegible] travels. They display the perf[illegible] knowledge of the scholar and criti[illegible] on every scene over which he pas[illegible] he casts the full light of histor[illegible] every ground he treads seems to [illegible] familiar to him. After returning [illegible] Ireland he prosecuted and continu[illegible] with renewed vigor his episcopal a[illegible] patriotic labors. His fame daily i[illegible] creased, his reputation daily gr[illegible] higher.

When Dr. Kelly, Archbishop [illegible] Tuam, was called to his reward, D[illegible] MacHale was appointed by the H[illegible] See his successor. His translati[illegible] from Killala to Tuam took place [illegible] the 8th of August, 1834. The ri[illegible] man was now in the right place; t[illegible] joy of the people was unbounde[illegible] congratulations came from all qu[illegible] ters, and among them, the warm[illegible] and most enthusiastic, was that [illegible] the illustrious Liberator, who *fel* proud of the elevation of his tru*est* friend, to the archiepiscopal see *of* the west of Ireland; a position which would make his burning words *for* faith and fatherland resound through the world with greater force and success.

The clergy of the diocese of Killala presented him with a splendid carriage, an eloquent proof of the affection with which he was cherished, and of the veneration in which he was held by his devoted priests and faithful flock. I cannot omit mentioning the fact that English intrigue and influence in Rome, opposed his appointment to the Archiepiscopal See of Tuam. Officious English Catholics, with a few slavish Irish followers, represented him as a dangerous enemy of British authority, a promoter of civil commotion, and an advocate of the imaginary rights(!) of a discontented people. It was well for Ireland and for Rome that the wicked intrigue ignominously

failed, that the malicious falsehood could not deceive the Propaganda, that truth triumphed and right prevailed. Archbishop MacHale was a favorite of Gregory XVI, from the day when they first met in the Vatican.

The Holy Father looked upon him as the father of his people, the champion of their civil and religious liberty, and the sleepless guardian of their faith. By promoting him to the exalted rank to which his great gifts, natural and acquired, entitled him, he won the love and confidence of the Catholics of Ireland. "I shall forbear," says Archbishop MacHale, in a letter written about thirty-four years ago to Lord Cliffard, "from entering farther into the history of the distortions of sentiments that characterized that intrigue. It was soon, however, set at rest; genuine copies, and not the distorted pictures of enemies, were demanded and produced. No sedition or disaffection to the high legitimate authorities of the land appeared. The result I need not follow up; the *busy intermeddlers* were *unheeded*, or *rebuked*, the legitimate and canonical channels alone consulted." Nothing could be more injurious to the cause of religious freedom in Ireland than the appointment of Irish bishops by English influence. The veto question can never be revived again in that faithful island. The channels of ecclesiastical jurisdiction must always stand beyond the reach of political defilement in Ireland; the pensioners of England, the minions of infidel ministers of state, shall never be the guardians of the faith of the Irish people.

It would be impossible to describe fully in a brief sketch the services which Archbishop MacHale has rendered to Ireland during the last fifty years. He has always justly regarded education as one of the most important questions that demand a satisfactory settlement in Ireland. He has always contended for a pure Catholic education for his Catholic countrymen; "Catholic in its conductors, in its books, in its living instructions, in its influences on the senses and the hearts of the growing generation." To those who differ from him in creed, he allows the same privilege of adopting their own favorite systems. He has never made any truce with the enemies of Catholic education. He has never accepted any government scheme, because he knows that for seven hundred years it has been the policy of English statesmen, Catholic and Protestant, to anglicize the education of the Irish people. He is profoundly convinced that the same anti-Irish spirit that dictated the statute of Kilkenny, inspired the penal code. From the Anglo-Norman invasion in 1169, down to 1537, the conquerors endeavored to force an English system of education upon the Irish; from 1537 down to the present time, it has been the policy of England to make the education of the youth of Ireland, English and Protestant, as opposed to native faith and nationality. All the educational institutions established by the British government in Ireland during the last three hundred and thirty-six years, were founded for the avowed purpose of subverting the faith, and destroying every vestige of Irish nationality. What wonder that Archbishop MacHale fears the Greeks, even when offering gifts! Is he to blame in observing the most scrupulous caution in accepting any educational present from statesmen who, by force or fraud, wish to control the education of the youth of Ireland?

In my article on Cardinal Cullen, I stated that it was the fond hope of the late Protestant Archbishop Whately, that the national system would "gradually undermine the vast fabric of Catholicity in Ireland." Eighteen long years before the appointment of Cardinal Cullen to the See of Armagh, Archbishop MacHale, then in Rome, described in prophetic language the danger of intrusting the education of the youth

of Ireland to a board, of which the rationalistic Whately was to be the guiding spirit. He constantly exposed to the light of day the dark designs of the Oxford logician and political economist, and successfully opposed the national system until at last it drifted into a denominational one. There will be no brighter page in his history, when written by some loving hand, than that which will record his successful opposition to anti-Irish education, and to every foreign system not based upon the religion of his ancestors. So faithful has he been to Catholic education, that he more than once publicly rebuked Archbishop Murray, for the want of firmness and weakness of character, which led that prelate into grave mistakes, detrimental to Catholic interests. Dr. Murray was for a considerable time a member of the Board of Education, but Whately overreached him; his excessive leniency was not proof against the bland smiles of men who were straining every nerve to "undermine the vast fabric of Popery."

Of all the grievances that cursed the Irish people, the tithe system was the most odious. The parsons of Ireland formed an army of petty tyrants, who, giving the poor no rest, tortured them day and night. In collecting their tithes, they could call to their assistance, when necessary, foot, horse, and artillery. If those who suffered from the wicked laws that enforced an impost so revolting to justice were to rise from their graves, what an army would we behold, demanding vengeance on their oppressors! The dried bones which Ezekiah saw reanimated into a mighty host of men—to borrow the noble imagery of Dr. Doyle—would be small in comparison. O'Connell and Dr. Doyle hurled the thunders of their eloquence against the government which enforced penal statutes which were contrary to the laws of God and of nature. But it was Archbishop MacHale who gave a deathblow to tithes, by his famous letter to the Duke of Wellington in 1834; a letter which challenged the victor of Waterloo in these words: "I must, therefore, confess, that after paying the landlord his rent, neither to parson, nor proctor, nor landlord, nor agent, or any other individual, shall I consent to pay in the shape of tithe or any other tax, a penny, which shall go to the support of the greatest nuisance of this or any other country." This sentence had reference to a small farm which he rented, near Tuam, and which he knew would never be set up for public auction in the midst of a Catholic population. Human sacrifices were no longer annually offered up to the Moloch of Protestant ascendency, and the bitter spring of the worst national calamities was soon closed up forever. Against the established church he waged unceasing war till he saw it levelled in the dust. Like the stern old Roman, his constant cry was: Delenda est Carthago! the Juggernaut establishment must be destroyed. Of all living Irishmen he was the most instrumental in the disestablishment of that hated badge of conquest. To him we owe it that Sir Robert Peel's Bequests Bill of 1844, the object of which was to crush the rising spirit of Catholicity in Ireland, has remained a dead letter; and to him also our gratitude is chiefly due for the ignominious failure of Lord John Russell's Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, which was never carried into execution. Archbishop MacHale was the first Irish prelate who denounced it in the most scathing language in a public letter, thus challenging the government to prosecute him. During his long public life he has been a consistent advocate of simple repeal. He was the most strenuous supporter of O'Connell during his repeal agitation. He is still true to his early political creed; still the boldest champion of a native Parliament. The timid and

time-serving may argue that to contend for repeal of the Union is a vain labor, an impracticable policy. If so, every fight for freedom is vain, every battle for right is unwise, every struggle for justice is a wild dream that cannot be realized. Away with such false reasoning, such cowardly teaching. Repeal may be buried for a time, but on its tombstone can be read the classic epitaph:

Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.

Archbishop MacHale may be called to his reward before the Union will be repealed, but the cause he has advocated will be ultimately successful. Athanasius triumphed, though Arianism survived him.

Between the patriot prelate and O'Connell the truest and warmest friendship existed. O'Connell idolized him, and looked upon him with awe and veneration as a man of God, a blessing bestowed upon a persecuted people by a merciful Providence. During the last fifteen years of his life he unceasingly consulted the oracle of the west on all grave national questions, and continually availed himself of his wise counsels. Writing to him in 1840, he says: "Whenever I have formed the intention of making a great popular movement, or a movement which I hope to be great, I have in later times taken the liberty of announcing my intentions to your Grace, in the strong wish to obtain the aid of your *giant mind* and *national influence*." The principal letters which passed between them are published in the beautiful and eloquent biography of O'Connell, by the gifted Nun of Kenmare, whose bold, vigorous, and graphic pen has illustrated the annals of her country, and renewed the literary glories of Ireland in those halcyon days,

"When the school and the convent gave light to each shore,
From clifted Iona to wooded Lismore."

"Discreet Catholics"—and such persons will never win the battle of Irish freedom—have blamed Archbishop MacHale for interfering in politics. The history of Ireland during the last three centuries explains and justifies his political action. In the common sense of the term he has never been a politician; he despises the professional demagogue; his have been manly arts, like Samuel Johnson and Edmund Burke. He has simply stood between his people and their oppressors; he has endeavored to save his countrymen from the disgrace of being the willing or unconscious instruments of their own degradation. He was not made for a minion or a tool; he was born to rule his nation by the might of a great mind and by the love of a great heart. His peculiar position compelled him to be the chief as well as the bishop of his flock. He had to fight their battle against organized proselytizers, cruel and unfeeling landlords, despotic pro-consuls, corrupt judges, and vindictive chief secretaries. It is now only three years since a gigantic effort was made by Mr. Gladstone's government to crush forever his influence over his flock, and to destroy with one blow the political power of the priesthood in Ireland. The people's choice for the representation of Galway, Captain Nolan, was unseated by Judge Keogh, and the landlord's favorite, Captain Trench, who had only a small number of votes, was declared the legal member. The costs of the trial amounted to over sixty-five thousand dollars, and in order to save Captain Nolan from ruin, Archbishop MacHale appealed to the people to stand by their unseated representative. In a few weeks the national collection amounted to over eighty thousand dollars. The lion of the fold of Judah triumphed, and Keogh's masters had not the courage to prosecute him. Happy the nation that has such prelates in the hour of danger, darkness, and dismay! Though Keogh has won a celebrity which has thrown into the shade that of Jeffreys and Norbury, though he was burned in effigy in every

principal city, town, and village in Ireland; though in an exhibition of wax-works in Dublin, his figure, placed between two notorious informers, moved the laughter of the young and suggested mournful reflections on the misfortunes of the country to the minds of the old, he still sits on the bench; still administers justice in the higher courts, despite the unanimous protests and petitions of priests and people, despite the indignant eloquence of Mitchell, Henry, and several other Irish members in the House of Commons. This model judge (!) was once a professional patriot. Quis tulerit Gracchos de seditione querentes? Who could listen to Keogh denouncing a legitimate exercise of the franchise? Archbishop MacHale's literary services to his country will never be forgotten by a people whose love of learning and learned men is hereditary. His letters, political, educational, and religious, published in two large volumes, are a treasury of knowledge, enriched with the lore of every age and every tongue and every nation. A love of liberty breathes in every sentence, and a hatred of oppression burns through every page. His command of felicitous scriptural imagery is boundless, and he speaks and writes without effort in the hallowed language of the inspired writers. The stamp of the slave, the slimy trail of the stranger cannot be traced in these immortal productions of a great mind; in spirit, style, and tone they are pure wells of "Irish undefiled." His fondness for the Latin idiom in the construction of his sentences remind the student of English literature of the style of Milton, Samuel Johnson, and Gibbon. His style, the image of his mind, is lofty and eloquent; it is the style of a prophet: "Nature gave him the sacred flame, as Napoleon said of Chateaubriand, and it breathes in all his works." His immortal work on "The Evidences and Doctrines of the Catholic Church," written before he left Maynooth, has been translated into the French, German, and Italian languages. Its publication in 1827 placed him at once in the first rank of the most powerful champions of the Catholic faith whom Europe has seen during the present century. In Ireland, the land of eloquent tongues, he had few equals as a pulpit orator. His sermons delivered at Rome in 1832, were translated into Italian by the Abbate De Lucca, who was for some time Apostolic Nuncio at Vienna. Sometimes he expounds the Word in Irish, sometimes in English, but whether in Irish or English, his eloquence, fervid, commanding, and impressive, always keeps his audience spellbound in love and reverence. If he selected law as his profession, and if he practiced public speaking, he could wield, like O'Connell, the fierce democracy at will; his name would go down to posterity with those of Grattan and Burke as Ireland's greatest orators. See him address his countrymen in Tuam in presence of O'Connell; the passions of the multitude obey his ringing words; as forest trees bend to the tempest, as the waves of the sea are agitated by the breath of the thunderstorm.

His power over popular assemblies was unrivalled, a fact which is conclusively attested by his speeches on the hustings. Ireland has produced during the present century only two Celtic scholars who could contest the palm of superiority with Archbishop MacHale in his knowledge of the Irish language and of Irish literature. While generously patronizing Celtic antiquarians he has been a most laborious worker in the field of Irish literature. He has translated into Irish heroic metre the greater part of the Iliad of Homer, and his translation of the "Pentateuch," followed by a subsequent series of the most important portions of the sacred volume, was published over twelve years ago. The most popular,

however, of all his contributions to Celtic literature is his Irish translation of the "Melodies" in the same metres which Moore employed. The Melodies have winged their way to every clime; have been translated into every tongue; but it was reserved for the illustrious Archbishop of the West to introduce them to his countrymen in an Irish garb, "robed in a manner worthy of their high origin." The translations breathe the spirit of the original, and are a lasting monument of the copiousness, flexibility, force, and melody of the Irish language. Moore felt proud that his immortal songs were translated into the language of his ances tors by a Catholic prelate whose mind, like his own, was pregnant with celestial fire. He copied in his Diary, in 1842, a eulogistic criticism of the Irish translation. Like Moore, Archbishop MacHale is a musician; he can sweep with a master-hand the sounding chords of the national harp, and call forth its tender and pathetic, its martial and religious strains, true to the Irish heart, "true to the Gaelic ear." If this is the age of restoration for the Gaelic tongue, if it is yet spoken in six counties in Ireland, if it is taught in the halls of Maynooth, Trinity College, and the Catholic University, if it attracts the attention of scholars in Cambridge and Oxford, if it is studied with enthusiasm in German Universities, let Irishmen be grateful to Archbishop MacHale for his noble exertions in rescuing from the grave of oblivion the language of his forefathers—the language of king and bard and chief, of saint and martyr and holy virgin, of historian and ollamh and Brehon, of sacred and ennobling traditions and proud national recollections. He is the last connecting link between the present time and that heroic age which was immortalized by those mighty orators, Burke, Sheridan, Grattan, Bushe, Curran, Plunkett, Yelverton, who shook the spheres with the thunders of their eloquence. He has seen two generations pass away, and now, like the aged hero of the Iliad, the clear-toned orator of the Pylians, he is ruling the third generation of his countrymen. In the eighty-fourth year of his age, he still writes with a pen of light, his heart is still young and generous and enthusiastic in defence of faith and fatherland. The pride of his nation and the glory of his race, king, bard, prophet, patriot, prelate, and chief, the Lion of St. Jarlath's is gifted with the greatest mind that has blessed, elevated, and instructed Ireland since the grave closed over Edmund Burke. The approaching fiftieth anniversary of his episcopate will attract the attention of the whole civilized world, and supply himself with another proof of the love with which he is cherished by a grateful and generous people. From millions of Irish hearts the pious and patriotic prayer will rise, like incense, to heaven, on the 8th of June, 1875, a great day for Ireland. Long live the illustrious Archbishop of the West, long live the Lion of the Fold of Judah, the king and father and champion of his people.

THY GRIEF, DEAR HEART.

It was, indeed, a flower beyond compare,
That sprang from out thy life so lone and bare,
That blessed thee with its loveliness most rare.

Dry soil that life, which Sorrow's hand had sapped,
And yet, about the dear flower's roots, it wrapped
Itself, and for its sake, Love's sweet dews lapped.

And, living for the peerless blossom's life,
New world it found, where dwelt a tender strife,
To make its being all with beauty rife.

Oh, rare, rare flow'ret! But for thee it bloomed,
Poor, trodden soil! For thee, like light, illumed
Thy shadowed place on earth to sorrow doomed!

And so, dear heart, what words dare strive to tell
The woful cleft left open, when, too well,
From out thy depths thy flower was plucked, and fell

Upon thy world, a shadow, that no light
Can e'er remove, an endless earthly night,
And, in the darkness, thou must grope and fight.

* * * * *

Nay, raise thyself, dear heart, the Hand that took
Thy peerless flower, and all thy lone depths shook,
Above the darkness holdeth it. Ah! look

From out the shadow and the cleft, on high,
Blooming where its fair life can never die,
Thy flower on God's dear heart, no storm can try!

Ah! yes, 'tis true, thy cleft remains the same,
But plant within it, for a seed, His name,
Who, to take home thy flower, in mercy came.

'Twill grow into a mighty tree, that all
Thy poor life will absorb, and in its thrall,
Thou'lt mount, as by a royal master's call.

Beyond the shadow, and beyond the cleft,
And, nought of earth in thy changed being left,
Thou'lt tower to where thou'lt find, what, from thee reft,

Smileth in radiant and immortal bloom,
And thou, dear heart, inhaling its perfume,
Wilt breathe eternal life where dwells *no gloom!*

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPES.

ARTICLE IV.

AN HISTORICAL QUESTION.

ITS TERRITORIAL EXTENSION.

"WHEN will the Roman question be settled?" The query was propounded about three years ago, in the Vatican, to Cardinal Antonelli, by a distinguished Frenchman. The reply did not involve a long explanation. It was characteristic of the man, and worthy of the uncompromising statesman, whom the world must admire, in the person of the Secretary of State of Pius IX. "When the Italian army shall have evacuated every foot of ground, from Terracina to the Po." Now, had his Eminence made any other answer in the world, had he proposed a diplomatic discussion, or a European Congress, or a modification of the "Guarantees," the age, which is astonishingly discriminating, would have lauded him to the skies, and no doubt Herr Bismarck would not have the slightest hesitation in allowing him to be the next Pope. But the Cardinal's politics are behind the age. He believes in justice, retributive justice, and that has kept him from being numbered among the statesmen whom the age would beatify. Modern diplomacy believes in justice too, but only as some divines do in the "Nine and Thirty"—something to swear by. Cardinal Antonelli believes in mathematical justice, which admits of no encroachments, no twisting or turning or backsliding. In a word, there is no elasticity in his justice, and the world calls him "fool," because he believes that the justice of earth cannot differ from, or be at variance with, the infinite attribute of justice in God. "Render to *Peter* that which is *Peter's*," is his motto. The world owes much to Peter in these days, both in the spiritual and material order. What the debt is in the spiritual order, is a subject far beyond our capacities, being debtors ourselves, and we can only say with the Church, "*Confirma fidem nostram.*" Our purpose now is to examine what belongs to St. Peter in the material order, or to descend to localities, what belongs to Peter in what is now called the kingdom of Italy. From the reply of Cardinal Antonelli we gather, that the temporal possessions of the Church cover the same extension of territory now that they did eleven centuries ago. They were bounded on the north by the river Po, on the south by the Liri, on the east by the Adriatic Sea, and on the west by the Tyrrhenian Sea and the Tuscan Apennines. We do not pretend to say that the Popes exercised sovereign authority, from the establishment of the temporal power, over every individual city and foot of ground within these limits, though they sometimes exercised a *lofty dominion* over some cities, situated outside of their own territory. But we affirm, that these were the constant boundaries of the States of the Church, and they remained such, from the middle of the eighth century down to our own days, when the first *annexation* was accomplished. It would seem as if the finger of God himself had traced out on the map of Italy this beautiful kingdom, after he had prepared the way for it centuries before; and even as he had established the Popes in Rome, and driven the Cæsars

thence, so, in the fulness of time, he established this power, marked its boundaries, and preserved it intact, through all the strange vicissitudes of eleven centuries. The stability with which this power, this inheritance of the Church, was proof against every invasion and every change, is wonderful. The very first centuries of its existence were the most turbulent and the most eventful in the history of Italy. They were fruitful in adventurers, to whom the acquisition of territory, by fair means or foul, was their dearest ambition. Yet the patrimony of Peter remained untouched. But the greater wonder is, that the limits of this territory were never extended, not even one foot, by a desire on the part of the Popes of conquest; though there were not wanting Popes who had not only the occasions to do so, but also the power, coupled with legitimate causes. The temporal power of the Popes certainly differed in many respects from all the other kingdoms of the world, but there is one particular in which the difference is striking. Whoever contemplates the history of the great powers which now rule the earth, will perceive at once that they had small beginnings, and then went on, increasing and expanding indefinitely until they encountered a more potent element, which said, "Thus far, and no further." France, for example, which is reluctantly hemmed in by the Alps to-day, in its primitive days barely extended from Paris to Orleans. Spain, whose boast it was in the days of Charles V and Philip II, that the sun never used to set in its dominions, had its beginning in that little patch of territory known as the Asturias. London, now the capital, not only of England, but of the United Kingdom, and all that territory without end which regards the unicorn as its tutelary genius, was once but the capital of Essex. The autocrats of the vast empire of Russia were once but the Grand Dukes of Moscow. The Archdukes of Austria became Emperors in time, while the little Marquisate of Brandeburg became the nucleus of what is known to-day as the Prussian empire. We will abstain from making any comments upon this wonderful extension of territory and increase of power; although, if the truth must be spoken, many additions were made with but an indifferent reverence for the rights of others. We are only calling attention to a fact, which appears in glaring contrast with that which constitutes one of the many glories of the temporal sovereignty of the Church. Rome alone, the Rome of the Popes, sought no new conquests, was ambitious for no new territory, but was satisfied with the boundary lines which were evidently drawn in the beginning by divine Providence. On the contrary, the Church was so far from coveting new territory or more extensive domains, that very often she gave up what was evidently her own, for the sake of that peace which it was her divine mission to preach. In fact, as we shall see, the territory which she acquired after the treaty of Pavia was far less extensive than that to which she had an indisputable right, according to the terms of the promise of Quierzy. This is a question which we regard as inseparable with that of the territorial limits of the States of the Church, and a perfect understanding of which is necessary to the solution of many other questions, on the temporal power, of a more recent date. To comprehend it fully, we would beg the reader to call to mind two important events of the year 754, the promise of King Pepin made at Quierzy, and the treaty of Pavia, signed a few months afterwards by Stephen II, Pepin, and Astulph. The promise bore reference to the cities and provinces which Pepin was to have bestowed upon Stephen II, if God made him the conqueror of the Lombards.

The treaty of Pavia, signed after

the victory, was the execution of the promise. But the promise of Quierzy comprised far more than the treaty. In fact, as the "*Fragmentum Fantuzianum*" reads, the promise embraced not only the Exarchy of Ravenna, Pentapolis, and the Duchy of Rome, which latter comprised the Campagna, Tuscia, and the Duchy of Perugia, but also the whole island of Corsica, the Duchy of Venice,* and Istria, the Duchy of Spoleto, Tuscany of the Lombards, with the Duchies of Naples and Benevento, if Pepin should make a conquest of them; in short, all that territory which the Lombards had possessed or usurped in Italy. To the authority of the "Fragmentum" we may add that of Anastasius, in his Life of Pope Adrian. After narrating the visit of Charlemagne to Rome, and his solemn promise to Adrian, of making good the donation of Pepin, he enumerates the cities and provinces donated, which correspond with the enumeration of the "Fragmentum." The authority of Anastasius is confirmed by that of Leo Marcicanus, who wrote his *Chronicon* about the end of the eleventh century. To all this, add the narration of Peter Manlius, a canon of the Vatican Basilica, who, besides giving a faithful description of the promise of Pepin, relates, that the names of all the cities donated by Pepin to the Church, were engraven in letters of silver, on the bronze doors of St. Peter's Basilica.† The chronicler saw these doors himself, for he says: "Et ides, ut putamus, in memoriam tam magnificæ donationis, nomina civitatum, quæ prænominatus Imperator huic Sacrosanctæ Ecclesiæ contulit, *in portis æneis*, quæ super gradus B. Petri fuere, videlicet, in troitu Ecclesiæ S. Mariæ inter turres, *argenteis litteris* (*sicut nos vidimus cum fratribus sæpissime*) *annotata fuere.*" (Therefore, as we imagine, in remembrance of such a magnificent donation, the names of the cities which the abovementioned Emperor bestowed upon this holy Church, were noted in silver letters (as we have often seen with our brethren) on the brazen doors which were on the steps of St. Peter's, that is, in the entrance of the church of St. Mary inter turres.) The promise of Pepin, therefore, embraced far more than its fulfilment, taking in nearly the whole of the peninsula south of the river Po. To explain this apparent disregard of the "good Pepin" for his promises, it will be necessary to return to a consideration of the times of which we write. "Distingue tempora," says the proverb, "et omnia bene concordabis." When Stephen II crossed the Alps to France, his probable design was, not only to regain those provinces which had been invaded by King Astulph, but to liberate the whole peninsula of Italy from the barbarous yoke of the Lombards. We have a proof of this in the letter of Paul I, brother and successor of Stephen, who certainly was privy to his counsels, to the Archbishop of Ravenna. Speaking of the voyage of his brother into France, he says, that it was undertaken, "*divino nutu ad redimendum cunctam haue Italiam Provinciam, simulque et exarchatum Ravennanciumde manibus gentium;*" (by divine inspiration, to free this whole province of Italy, and, at the same time, the Exarchy of Ravenna, from the hands of the Gentiles.) Stephen was moved to take this step by several considerations, political as well as religious. In the first place, although the Lombards had lived in Italy for two centuries, they were still regarded by the Italians as invaders and enemies, and hated for their barbarous and ferocious manners. It is but natural then that they should look upon their falling under their yoke as the greatest misfortune which could possibly befall

* Continental Venice. Venice, the "Queen of the Adriatic," was never under the Lombard yoke.

† These doors were destroyed in 1167, when Frederick Barbarossa set fire to the Basilica.

them. On the other hand, a reconciliation with them was impossible, as the experience of the thirty years previous proved. The wars, the invasions, the depredations, and the continued threats, with which the Lombards, who aimed at universal dominion in the peninsula, oppressed the Italians, not only aroused the old hatred, which began to exist between the Italians and the Lombards when the latter first appeared in Italy, but made their final expulsion or subjugation a necessity, not less imperious and urgent than was that of driving out the Heruli and the Goths. To these considerations we may add a third, of paramount importance, which must have actuated the penetrating mind and honest conscience of Pope Stephen. The supreme interests of religion were at stake. The independence of the Holy See was in danger. What would have been the condition of the Pope, living under the immediate rule of a king, such as Astulph or Desiderius? If Astulph, a stranger and an invader, was such a fiery persecutor of the Church, when he was far away from Rome, what would he not be, after having taken up his residence in the Eternal City itself? In such an hypothesis, the Pope might, with just reason, look forward to a slavery far more galling than that which he suffered under the Exarchs of Ravenna, or the Cæsars of Constantinople, and more destructive of the universal welfare of Christianity; inasmuch as the ever-changing conditions of society, and the multiplicity of new and independent kingdoms, which were fast rising up on the ruins of the Roman empire, made it an absolute necessity, then more than ever, that the Supreme Head of Christianity should be independent of every civil power. To ward off this danger, which was imminent, and which would continue to exist as long as the Lombards held power in Italy, there was no other way left to the Pope but to wrest this power from their hands.

The continued aggressions of the Lombards against the Romans and the Pope fully justified the latter in crushing their power forever by the victorious arms of the Franks. These are not mere conjectures. The tenor of the treaty of Quierzy establishes, beyond a doubt, that it was the intention of Pepin to annihilate the power of the Lombards. He mentions not only all the provinces and cities which the Lombards had unjustly usurped, but also the kingdom of Lombardy itself. The words of the treaty, already cited, are: "If the Lord our God shall make us the victors over the *nation* and *kingdom* of the Lombards." We gather the same from the Frankish annals which record the expedition of Pepin against the Lombards. The continuator of Fredegarius narrates, that, after the first victory of Pavia, Pepin, "yielding to the prayers of the priests and the Frankish nobles, granted his life and his *kingdom* to Astulph." To the prayers of these were added those of Stephen II, to whom Pepin answered, "Be it done according to thy command, most Holy Father!"

Now, if all this be recorded of Pepin as something unusual, something which truly took place at the prayers of the Pope, of the priests, and nobles, we must conclude, that the primary design of Pepin was the total extermination of the Lombards, to make a prisoner of their king, to bear him off into France, and dispose of him according to the usages of war then in vogue. It being clear then that the complete overthrow of the Lombard power in Italy was the first intention of Pepin, should it excite any wonder that his promise was so magnificent? If the piety and devotion of the Frankish king towards St. Peter was, as he himself protested, the only motive which induced him to undertake the expedition, what more natural than that he should vow the principal fruits of his victory to St. Peter?

But if the generous promise of

Pepin was not fulfilled, as he had sworn, it was not for want of power to accomplish it, and much less for want of loyalty. As he had stipulated, he marched against Astulph, reduced Pavia, and would soon have destroyed every vestige of the Lombard rule in Italy, had he been desirous of pushing his conquest further. But pity for the vanquished prevailed over him; the prayers of the priests and nobles overcame his first resolution; above all, the influence of the pontiff ruled him, for whom alone he had taken up arms, and who, wishing, on the one hand, to prevent the further effusion of blood, and hoping on the other, that the perfidious Lombard would repent of his former life, and after being humbled, turn over a new leaf, renounce the original purpose which brought him into France, and "*deprecatus est benignissimum regem, imminens salutifera prædicatione, ut pacificæ causæ finirentur*" (besought the most merciful king, urging him in a goodly discourse, that matters should be ended peaceably). Thus, Pepin was absolved, as it were, by the Pope himself, from the obligations of his first promise, and the treaty of Pavia modified that of Quierzy in a most important particular, since it changed its fundamental hypothesis, which was the extermination of the Lombards. Pepin was faithful to the new treaty, and to enforce its observance, he did not hesitate to cross the Alps a second time, and after a second victory, constrain the treacherous Lombard to render the "justice of St. Peter." The treaty of Pavia was, therefore, the political code which prevailed in Italy from 754 to 774, that is, during the last twenty years of the existence of the Lombards as a distinct nation. It was then that the incorrigible perfidy and rapacity of King Desiderius exhausted the patience and forbearance of the Franks, and Charlemagne, the heir of Pepin's chivalrous spirit as well as of his crown, became the hero destined by God to smite the Lombards, and by their complete overthrow, rid Italy of a scourge second only to Attila himself. The treaty of Pavia ceased to have any force with the subjugation of the Lombards, and that of Quierzy, which had been suspended, not annulled, became a reality. It was in view of this treaty, that Pope Adrian urged Charlemagne, on the occasion of his visit to Rome, to make good the promise which had been made at Quierzy, and to which he himself, then a boy, had subscribed his name. As we have seen in a former paper, he complied at once with the request of the pontiff, and ordering the document of Quierzy to be read before him, he subscribed to it anew, and with him the bishops, abbots, and nobles of his suite. Thus all the rights acquired by the Holy See in virtue of the first treaty were confirmed anew, and from that date the political relations between the Popes and the Franks were regulated accordingly. From what has been said, the original conception of the territorial extension of the temporal dominion of the Church is clearly defined, and founded on the authority of historical monuments which admit of no controversy; and we will subjoin, that this conception throws a clear light on many subsequent facts in the history of the temporal power of the popes, which, at first sight, appear inexplicable. So much for the *conception*, the *idea*, so to speak, which was the result of the treaty of Quierzy. Let us now examine the *reality*, and we will do this in the light of the "Fragmentum Fantutianum," already quoted, the narration of Anastasius Bibliothecarius, the diplomas of Ludovicus Pius, the two Ottos, and Henry II. All these documents agree in the minutest particulars, though they derive their authority from different sources, an item which has an importance not to be overlooked in this question. Let us premise by stating,

that under the name of *city* is comprised also the whole province or territory of which it is the head or capital. In the exarchy of Ravenna properly so called, the Church possessed the cities of Ravenna, Ferrara, Gavello and Adria, Bologna, Imola, Faenza, Forli, Forlimpopoli, Cesma, Bobio, near Sarsina, and Serra, to which Pepin added the city of Comacchio in 756. In the Pentapolis, and under this name were comprised both the Maritime or Adriatic Pentapolis and the Mediterranean Pentapolis (both are also styled the *Decapolis*) are included the cities of Rimini, Pesaro, Conca, Fano, Sinigaglia, Jesi, Ancona, Osimo, Urnana, Acerragio, Monte Lucari, San Marino, Montefeltro, Urbino, Cagli, Luceoli, and Gubbio. The former of these two provinces comprised therefore those lovely and fertile plains, which extend from the eastern peak of the Apennines, between the Po and the Mareccha, away off to the Adriatic coast. In olden times they were called Emilia, Flaminia, and the Exarchy; in our days they are known by the name of Romagna. The second province began on the coast of the Adriatic, and rising between the rivers Mareccha and Musone, crossed the rugged crests of the Apennines, and descended on the western side of the mountains, towards the city of Perugia. All this tract of territory was known as the delegation of Urbino and Pesaro, and the delegation of Ancona. The Popes did not come into the possession of these two provinces until the year 756. The reader is already aware, that Astulph did not yield up one foot of the territory which he had invaded, and it was only after the second siege of Pavia, in 756, that the Abbot Fulrade received the keys of every one of these cities, and then repairing to Rome, placed them on the tomb of the Apostles in St. Peter's. Nay (and we cannot give any historical reason for the delay), the cities of Gavello, Ferrara, and Faen not given up until the midd year 757, when Desiderius king of the Lombards; w cities of Bologna, Imola, Osimo, and Urnana were occ Desiderius for some years af

But, besides the Exarchy Pentapolis, over which th never exercised any authorit the treaty of Pavia, the P States comprised Rome *Duchy* thereof, over which tl had exercised supreme autho before, and of which the B emperors were but the nom ereigns. The power of the e had ceased, imperceptibly d away, as we have already s the Popes before Stephen sovereigns in all but the title treaty of Pavia invested the Pontiffs with sovereign pow territory which had rarely, felt their influence, and to wh had no other claims than tho might be founded on a suppc of the people to have their Father as their king, and th tion of Pepin, with a hunc more reason should it estab in the peaceful possession c and the Duchy, which, for years previous, knew no s authority but his, and the li of which from the invasio Lombards constituted the motive of the expedition o To complete our map of th of the Church we must Duchy of Rome. It was into two parts, having R their centre, and the Tib Rome to Ostia, as the boundary. That part whicl the left bank of the Tiber w Campania Romana, and e beyond Ceprano, on the Li as Terracina, comprising th ban cities of Tivoli, Segui tino, Alatri, Frosinone, Vell Patrico, that is, all that pa country south of Rome, wh under the name of Comarca,

with the Roman Campagna, and the province along the coast of the Mediterranean. The part on the right bank of the Tiber was called *Tuscia Romanorum* (Roman Tuscany) in contradistinction to the *Tuscia Longobardorum*. It comprised all that territory which was known by the particular name of "Patrimony of St. Peter." Beginning at the sea, between the Tiber and the Marta, it extended northeast towards the Sabine country, above the spot where the Nera flows into the Tiber, and bounded by the course of that river, it spread out towards Perugia, near the confines of Gubbio, where it also touched the boundary line of the Pentapolis, and by that narrow neck of land, interposed between Lombard Tuscany and the Duchy of Spoleto, it was the connecting link between the northern and southern provinces of the Pontifical States. This part contained the cities of Porto, Centocelle, afterwards called Civitavecchia, Cere, Maturano, Blera, Sutri, Nepi, Bomarzo, Gallese, Orta, Otricoli, Narni, Todi, Ameria, and Perugia, with Lake Thrasimene and its three islands. Narni had been occupied for many years by the Lombards, but in 756 it returned to the Duchy of Rome, to which it belonged *ab antiquo*. This was the extension and form of the Pontifical States under Pope Stephen II. They were hemmed in on all sides by the Lombards. The Exarchy and Roman Tuscany had for their immediate neighbors the Lombards proper and the Lombard Tuscans. The Campania and the Pentapolis were bounded respectively by the Duchy of Beneventum (which corresponded to the Kingdom of Naples *that was*), and that of Spoleto. The eighteen years of the reign of Desiderius, the last of the Lombards, prove that the new States had very troublesome neighbors. But the victories of the brave Charlemagne changed the whole aspect of Italy, and strengthened the foundations of that beautiful edifice, which his father had principally erected. It was a noble work, and worthy of the magnanimous soul of Pepin. In it he satisfied the longings of the Italian people, who, from time immemorial before, were the willing subjects of the Popes. He recognized and confirmed the many titles which the Popes had acquired to the possession of these provinces, proclaimed to the whole world the intrinsic legitimacy of their cause, crowned with a just reward the trials and sufferings which they had undergone in their efforts to defend Italy, and finally established the peninsula in the quiet enjoyment of that political peace to which it had been a stranger so long. By destroying the power of the Lombards, the last invaders of the soil, he closed, so to speak, the era of barbarian invasions, and gave back the land to its rightful owners. He reinstated Rome, whose rights, confirmed by a possession of centuries previous, had been suspended, not annulled, by the Lombard occupation. But the Rome of those days was no longer the Rome of the Cæsars, who had long years before abandoned the city. It was the Rome of the Popes, to whom, with far more justice than to the Cæsars Augustus, was given the title of "*Pater Patriæ.*" The Senate and people had long since ceased to recognize any other prince in the Republic—which was then called "*Res publica sancta Romanorum*" (The Holy Roman Republic)—but St. Peter, "*Princeps perpetuus*" (everlasting Prince), in the indefectible succession of the Popes. From the tenor of the treaty of Quierzy, we gather that the generous Frank contemplated making the successor of Peter the sovereign of the whole of Italy, and in doing this he would only have given back to Rome its ancient rights, by inaugurating the new dominion of the Eternal City. And lest the meekness of the Popes might embolden adventurers, he

asked for the title of "Patrician of the Romans," Defender of the Romans, an office which seems to have been destined by divine Providence for the rulers of the French people ever since. Indeed, the subsequent history of France has proved, to an evidence, that her greatest glory and surest pledge of that ever-increasing power, which suffered a sorrowful humiliation, only in our times, consisted in her noble and generous defence of the Holy See. In this capacity France has always been drawn towards Italy, and these two nations, bound in a common alliance around the throne of the Roman Pontiff, have formed, in a measure, one people, at least in sympathy and love for the Holy See. Pepin's conception may not have been realized to the letter, but such as it was, and we have no hesitation in making the statement, none more suited to restore and insure, for the future, the fortunes of the French and Italian people, bound together by so many ancient ties, could be imagined in our own day. Nay, since we have touched upon the things of the present we will go farther. The Italian unity, which is talked of so much now, and which is regarded as an "established fact," cannot subsist, or have any strength, without the Pope as its centre and spring of action. Catholic Italy, such as eighteen centuries of Christianity have made her, has not, neither can she have any other centre. That unity, *alla Longobarda*, or better, *alla Piemontese*, has been effected by violence and glaring injustice, and, if it be true that history past is prophetic of history future, the life of United Italy does not promise to last long. God has permitted it an existence of five years, but they have been years of calamities to the Italian people, perhaps more fatal than those which would have befallen the nation had it passed under the yoke of the barbarian Astulph in the eighth century. As to France, she well knows that her primacy among Catholic nations is indissolubly united with the office assigned her by divine Providence, that of champion of the Church. She has always been jealous of it, and even those of her rulers who in the past had but an indifferent love for the Holy See never forgot that, in defending that See, they were venerating the dearest and most salutary traditions of their nation. We know of one sovereign who departed from the traditions of his country, and betrayed the sacred trust which was left him as an inheritance—one who, unlike the chivalrous Frank of the eighth century, not only refused to defend, but basely betrayed the successor of Stephen II into the hands of a modern Lombard. But the death-bed at Chiselhurst has its own significance to say the least, and as for the Lombard we will conclude with the words of his august victim, "There is One who sees, and will judge."

"Is Virtue, then, and Piety the same?"
No; Piety is more: 'tis Virtue's source;
Mother of every worth, as that of joy.
Men of the world this doctrine ill digest;
They smile at Piety; yet boast aloud
Good-will to men; nor know they strive to part
What Nature joins; and thus confute themselves.

VETERAN CATHOLIC PAPERS.

ON February 13th, of this year of grace, the *Pittsburg Catholic* entered the thirty-second year of its existence, and with a most honorable record. The venerable and respected name of Jacob Porter has been inscribed on its editorial columns for many a year. It has never increased its subscription price; it has always been a sterling, independent, dignified Catholic paper; it has not veered around the four quarters of the political compass. Started on the 16th of March, 1844, it has followed its even tenor of life, and has done a great deal of good. Were it not for its sterling qualities it could not have existed so long without *shifting* and *trimming*, which it has never done.

It received its breath of life from the lamented Dr. Michael O'Connor, first Bishop of Pittsburg, which See he resigned in May, 1860, to enter the humble life of a novice, in the company of Jesus. A pleasant anecdote is related of the Rt. Rev. candidate, whilst going through his noviceship in Inspruck. Of course he had laid aside all the insignia of the episcopate; no ring; no pectoral cross; no *distinctive episcopal ceremonies at mass;* his former dignity was never alluded to; with the exception of the superiors, no one knew they had a *Monseigneur* in their humble ranks. But unluckily one day he was the victim of that *absentmindness*, by which all great men are so often placed in very ludicrous plights. So it happened that as he turned around, after the *Gloria*, to say *Dominus vobiscum*, as the rubric prescribes for the clergy of the *minor order*, hark! the bishop novice gives out in his deep-toned voice PAX VOBIS! It fell like a bomb-shell among those innocent souls. At the recreation hour his sensation was like one who had poked into a bee-hive; he was assailed, cornered, vanquished.

I asked him once if he could deny the occurrence of his mishap, but he couldn't; he only said: *Se non è vero è ben trovato.*

Ad nos: P. F. Boylan was the *printer and publisher* of the *Pittsburg Catholic* until March, 1847, when it passed into the hands of Jacob Porter. Twenty-eight years proprietor and editor of a paper, and as I know it for a positive fact, week after week often alone! Brother Jacob, if you have had God before you all this time, you are a lucky man. God bless you! In the first number there is an honorable mention of dear, dear John Roddan, whose name appears as an English speaker among the forty-nine pupils who took part in the Polyglot Exhibition of Propaganda in Rome on Epiphany Day. It also records that "James R. Bayley received minor orders in the Cathedral of Cincinnati." In that same *first* number there is a most interesting article on the Common Schools.

I am the lucky owner of a perfect file of the *Pittsburg Catholic*. Truly it is a treasure. O! for the time and leisure to dive into those pages, and draw the wholesome waters of learning and wisdom therein gathered by the pens of the two O'Connors, and many good earnest men, both lay and clerical, of that important portion of the Fold. Had I the power to exact it, how I would urge on Dr. James O'Connor to mark *albo lapillo* his brother's articles, that we might collect them into a respectable volume of precious essays. Poor as the writer of these lines is, he would fain make some sacrifice to contribute toward such compilation. Yes, the idea should not be let to fall unheeded. You, Mr. *Editor*, might prevail on your brother editor to "spot"

the pieces, and surely we shall be able, even with so much stupid apathy staring us in the face, to raise a monument to the glory of one of our greatest prelates, to the honor of God, and of his Church. There, now, the ball is set in motion, who will keep it rolling? I, for one, I am willing to lend a hand, rachitic as it is, though not entirely bereft of its cunning.

Gutta cavat lapidem non vi sed saepe cadendo.

The Crusader, a lively little paper, published in Summitsville, Pa., under the auspices of Rev. Messrs. J. McCullagh, J. Walsh, and J. Mullen, during 1852 and 1853, after two years existence, was merged into the *Catholic*. The writer would feel under great obligation to any one who would allow him the loan of it, and far more were he offered the *Crusader* for purchase.

The Catholic Telegraph, Cincinnati, Ohio. If my memory serves me right the *Telegraph* once styled itself "the oldest Catholic paper in America," *i. e.*, since the unfortunate demise of the *Miscellany*. Its last number before me (February 18th, 1875) is marked vol. xliv, No. 7, forty-four years of existence for a Catholic paper in the United States; it is, indeed, something worth boasting of. Yet the *Telegraph* has not run such an even and uninterrupted career as the glorious old *Pittsburg Catholic*.

I might as well here as anywhere else beg forgiveness for any shortcoming in these writings, for I draw from memory in the most of my statements. Notes and references are not at my command at this moment.

No. 1, vol. i, of the *Catholic Telegraph*, made its appearance in Cincinnati, October 22d, 1831. The *salutatory* was in the very best taste. Who wrote it? The sainted Bishop Fenwick, O. S. D., had just returned from an extensive visitation of five months to a distant part of his diocese, Upper Michigan; he died the following year, a death not unlike that of the great St. Francis Xavier. In 1833, October 13th, the Patriarch of our Prelates was consecrated. There is no indication whatever in this first number of editor or publisher; at the bottom of the eighth and last page we only read: "Xaverian Press, year of the Cathedral, Sycamore Street." But the glorious old motto, so faithfully adhered to, shines at the heading: *In necessariis Unitas, in dubiis Libertas, in omnibus Caritas.*

Caustic as the *Telegraph* may have appeared at times in its tone, it cannot be gainsaid, that even when most provokingly provoked, charity never lost her sway over the editor's pen. Had charity abandoned the helm, the effect must have been disastrous. We do not feel warranted in allotting to the *Telegraph* the palm of the most guarded or very suave temper; but this we can say, charity has had a powerful sway over its editorials.

At the end of No. 1 of vol. ii we read, "Published every Friday morning by William A. O'Hara, at the Catholic bookstore, Sycamore Street, etc." The tact exhibited in the conduct of the paper from the very beginning, is of the very highest order, the more so as it appears that very untoward difficulties were to be overcome at almost every issue of the *Telegraph*. The agent for the *Telegraph* (July, 1835), in Boston, near which place these lines are written, was one J. Dogherty [sic]: in Pennsylvania, Pittsburg, Mr. Blenkinsop; Blairsville, Rev. J. Stillinger; Lawrenceburg, Anderson Co., M. McCullough, P. M.

In vol. iv, No. 1, Dec. 3d, 1835, we read: "The receipts of last year have equalled the expenditure!" not very bad, considering. But who was the editor, meanwhile?

At this time *The Catholic Advocate* had been existing in Kentucky for some years; I say existing, not flourishing, for as its ancient editor wrote to me some ten years ago, "it

was a *Catholic paper*, no politics about it. Therefore it *could not live.*" If my memory is not at fault, the *Advocate* saw the light first in Bardstown, edited by a clergyman (Rev. Fr. De Luynes, S. J.), and published by B. J. Webb, a name eminent in the history of the Catholic Church in Kentucky, in the beginning of the year of our Lord 1836; in 1841 or thereabout it removed to Louisville, where it tried hard to live until 1861, when it was sold to the *Telegraph* of Cincinnati, which was published for some time under the title of *Telegraph and Advocate.* Among the writers of the *Advocate* we find such names as Martin J. Spalding, John McGill, and P. J. Lavialle, three stars of first magnitude in the galaxy of our glorious hierarchy, W. E. Clarke, B. J. Webb, etc.

The Cincinnati Catholic Telegraph has borne aloft on its editorial banner the name of Rev. Edward Purcell, a genial, warm-hearted, independent, honest writer, who, to a bountiful supply of uncommon common-sense, blends the acute discrimination of a lawyer, a clear knowledge of Catholic doctrine, and felicitous way of expressing himself. He has been for some years very ably assisted by the Rev. T. F. Callahan, whose editorials are no playthings. Indeed, Father Callahan is an extraordinary man. Were we presumptuous enough to express our wishes, we would suggest that he will sometimes curtail the exuberancè of his ideas, which generate from his mind, and flow from his pen like the rattle of ten thousand rifles, and, secondly, that he was allowed more leisure to devote himself more closely to the newspaperial life for which he is so admirably adapted.

The New York Freeman's Journal was born and thus christened A.D. 1840, July 4th. It came to light in a very unpretentious way (*quantum mutatus ab isto!*), a short prospectus only appearing in a corner of the last page. Bishop Hughes, "the amiable and distinguished dignitary," announces, in a letter dated June 1st, from Dublin, that he may be looked for at home by the 15th of July. *The New York Freeman's Journal* was "published for the Proprietor, by W. E. Fitzgibbon, 150 Fulton Street."

The Cincinnati Telegraph, Sept. 29th, 1865, has the following record: "John E. White died Sunday last, September 24th, brother to Judge James E. [W.?] White, of this city, and a nephew of Gerald Griffin. *In conjunction with his brother, Judge White, he started the Freeman's Journal, and attended to its business department, while his brother edited the paper.*" I have seen it mentioned somewhere that after editing *The Freeman's Journal* four years, he retired with a loss of four thousand dollars! He was succeeded by Eugene Casserly, who vacated the editorial chair in behalf of John T. Devereux. All this I quote from memory. In 1841, the *New York Catholic Register* (born in 1839) was merged into *The New York Freeman's Journal.* In 1842 Bishop Hughes became the proprietor of the *Journal*, and in 1847 the *Journal* was sold to James A. McMaster, than whom few editors have been endowed with greater gifts.

New York Freeman's Journal and Catholic Register, Saturday, March 6th, 1875, vol. xxxv, No. 51. Thirty-five years.

In 1857, July 4th, "James A. McMaster, editor and proprietor. Still forward. On this anniversary of our National Independence, we commence the eighteenth volume of the *Freeman's Journal*, and the tenth year of our labors as its responsible editor."

In 1861, in August, the *Freeman's Journal* was *interdicted.* Its last number, *pro tem.*, appeared, August 24th, 1861, vol. xxii, No. 8.

The future historian will have a racy subject to deal with in the interesting chapter of the history of Catholic newspapers at this epoch.

When will it be written? We are a generation of procrastinators. It may be presumptuous, aye, it may border on profanity, but I feel as if I was *vox clamantis in Deserto.* In sooth, I have cried myself hoarse, and squeezed my marsupium to a pricked football. Never mind; better times, stronger hands, mightier heads will appear on the scene; but alas! the sources will then be dried up, and the cisterns broken.

Let me explain. There still lives, blind indeed, but with a clear head and powerful mind, the sainted venerable Father John McElroy, S. J. He has lived almost a hundred years. He is waiting for the last summons in the peaceful and hallowed retreat of the Novitiate in Frederick, Md.; the city he loves, as Jerusalem was loved by those who wept over her misfortunes. The glorious old man is surrounded by a brood of young apostles, future hopes of the Catholic Church in the United States, who are learning the tactics and furnishing weapons for the approaching conflicts. They visit the good father whom they love so tenderly; they read to him, and cheer the darkened days of his "prolonged sojourning." . . . . "But why not improve those precious remnants of a most precious existence by taking down the notes of a seventy years' experience on the field where so many battles he has fought and gained, where he has met with and enjoyed the confidence of the great champions of the faith. O! what an immense love of sacred records to be treasured for the edification and instruction of future combatants; but it is all lost. . . . .

"No, perhaps, it is not lost; perhaps the work is being done. May be; God grant it *is* done. The humble and obscure voice of the writer has been raised again and again, beseeching, imploring, directly and indirectly. What a labor of love to sit at the feet of the Holy Hester, and collect *fragmenta ne pereant.*

"*Revertamur:* Interdict and Lafayette, bludgeons and pistols, what power had they against the *Irrepressible?* They thought they had put the *Freeman's Journal* down. Apparently, on the 24th of August, it saw its last day. But it was only *pro tem.;* it did not give up the ghost. With a louder voice the editor sends forth in defiant tones the *New York Freeman's Appeal,* vol. i, No. 3 (which is the number before me). But despotism, for, what other name can express the *then* existing rule of government in these particulars, what other word can the writer employ, strong republican and Northern Union man as he may happen to be? Despotism had its day, and died an ignominious death." . . .

I would like to reprint here McMaster's manifesto for the year of salvation, 1866. But time and patience fail me, and I wish to close these desultory records.

The Boston Pilot. I shall not be long about it. I must be short, for the very reason that there is too much to say about the *Pilot.* Its ups and downs, its struggles, its courses and journeys through straight avenues and crooked ways, its editors, its battles, manly fought and generously gained, its policy, its merits and its demerits, etc., etc., will afford a most singular chapter on "Curiosities of Literature." The indomitable energy of its proprietor, the scissoring power wielded in a way that no other paper can surpass, the wonderful and mysterious system of its management, the obloquy with which it has been assailed, and the praises with which it has been overwhelmed, the very elements seem to have combined against its existence. . . . Once it even advanced to the rescue of powerful adversaries who had risen in antagonism against it (perhaps with cause), and who, but for the very man whom they attacked, would have sunk into ignominious depths. Are not all these paragraphs for an extraordinary chapter of truths stranger than fiction?

Boston, Saturday, March 6th, 1875, vol. xxxviii, No. 10. Thirty-eight years of existence!

The veterans, therefore, rank their years of service on this month of March, 1875, thus:

I. *Catholic Telegraph*, Cincinnati, Ohio.
II. *The Pilot*, Boston, Mass.
III. *The New York Freeman's Journal.*
IV. *The Catholic*, Pittsburg, Pa.

Of these, *Deo favente*, I know a detailed history will be given to the public, with accurate indexes and historical notes. He who contemplates the work has already a list of one hundred and twenty-nine papers (weeklies) since 1822. But I am more than confident that the list will swell up to more than one hundred and fifty. To this list must be added a goodly number of such as cannot be properly called *Catholic*, yet were or are published by Catholic-born men, who would resent the least doubt or reflection shed on their *simon-pure* orthodoxy.

One remark I cannot refrain from making in connection with my rhapsodical subject. Since 1822, when the first *professedly* Catholic periodical was issued in the United States, to 1846, two other weeklies sprang into existence, a mention whereof cannot be omitted without a well-merited censure of inaccuracy.

First, The *Propagâteur Catholique* (New Orleans, 1844), I own to my memory playing false at the very beginning of this paper. The New Orleans *Propagateur* is an excellent paper, published both in English and French; it braved the storm of the rebellion; it has reckoned among its contributors some of the very best men of the South; and he who is the lucky owner of a complete file of it, possesses a literary treasure second to none in wealth of literary, political, and ecclesiastical lore, and superior to the majority of our periodicals. To it the tribute should be paid of a separate and exclusive article, *Exoriare aliquis!*

Second, The *Catholic Herald*, Philadelphia, 1833. Of it, more anon.

The sprightly *Catholic Mirror*, of Baltimore, made its appearance in 1849; it is the organ of several Catholic prelates; its history is full of interest; its Southern instincts are an index of Southern chivalry and boldness.

Cui bono? methinks I hear some one exclaiming at this long rigmarole. Well, I sat down to jot a little item of record and praise of the good old *Pittsburg Catholic*. An association of ideas conjured up parallel of other veterans of the Catholic press, and I just let the few recollections of my memory flow from the pen as they crowded into it. But will you not agree with me, dear reader, that in sober truth a very interesting history of the Catholic newspapers in this country, and of their editors, might be written? Were I to open the contents of an old box, and show you the packages of slips alphabetically arranged, containing titles and notices of Catholic papers and editors, with a farrago of anecdotes collected during many years, you would forgive me for having claimed such a large space of an interesting and favorite monthly. But, then, why should not I be proud of these men, aye, and women too, of my own creed, who have struggled so nobly against all odds? Where are we to find so many hidden treasures of eloquence, stories of saintly deeds of prelates, heroism of missionaries, bearing of laymen, wonders of endurance, divine vitality of holy and good Mother Church, living assistance of her Spouse and Founder, but in newspapers and periodicals? Apace with the glorious monuments of cathedrals, ecclesiastical and literary institutions, have not newspapers and magazines grown and increased, interpreters, as it were, of what is written on brick and stone? Yea, the material stony landmarks,

pointing to the advance of our faith, are mute indeed if not endowed with life, and proclaim their worth and enduring merits through the clarion tones of the daily press.

From the incomparable weeklies and quarterlies of Matthew Carey, at the close of the last, of Robert Walsh, Jr., at the beginning of this century, and of Bishop England's *Miscellany* (1822) to the last excellent weekly, the *Catholic Columbian*, edited by Bishop Rosecrans, of Columbus, Ohio, the *monthly* by the Jesuits of New Mexico, and the Catholic magazine just sprung into existence, under the editorship of B. I. Dorward, the gifted author of *Wild Flowers of Wisconsin*. . . . O! what a subject for a wonderful and most interesting history.

Nor should I hesitate to quote as an instance of the claims which such serials have to an appreciative record in the history of the Catholic press in these United States, the very magazine to which these remarks are consigned; for had the RECORD no other claim but that of reproducing in a lasting form the lucubrations of Patrick E. Moriarty, S.T.D. and O. S.A., its publishers should be proud of their work. *Turgid*, may some hypercritical *critics* call the Doctor's style; but his articles are solid, and will supply many a new-fledged aspirer to oratorial and controversial fame with a mine of erudition, the fruit of a patient, painstaking, long, laborious life. His "Letters to a Protestant Friend" will long be referred to as one of the very best polemic works edited in this country. They are an arsenal of deadly weapons against the adversaries of the Catholic Church.

On the other hand, we seem disposed to boast of our own deeds as if nothing like what *we* are now doing had been done before. Literary societies, Catholic institutes, associations to promote charity, learning, the arts, and *it genus omne*, we often hear spoken of as the work of the day *exclusively*. And yet the same works of industry, patience, and heroic endurance have been undertaken and carried on from the very dawn of Catholicity in Baltimore, and Philadelphia, and New York, and New Orleans, and St. Louis. After a whole day spent in the laborious and ofttimes dispiriting duties of a Catholic professional life, entirely at the discretion of suffering, needy, and importunate humanity, we enjoy the refreshing and invigorating rest of an hour spent in conning the columns of an old Catholic newspaper. These remarks were presented to my mind whilst skipping over an early volume (1838) of the Philadelphia *Catholic Herald*. What many-colored and fragrant flowers have I culled from a garden, seemingly neglected, yet even this day cultivated. For the good old *Catholic Herald*, the cherished creation of Francis Patrick Kenrick, is it not living in the pages of the *Standard*, under the admirable editorship of its present editor? How many husbandmen have taken charge of that field? Aye, let me say it; how hard the struggle against the total dilapidation of that time-honored and fruitful soil! But the *Herald* has "lived on like the live coal in the embers hidden among the ashes," and like the glorious country which liveth by the benedictions of its founder, seems to have ever warmed the "old stock," if I may be allowed the word in this connection, into a fondness for its existence, and the perpetuation of those primitive, simple, and bold persevering inspirations, which breathed into it the first breath of life.

The *Catholic Miscellany* made its appearance as a weekly in 1822. It unfortunately laid itself down to die when it disowned its origin, to wit: the United States *Catholic Miscellany*, and renamed itself the Charleston *Catholic Miscellany* (April 13th, 1861). Five weeklies followed, all defunct, except the veteran (1831) *Catholic Telegraph*, until

1833, when the Philadelphia *Catholic Herald* first saw the light, and has ever since lived; first, under its original name, then under the name of the *Catholic Standard*. Philadelphia has also given a short life to two Catholic papers, to wit: the *Boys' and Girls' Catholic Magazine*, published by Mr. W. J. Cunningham, June, 1846 to June, 1848, as far at least as I can learn from the copy before me. It was an excellent paper, eight pages, 8vo., at the moderate sum of two dollars per annum. The publisher must have intended it for a speculation, the profits whereof were to be returned in heaven. Then the *Catholic Weekly Instructor* (1850).* The Philadelphia *Herald*, afterwards entitled the *Catholic Herald and Visitor*, under the editorship of J. and J. B. Duffey (1860), passed through the hands of several editors, some of them eminent in learning and position, the Hon. Joseph R. Chandler among the rest. It *suspended* at last, after having been metamorphosed into the *Universe*, the *Irish Tribune*, a few years ago. I say it suspended; for has not its mantle fallen on the stout and meritorious shoulders of the *Standard*, now in its tenth year?

But space and time fail us, else willingly would I enter upon a detailed history of a paper, than which none can afford a keener interest, a more illustrous, although checkered and sorely tried career. Its history would bring on the scene men of remarkable talents, devoted zeal, and disinterested mind.

We cannot refrain urging again on those on whom God may have bestowed the necessary talents, the necessity of contriving such means as will secure to the children of our Beloved Mother a knowledge of her literary history. Although the apathy with which our people look upon such pursuits is very discouraging, yet I am not hopeless. With the progress of Catholicity, better ideas will be instilled into the scientific, literary, religious economy of our institutions of learning, ecclesiastical and secular. With such improvements will grow apace the feeling of pride on what our sires have done.

Up then, and to work! Let us establish a Catholic Historical Society, and let us intrust to the hands of faithful Catholic officers all the documents and records, be they ever so small and apparently insignificant. Let us have a Catholic historiographer. We have *among us* men adapted for the responsibilities of the office; men of superior attainments, acknowledged as such by scientific associations in America and in Europe; let us inscribe on tablets that cannot be effaced, the literary, scientific, and religious monuments of our sires, and of our contemporaries, for the edification, instruction, and honest pride of our children.

* The writer of this article will pay a liberal price for the possession of either of the above weeklies, and of old volumes of the *Catholic Herald*. Address Rev. J. M. Finotti, Arlington, Mass.

"UNTO THESE LEAST."

II.

It was on a pretty street, a fairy street, gemmed with well-tended gardens, and shaded with graceful trees, and outlined by broad, handsomely laid sidewalks; a street, where daintly built homes stood smiling on the passer-by; a street, where modest competence brightly adorned its chosen resting-places for the happy recipients of these dwellings; it was here that this unknown awaited the little street Arab. Here, darlings of cheerful households played in bright family groups, whereof the same fair cast of countenance was stamped on all, from the manly boy, or sweet half-developed maiden, to the flaxen-haired baby toddling in eager emulation of firmer footsteps; or larger crowds of laughing children softly flitted about the place, intent on merriment that knew no shadow. Here, in the morning, fathers bade farewell to rosy little hands striving noisily for the last clasp of hands at the pretty gates, while mothers stood in the background on the threshold of the door, with crowing babies essaying their farewell; and here, in the soft shadow of the evening, the happy voyagers on the sea of business returned to be greeted by boisterous welcome of the same tongues and hearts. Here innocence found shelter in mothers' care and fathers' protection; here the taste of the bitter fruit of the accursed tree was averted from baby lips; here home wove its angelic circle of charm from the world's dread spell, and God's image in the children's souls was the fairest gem of all that circle held undimmed.

Through this little paradise on earth, the portly old figure limped its way, leading the waif by the hand, with as gentle a touch, and as considerate an air, as if he were leading a child of royalty. And out of upper windows and open doors women's eyes, eyes of mothers and wives, looked on the pair, some in mockery, some in pity, all in wonder. Said Mrs. Rose to Mrs. Lily across her garden hedge of feathery green:

"Just look! What can old Mr. Vinton be doing with that terrible-looking child?"

And said Mrs. Lily in reply: "Adopting her, I guess! more of his oddities. Ugh!" This was a pretty, dainty feminine shudder.

"More likely taking her to the House of Refuge!" croaked old Miss Garlic, from her upper window. "This neighborhood is no place for such! Keep the children in to-day, my dear, the air is tainted already!" and she closed her window, smiling sardonically, while the two blooming mothers glanced towards the white-curtained ones of their respective nurseries with looks of defiance. Whereat, Mrs. Tulip, seeing from across the street that "something was going on," glided over and joined the group.

"What *can* Mr. Vinton mean, my dears?" she asked, all out of breath, "and how do you think Miss Susanna and Miss Eva will like it?"

"That's not the question," pouted Mrs. Rose, "it's how will *we*, his neighbors, like it, with our crowds of innocent darlings!"

"True, my dear," chimed in Mrs. Lily; "he ought to remember we're almost like one family on this street, and can't be interfered with by his whims!"

"And such a sight I never saw!" cried Mrs. Tulip; "exactly my idea of a little jail-bird!"

Miss Garlic appeared at her door, arrayed in street costume.

"Forming a protective union, ladies?" she sneered, as she proceeded to open her gate and pass out. "What anxious lives mothers do lead!"

And a little farther on her way, she added:

"How I hate them, with their 'darlings,' and how I detest the dainty darlings too! I hope old Vinton will let the 'jail-bird' loose among the sickening doves!"

Now to the group she left was added simple little Mrs. Mignonette, with her baby on her arm, and said she,

"Oh! did you see that forlorn-looking little thing old Mr. Vinton was bringing home with him? My heart ached for her."

"Better ache for yourself and your neighbors," cried one of the indignant trio.

"Yes, with infection of soul and body brought amongst us!" piped another.

"And Heaven knows what evil to our innocent children," wound up the third.

"Dear me," timidly answered soft-voiced, little Mrs. Mignonette, her hazel eyes dewy, "I thought we might all offer to do something for the poor little creature, especially as the Vintons are not used to children. And we came over to see if any one would go there with us, didn't us, baby?" This last, to cover her confusion at the indignant looks cast upon her. Baby crowed a joyous reply, and caught its mother by a golden lock straying over her temple, whereby he conveniently screened her from a view of noses sniffing the air for her benefit, and glances of defiance and contempt careering hotly all around her, and falling short of their mark, by the simple obstacle of that blessed chubby hand. But now the group was joined by nearly all the blooming matrons, whose business and whose beautiful pride it was *to* bloom in the various homes of which they were the queens, and a regular indignation meeting was held, and little Mrs. Mignonette was overpowered, and her sentiments declared dangerous and unworthy of a careful mother, and the presence of the little street Arab defined an outrage, and the best of measures decided on to counteract it, and baby Mignonette had to convoy his mother home in a state of bewilderment as to what she had done, and a state of fear of doing anything more, and a state of general confusion and shamefacedness; such is the effect of the tongue feminine on timid little people of her stamp.

Meanwhile, Mr. Vinton, unconscious of the storm he had raised amongst these full-blown flowers of womanhood, proceeded to enter a cottage at the end of this paradisiacal street, which was the least pretentious of all the cottages thereon situated. It was small, and white, and softly draped with vines, and from its latticed windows smiled out flowers, and in its garden beds bloomed the same in rich profusion. But a stillness, as of some fairy spell, was upon the place, and everything looked as if it might have stood for ages just as now, and never once been disturbed. It was not a place, either, about which any sign of wealth revealed itself; all seemed like the work of hands whose pleasant labor supplied what was lacking in money.

"Look," said a lady, seated in a very neat, but rather humbly furnished sitting-room inside, that held a view of the street; "Look, Eva, at what your uncle is bringing in!"

The "what" could not have been emphasized more sardonically by Miss Garlic herself. The lady was not young and tall, and a trifle angular, and her face held suppressed defiance of something or some one, and her voice, a certain muffled tone, as if it concealed a constant shriek. She, whom she addressed as Eva, was in the very bloom of early womanhood, airily and smilingly beautiful, with velvet, rosy face, and pouting childish smile lighting it, and eyes bright, but not deep, sweet, but not earnest.

"Shame, Aunt Susanna!" rippled out her voice, like the echo of a

merry laugh just ended in her heart; "I thought from your unfeeling what—it was a boot-jack, or a fly-brush, or maybe something extra nice for dinner. I wish it had been the latter," archly, and with a would-be pathetic little sigh. "Lobster, for instance, or, oh! how vulgar I am, green turtle!"

By this time the door had opened, and Mr. Vinton, holding his charge by the hand, stood before them.

"See, Susanna," he said, gently, and with a simplicity quite refreshing to any earnest student of nature, who might have noted the expressions of disgust and indignation that chased each other, quite regardless of appearances, over "Susanna's" face, "this poor child needs care—will you please see to the feminine part of it, and I'll do the rest!"

"Good gracious, Stephen," she cried, in a tone without the muffler on the shriek palpable to the astonished atmosphere, "what am I to do with such a—a—"

"Don't say it," he mildly interposed, "the little waif has a heart."

"And then, aunt," cried Eva, in her merry way, going over and standing with uplifted, dimpled hands before the child, "let me be Mr. Dick on the present occasion. *I'll* tell you promptly what to do with her." She made a sort of trumpet out of the dimpled hands, and directing it towards the immovable Susanna, whispered through it,

"*Wash her!*"

"You are insufferable, Eva!" cried the indignant spinster.

"Lord! but yer purty!" broke out the little street Arab, "the image o' them there dolls in the winders on Market Street I've offen cried fur stannin' in the rain o' nights when no fine folks was around. Lord, but yer purty!"

Then she stood before her with clasped hands, as a worshipper stands before a shrine. There was a certain grace in the very simplicity of the forlorn and ragged figure's attitude which the old gentleman and the young girl alike took in. But the suppressed feeling Miss Susanna's face held, now suppressed itself no longer. It broke out in undisguised jealousy, as the bitter words escaped her lips,

"'*Doll!*' you've said truly, beggar! 'Doll!'"

"Yes; dolls is the purtiest things I ever seen!" unconsciously proceeded the child, "but of course that there washes off, an' hers don't. Oh! I'm so tired!" and quite guiltless of offence, she sank on the floor, and sat in ungainly, cross-legged attitude.

"Funny pet, uncle," said Eva, with charming archness of manner, "but I for one must say she displays remarkably good taste, and of course a good deal can be made out of her. But, you see, I'm so bad to help you about her! I'm afraid it would be like the flowers, or canary, that I took too much care of one time, and starved another, and the whole collection would have died only for you!"

"Blossom!" cried the old man, fondly, "no one expects you to think yet! But you, Susanna; you spend your whole time in societies for the amelioration of all the evils, feminine, under the sun. You're the president of that big convention for the purpose of reforming the present system of education for girls, and I hear on all sides you're an able reformer. Didn't you 'crusade' too, till the bubble burst in a most effective manner? Now here's decidedly raw material to work on; take it up, and immortalize yourself. I'll be at all the expense, if you give the needful exercise of feminine virtues."

"Strange," she answered tartly, "that you can talk so glibly about expense, when you refused last week to get a new carpet for the parlor, though I represented to you, that it was needed on account of the number of ladies who call here, since I

became connected with those reform movements."

"Well,"—it must here be owned that confusion became visible on his hitherto open countenance, and discomfiture looked out of his suddenly arrested eye—"Well, there is a fund at my, in fact, my disposal, for such a purpose as this, that I—I can't touch for other things."

"Well, sir, apply it elsewhere. Let the education of your queer *protégé* be conducted according to the new system, but let her be taken care of somewhere else than here."

Now rose up the little street Arab. Now she came over to him, and put her hand in his. Now she looked up in his face with pathos indescribable, and said in a voice of overwhelming tragedy,

"No! no! keep me!"

"Poor little child," he answered, tenderly, "so help me God, I will!"

"Fur," and the peerless gray eyes fixed themselves on his with a look which he never forgot, "ef I go back they'll kill me, an' I'll never git no more larnin'. An' I can take care on myself; no one need bother about that there! Jest let me stay in yer yard all day, an' on the doorstep at night (I offen slep' on 'doorsteps), an' Lord, that 'll do first-rate! You kin come out sometimes, an' tell me them there letters till I learn Gabe's way uv makin' words out uv 'em, an' then I'll go away. That's all."

He was inexpressibly touched; he said nothing for a few minutes, and then he spoke tenderly, but decidedly.

"My child," he said, "from this moment, you shall be here, *as my child;* come, I will bring you to one who will at least show you how to take care of yourself."

As he left the room, he turned to the astonished Susanna.

"Sister," he said, "in your next paper on the reform, it would be well to introduce, by way of illustration of thirst for knowledge in the feminine soul, the true incident of the little street-waif, who would have 'stayed in the yard by day, and on the doorstep at night,' that I might 'come out sometimes,' to teach her her letters. A novel, but at least practical system of education, surely!"

He vanished, taking his "child" by the hand, with a certain fatherly air not to be mistaken. Eva stood up.

"I must go too," she said, softly, more to herself than her aunt; the lovely, velvet face suffused. And she followed.

He proceeded to that homely apartment, the kitchen.

"Peggy," said he, cheerily, to an ancient maiden engaged in the process of washing potatoes, "here's a poor child that needs some care, that an old man's clumsy hands cannot render. Will you give it to her?"

"An' troth it's meself that will, sir, glory be to God!" exclaimed the sweetest intonation of that most thrilling of all voices, one rising out of the depths of an Irish heart touched by misfortune of any kind, "or annythin' else yer honor 'ud ask me ather! A' thin God help us, child!" as the little girl sank on the floor, pale and speechless, "what's come over ye at all, at all?"

She raised her up, and held her in her arms, entirely devoid of the touch-me-not expression too usual under such circumstances.

"In troth, sir," she said, very gently, "*I* think it's starvin' the crachure is."

"Poor little thing!" he said, with an appalled and withal a comically helpless look, "what is to be done?"

"Oh!" cried Eva, "tell *me* something to do, Peggy. This is awful!"

"A' thin, God bless ye, honey, shure ye never saw the like before! Come here, me daisy, an' open the crachure's dhress, an' Misther Vinton, af yer honor 'ud get a dhrop o' wine, I'd soon have her as good as goold."

Eva stooped over and unfastened the ragged dress. What a sight! The worn shoulders were "black and blue;" broad welts lay across them in lurid array, and deep scars attested the tortures the childish frame had endured. Defined on the neck that should have been a soft and white and tender thing, was the mark of what must have been a red-hot iron.

"My God!" cried the old man standing horror-stricken at the sight, "from what have I rescued her!"

But the gentle Irish heart wept, saying nothing. And Eva turned away, sickened to the very soul.

"Uncle," she sobbed, "let me go and try to get her some clothes. I never knew what misery was till now."

Then the luminous gray eyes opened, smiled, closed again. They put some wine between the little lips.

"Are you hungry, dear?" asked the old man.

"*You* bet," gasped the poor, ignorant, half-dying voice; "starved!"

"Shure I knew it!" ejaculated Peggy, "it's innocent as the blatin' lamb, sir; ye are not to know it first an' foremost. Will yer honor hould the crachure, an' it's meself 'ill feed her."

He "held her"—held her to his honest, and true, and aching heart, held her as if she were the daintiest "darling" on the paradisiacal street. Then Peggy took sweet white bread of her own careful baking, and fresh fragrant milk, and fed the little starveling like a baby.

"Throth it's the best of medicine sir," she said, laying aside the bowl, which was greedily followed by the now wide-open gray eyes.

"It's jolly," said the little street Arab, "prime! never tasted nothin' like it afore. Aint had enough, though!"

"Arrah! God help ye!" said Peggy, "it's surfeit yerself ye wud! In a 'our I'll give ye yer fill. Let me wash ye now!"

"Wait a minit," turnin old man; "what was that th cornered one? I furgit!"

"A' thin glory be to Goc ravin' she is; shure the d to her head!"

"No, Peggy, I know means," and a smile of di lit up the old man's face was *zed*, dear. Now, tell thing?"

"Annythin'." It was onl but held volumes of love a tude and trust.

He touched the scar on thin neck, as he might tou sacred thing. "What is tl my child?"

A horrible look swept young face.

"Bill done it," she said, eyes lurid with hate and ve Oh! sweet, gray eyes, whi be angelic! "He cotch his stamps once, an' he w show me how it 'ud feel to b in earnest!"

"My God! Where is the reform of this progressiv burst in a torrent from the c lips. Just then Eva entere

"I have been all over th borhood, uncle," she sai tried to get some clothes for thing; there are so many you know, I thought the might spare some. But them did not see me at others were too busy to loc ones, and did not want to ones, and all wanted tc weren't we afraid of some cc disease, and the only kind o little Mrs. Mignonette, and Garlic, but Mrs. Mignon only a tiny baby, and its would not do. Both of the to come and make some, ar if you can spare the mone to go and get the material it is the very best we can d

"Oh! wondrous chari heads subscription lists, ar out regnant in reports o

meetings, where are you now?" asked the simple heart, as it silently drew out a bank-note, and handed it into the dimpled hand.

Peggy now screamed; Peggy, who had been tenderly and quietly bathing the outcast face and form.

"Och! God help me, sir! Come here, an' see wud yer own eyes!"

She was pointing to a tiny mark on the neck, made plain by washing, a pink and dainty and wonderful mark, like the print of a daisy.

"Shure, sir," and she kissed it as we kiss an image of the dead, "manny an' manny's the time in the days long gone, I kissed it on another neck. Och! och! shure me heart knows it!"

He—he stood transfixed; he stared on it in mute amazement; he knelt beside the child, and softly kissed it too.

"It—it might be," he said, like one in a dream. "Leonora she said; Eleonora—but a letter! Child, this Jake—does *he* know your father's name."

"Yes, an' he's the only one!"

"Where is he?"

"In the city jail fur ninety days."

He turned towards the door.

"Wait," she cried wildly; "are ye goin' to Jake?"

"Yes,"

"Tell him," and a poem shone out of the wondrous gray eyes, "I'm—I'm waitin' fur him to git out, an' then—I'll, I'll stay with him!" Oh! lovely gray eyes—love, constant and suffering and genuine, shone softly down in your awakened depths!

III.

He went to Jake; Jake sitting sullen and wretched in the city jail; Jake, young, and what might have once been comely, and showing evidence of having owned a better lot. Amazed at this, he stood stockstill, gazing at him awkwardly. He had expected to see a ruffian of the Bill or Gabe style.

"Well, sir," said the prisoner, defiantly.

"Excuse me," answered the bewildered old man; "there is a little girl named Nole."

Instantly the sullen face lit, the defiant manner vanished, the eager question quivered on the air.

"What of poor Nole? Good or evil?"

"Good," promptly answered the mild voice, "and I can promise you she is forever removed from such evil as that in which you saw her last. Now, tell me, do you know anything of the child's parentage, even her father's name?"

"I know all," answered the young man, "all that any friend could need to establish her in any right coming through her parents."

"I am a friend," was the simple reply; "will be a father to the poor little outcast."

"Outcast—yes!" bitterly echoed the young man, "and yet, in what has been hell to me, her presence was like the rustle of an angel's wing. Sir, that child was a miracle amongst those people; she was not of them, and nothing could have made her like them! For me, I am lost, past redemption—she can yet be saved!"

"Your first assumption I deny, sir; you are *not* lost; redemption is always within the grasp of him who does not cast it deliberately beneath his feet. Now, the child's name."

"Her father was Guiseppe Avilo, once the courted of the fair and gay." The old man's hands had screened his face from view. "Her mother, Eleanora Esling, a lady and an heiress. Here."

He took from his ragged pocket a package of papers.

"I have carried these for years," he said; "they were intrusted to me by the mother when dying, in the hope that some day they might be of service to the child. You may look over them, sir, and in a proper time and place I will give you legal possession of them for her benefit."

The old man looked at them, then up to heaven, then turned away, evidently overpowered by some strong emotion.

"Sir," said the prisoner, "this child's mother married a man whom her family contemned, because he was poor. He was weak in mind and body, and when they cast her off, and refused her any share of her fortune, he was not fit to face the world with her and for her. He might have become a respectable member of society with competence; in poverty he fell by degrees, till his place became the lowest."

"Miserable theory!" exclaimed the old man, bitterly, "and you?"

"*I!* Oh! I might have been one of your 'steady young men,' sir, but for the injustice of the world, which branded me with a crime I did not commit, and made me a felon for a term of a year and a day! I retaliated by becoming one truly. I," he sighed a weary, wistful sigh, "I might have attained something better for little Nole's sake; but, sir, if she is going to be 'respectable,' I must bid her farewell. Take her from me, and from evil; let her forget me."

(To be concluded.)

TO WHITTIER.

"The menace of danger now seems to come from the professed Church of Christ. At this moment the peace of all Europe is threatened by the secret plots and monstrous pretensions of ecclesiasticism," etc., etc. —JOHN G. WHITTIER.

O, POET, thou hadst better died
  Without a laurel on thy brow—
Perished e'en ere thy sacred tide
  Of song had freshened man below—
Perished before thy doubt and pride
The holy cause of Truth belied.

We *might* have spared those golden lays—
  So sweet, so pure, to nature true,—
Like echoes of those happier days
  In Eden "when the world was new,"
We now *must* hear the voice that says,
"The serpent's trail is on his lays.

"Your poet takes the bigot's side;
  The rift has grown within his lute.
  'Twere better far that he were mute,
'Twere better all his songs should die,
Than he God's Church and Truth belie!"

O, poet, thou whose mind and heart
  Are full of fervent wine, God-given,
Pour forth one drop. Redeem thy part,
  For thou hast slandered heaven.

THE HISTORY OF GALILEO.

II.

We have seen how Galileo had been drawn away by the attacks of his opponents from the scientific question of the Copernican system of the universe to the perilous ground of the interpretation of Scripture. The bold and dangerous principles on this subject which he had been led by his impetuous character to put forward in his hasty letter to Fr. Castelli had given a handle to his adversaries of which they had not been slow to avail themselves, and the consequence was his denunciation before the Congregation of the Index by Fr. Lorini. Every opportunity, however, was still afforded him of extricating himself from the false position into which he had been thrown, and Galileo had himself to complain of the tardiness of the sacred tribunal in prosecuting the charge against him. He was recommended by the Cardinals del Monte, Borghese, Orsini, and by other members of the Sacred Congregation, to abstain from the expression of any angry or embittered feelings; and he was assured that his honesty and sincerity of purpose were fully recognized. He was told that he was at liberty to hold his opinions, but that he should avoid urging their adoption upon others. Cardinal Bellarmine, with whom Mgr. Dini had spoken at the request of Galileo, gave it as his opinion that there was no question of forbidding the doctrine of Copernicus; but recommended Galileo, if he had occasion to speak of it, to advance it only as a theory, to avoid altogether the ground of Scripture, and to leave the interpretation of the latter to approved doctors of theology. Galileo's headstrong character, however, would not allow him to keep silence. Against the advice of his friends, and instead of employing himself, as they recommended him, in strengthening his position by further scientific proofs, he was bent on coming to Rome, and dissipating by his presence the prejudices and calumnies which his enemies had raised against him. He increased his difficulties by the letter which he addressed to Christina, Grand Duchess of Tuscany, grandmother to the reigning duke, and in which he labored to justify his principles of the explanation of Scripture. A good Catholic at heart, Galileo was carried away by the heat of dispute, and, unconsciously to himself, to the enunciation of principles which lead logically to rationalism and a denial of the authority of the Church. "In the discussion of questions of natural philosophy, it seems to me," he says, "that we must not take as our starting-point the authority of the text of Scripture, but the experience of the senses, and demonstrative proofs. Both Holy Scripture and Nature proceed alike from the Divine Word; the one dictated by the Holy Spirit, the other executing with obedience the works of God. And as the Holy Scriptures contain, in order to accommodate themselves to the understandings of the generality, many things which apparently and in their strict meaning are at variance with absolute truth, whilst, on the contrary, nature, inexorable and immovable in its character, never oversteps the laws which are imposed upon it, and does not trouble itself to inquire whether its reasons and modes of action are on a level with the comprehension of man, it seems to me that whatever the effects of nature or the experience of the senses exhibit to our sight, or whatever demonstra-

tion necessarily proves, can never be called in question, and much less condemned, on the ground of passages of Scripture which would seem in their literal sense to contradict it. For every word of Scripture is not fettered by such strict obligations as is every effect in nature; and God reveals himself with no less excellence by natural effects than by the sacred language of Scripture."* In another passage he begs the Church to give her decision, but only after a careful examination and consideration of the reasons which can be alleged on either side. He declares that the Sovereign Pontiff has absolute power to approve or condemn even propositions which do not strictly relate to matters of faith, but that there are some which it is beyond the power of any human creature to make either true or false.

Here we see not only falsity of opinion, but also that self-contradiction which, in his desire to reconcile his loyalty as a good Catholic with his determination to enforce his own interpretation of Scripture, it was impossible for Galileo to avoid. In a question between a physical theory of science and the text of Holy Scripture, Scripture is to give way. The Church, the Interpreter of Holy Scripture, is to yield to the philosophers who interpret nature. A scientific theory, which may to-morrow be allowed by scientific men themselves to be false, is to take the precedence of the infallible judgment of the Church. Such is the principle inculcated by Galileo; and what is this but to declare science to be independent of faith, and not only to destroy all connection between the natural and the supernatural, but to make the supernatural subordinate to the natural, and reason superior to faith? And yet, though the experiments and the reasoning of scientific men are to overrule the judgment of the Church, the Holy Father, as the organ of the Church, is asked to give his absolute decision upon the question in debate, though only after he has heard the reasons on both sides. Such is the incoherence and contradiction into which Galileo is betrayed by his unfortunate attempt to support his scientific conclusions by his arbitrary explanation of Holy Scripture.

The proceedings instituted against him had, in the meantime, been going on, though tardily. The denunciation had been made by Fr. Lorini on February 5th, 1615. On the 26th of the same month the secretary of the Congregation wrote, at the order of Cardinal Mellini, to the Archbishop of Pisa and the inquisitor of that city to procure the original copy of Galileo's letter to Fr. Castelli. Fr. Caccini, the Dominican, who had attacked Galileo from the pulpit in Florence, and was now in Rome, was, on the 20th of March, interrogated juridically, by order of the Pope, before the Commissary-General of the Inquisition, concerning the errors of Galileo. His deposition was sent the following month to Florence, with orders to interrogate several persons named by Fr. Caccini, and amongst others the Dominican, Fr. Ximenes. It was not until the following November that Fr. Ximenes appeared before the Inquisitor, and declared the opinion regarding the movement of the earth to be diametrically opposed to sound theology and philosophy. He also deposed to having heard from Galileo's scholars several false opinions regarding the nature of God.* It was evident that there was no hurry to press matters against Galileo,—so little so that even Galileo himself complained of the delay: and everything leads to the belief that, could he only have been induced to keep silence, he would not have been disturbed. But he was bent on coming to Rome, though he could hardly have appeared there under more unfavorable circumstances, the position which he

* Panchaud, Life of Galileo, p. 113.

* MS. of the Process, fo. 371.

had assumed in his letter to the Grand Duchess Christina, by entering upon the discussion of the most delicate theological questions, having raised up against him, in addition to his former peripatetic opponents, fresh adversaries in those whose apprehensions had been awakened by his bold and unauthorized interpretation of Holy Scripture. Yet he was treated with much consideration in Rome, and he was able to write from thence, in January, 1616, to the secretary of the Grand Duke of Tuscany, with much satisfaction at having had the opportunity of stating before the most distinguished assemblies the proofs of the new system of the universe, and of having dissipated the calumnies which had been raised against him. He would not, however, learn prudence. "He is carried away by his own opinions," wrote Guichardini, ambassador to the Grand Duke of Tuscany; "he is of a most impetuous character, and he will not master it."* One day when Cardinal Orsini was speaking with the Pope in favor of Galileo, Paul V replied to him that he would do well to persuade his friend to abandon his opinion; and, on Orsini insisting, the Sovereign Pontiff cut short the interview by saying that the matter had been put into the hands of the Cardinals of the Holy Office. When Cardinal Orsini had retired, the Pope called for Cardinal Bellarmine, and they both agreed that the opinion entertained by Galileo was erroneous and heretical.† The new theory of the system of the world was as yet so imperfectly established, that it could form no ground for admitting a new interpretation of Scripture; and Galileo's mode of endeavoring to establish this new interpretation, besides setting him in contradiction to the received teaching of the Fathers, went to destroy the authority of the Church.

On the 19th of February, a copy of the propositions, the censure of which was demanded, was sent to all the fathers and theologians of the Congregation. On the following day, February 25th, Cardinal Mellini notified to the assessor and commissary of the Holy Office the censure passed by the theologians on the propositions of Galileo, and the Pope ordered Cardinal Bellarmine to summon Galileo, and inform him that he must abandon his opinion. If he refused to obey, the commissary of the sacred office was, in presence of a notary and witnesses, to intimate to him the order to abstain altogether from teaching or maintaining this opinion or even having anything to do with it, and that if he did not comply with this order, he was to be put in prison. The order was communicated to Galileo, and he promised to obey. We shall have occasion to see hereafter how he kept his promise. On the 5th of March a decree was published, in which the reading of five separate works was forbidden. Amongst these none of Galileo's numerous works appear. It concludes, however, with the following paragraph, which was a sufficient intimation to Galileo:

"Since it has come to the knowledge of the said Congregation that this false doctrine of Pythagoras, altogether contrary to Holy Scripture, on the movement of the earth and the immovability of the sun, taught by Copernicus in his work on the *Revolutions of the Heavenly Bodies*, and by Diego de Zunica in his work on Job, is already widely spread and has been adopted by many persons, as may be seen in a letter by a Carmelite father, entitled 'A Letter of the Rev. Fr. Foscarini, Carmelite, on the opinions of the Pythagoreans and Copernicus, touching the movement of the earth and the stability of the sun, and the new Pythagorean system of the world,' printed at Naples in 1615, in which the said father endeavors to show that the said doctrine is in accordance with the truth and not opposed to Scripture, the Congregation, in order that

* Opere di Galileo, vol. vi, p. 228. † Ibid.

this opinion may not spread further, to the detriment of Catholic truth, has determined to suspend the two works of Copernicus and Diego de Zunica until they be corrected, to prohibit entirely and condemn the book of Fr. Foscarini, and to prohibit also all other books teaching the same doctrine, as by the present decree it prohibits, condemns, and suspends all and each."

Neither the name of Galileo nor the title of any of his works is mentioned in the decree; he is comprehended only in the general condemnation. He was not required to retract, and no penalty was imposed upon him. He received a note from Cardinal Bellarmine to contradict the malevolent reports raised on this point concerning him. The opinion which Galileo himself formed of the effect of the prohibition he expresses as follows: "The result of the matter," he writes in a letter on the 6th of March, "proves that my opinion has not been received by the Church. It has only declared that the opinion is not in conformity with Holy Scripture, and consequently such books alone as would prove that this opinion is not opposed to Scripture are prohibited."* The view taken by Galileo is borne out by a "Monitum" of the Congregation of the Index, which in 1620 permitted the reading of the works of Copernicus, provided certain corrections were made. The reason why these works had been condemned was, according to the Congregation, because Copernicus, instead of speaking hypothetically, had presented his theory of the movement of the earth as certainly true (*verissima*), whereas it is repugnant to the text of Holy Scripture and its true and Catholic interpretation. Such passages, then, are to be corrected as affirm the movement of the earth otherwise than as an hypothesis; and with these corrections the works may be read on account of the many valuable things they contain. But the hypothesis is false, according to the Congregation, and contrary to Holy Scripture.

What is the value, then, of the decree of March 5th, and did the Congregation act right in coming to such a decision? The Abbé Bouix, in his valuable work on Galileo,* shows that the decree is merely disciplinary in its effect. The Congregation of the Index, as he tells us, is a high ecclesiastical tribunal, charged by the Sovereign Pontiff with the office of indicating works the reading of which would be dangerous to the faithful. Catholics are bound to act conformably to its decisions, but not necessarily to submit their will and judgment to the expressions used regarding the condemned books. It is an executive commission which they must obey, since such is the will of the Sovereign Pontiff; but its doctrinal authority, though claiming the highest reverence, is not absolute. The Head of the Church can delegate to it a portion of his supreme jurisdiction, but cannot communicate to it his infallibility, which is incommunicable. No mention is made, and there appears no evidence, in the decree of 1616, of the approbation of the Sovereign Pontiff, and no brief is adduced in confirmation of it. Did the Congregation do right in coming to such a decision? In pronouncing this astronomical theory false, it was mistaken; as also in declaring it to be contrary to Scripture when it is not so. But the state of science at the time did not allow of the admission of the new theory of the movement of the earth, especially as it appeared before the tribunal not as a scientific doctrine, but as a doctrine at variance with the traditional sense of Holy Scripture. It was on this account condemned in the seventeenth century by a tribunal which now, in the nineteenth century, would undoubtedly approve of it, and yet without

* Opere di Galileo, vol. vi, p. 231.

* La Condemnation de Galileo. Par M. l'Abbe Bouix.

modifying the principles on which it acted. The decree of 1616 was a measure of prudence; it was in order to prevent any injury to Catholic truth; "*ne in perniciem Catholicæ veritatis serpat.*" This was the determining motive; and in this respect the difference between the expression of censure by the consultors and that of the decree of the Congregation is worthy of remark. The consultors declare the opinion to be senseless, absurd, and heretical; whereas the Congregration confines itself to declaring the doctrine to be false and contrary to Scripture. We may remark also the difference between the two parts of the censure of the consultors. The first opinion is condemned unreservedly; the second, which denied the immobility of the earth, is simply declared erroneous. According to Galileo, the sun is without any local movement whatever; whereas the contrary is now established. The doctrine of the movement of the earth was far from being scientifically established at this time. How, then, can an ecclesiastical tribunal be fairly blamed for not immediately adopting a theory which was scientifically established only at a later period, and refusing, on the ground of such a theory, to modify an interpretation of Scripture which had been adopted for centuries?

The character, moreover, of the times was such as to call for the adoption of every precaution and safeguard against the spread of principles which bore but too close a resemblance to those of Protestantism. And such was the character and temperament of Galileo that it was necessary to put a check upon his impetuosity and imprudence; it would be easier for him to keep silence altogether on the subject of his theory than to advance it only on the ground of pure hypothesis. The result shows that this was the case, and justifies the prudence of Paul V in the prohibition placed upon him.

As regards even the scientific proofs on which the doctrine of Copernicus was established at this period, they were far from giving it that amount of probability which it has gained from subsequent astronomical discoveries. Even at present, as has lately been shown, the theory fails to explain many phenomena. Amongst scientific men of the time it met with strong opposition. Tycho Brahè, though he rejected in part the system of Ptolemy, was not prepared to adopt that of Copernicus. Vietus, to whom we owe the existence of algebra, maintained in his *Harmonium Cœleste* that the system of Copernicus was based on false geometry. Copernicus was, indeed, mistaken in giving the planets a circular instead of an elliptic orbit. Galileo himself had spoken originally with great contempt of the doctrines which he now advocated so warmly. There existed, in fact, scientific objections against the truth of the new theory, to which later discoveries alone, with the aid of the greater perfection of astronomical instruments, have supplied a satisfactory solution. We may add that some of the arguments brought forward by Galileo himself were not perfectly sound, and some have been declared by men of science to be simply absurd. Hence, as M. Biot remarks, if Galileo himself has made use of reasons both bad and good, there may be some excuse for the theologians of the Holy Office if they could not distinguish the good from the bad. When such was the state of science, and when the character of the times was such as to call in a special manner for prudence, it is not surprising that the Sacred Congregation should have condemned a doctrine which came before them, not as a question of science, but as a question of the interpretation of Scripture.

Galileo himself was still treated with great consideration. Before leaving Rome, a few days after the

publication of the decree, he was admitted to an audience with the Pope, which he described himself as being most kind—"*benignissima udienza.*" The interview lasted for three-quarters of an hour. Galileo explained the motives which had led him to come to Rome, and spoke of the enmity and calumnies of which he was the object. Paul V replied that he was fully convinced of his right intentions and sincerity of purpose; and on Galileo expressing some anxiety lest he might be still exposed to the ill-will of his enemies, the Pope desired him to set his mind at rest on this point, for that both he himself and all the cardinals of the Congregation of the Index had formed such an opinion of him as would prevent their giving credence lightly to any calumnies against him. "As long as I am alive," added the Pope, "you may rest in security;" and he repeated several times to him before he left that he would be ready on all occasions to give him proofs of his protection.*

Thus things remained for many years; from 1616 to 1632 no new measures were taken against Galileo. In the retirement of his villa at Bellosguardo, near Florence, he wrote and published several works, and was honored and esteemed at Rome. Stolliota, a physician, and at the same time a philosopher and mathematician, of Naples, wrote to him in 1616 recommending him a course of action, which, whilst it respected the decision of the Congregation, suggested a means of bringing about a reconsideration of the decree. "It is for professors of science," he says, "to expose the calumnies of sophists. The design of superiors is right and holy; but, as the decree of 1616 was passed without a hearing of both parties, the matter should be revised; a memorial should be presented by the professors of mathematics of other countries. Call the attention of those who are intrusted with the care of the world to the fact that those who would create discord between science and religion are no friends to either." Amongst the most considerate of Galileo's opponents was the Jesuit Father Grassi, who in his book entitled *Libra Astronomica*, though written in opposition to his doctrines, treated him with remarkable moderation. Galileo made choice of Rome, as being the place where he experienced most esteem and affection, for the publication of his reply to Father Grassi —the *Saggiatore*. It appeared under the form of a letter to Mgr. Cesarini, Maestro di Camera to Pope Urban VIII, and was dedicated by the Academy of the Lyncei, who undertook to print it, to the Pope himself. The permission to print it, of the date of Feb. 2d, 1623, contains the following laudatory expressions: "I have read by order of the Master of the Sacred Palace the work entitled *Saggiatore*, and besides finding nothing contrary to morals or at variance with the supernatural truths of faith, I have observed so many striking reflections on natural philosophy, that I think our age may be proud of possessing one who is not only the inheritor of the labors of his predecessors, but the discoverer of many secrets of nature which were hidden to them, as is proved by the ingenious and learned theories of the author, of whom I am happy in being a contemporary."* It must have been gratifying to Galileo to receive from Father Riccardi so striking a reparation for the conduct of the two religious of his order, Fathers Caccini and Lorini. His joy would have been no less in seeing in the chair of St. Peter in 1623 his old friend and admirer, under the name of Urban VIII, who, as Cardinal Maffei Barberini, had even celebrated his discoveries in verse. Another friend, Mgr. Ciampoli, had been appointed Secretary of Briefs to Urban VIII. He often spoke of Galileo in

* Opere di Galileo, vol. vi, p. 236.

* Opere di Galileo, vol. ix, p. 26.

terms of high praise to the Pope, who always listened with marked interest and good will.

Galileo was resolved on turning to account the favorable dispositions with which he was regarded. He had formed the project of coming to Rome on hearing of the nomination of Urban VIII, and wrote to Prince Cesi, "I am meditating a plan of some importance to the republic of letters." This was evidently to procure a reversal of the decree of March 5th, 1616. The prince encouraged him in his idea of coming to Rome, and his friends were unanimous in wishing for his presence. He was informed on the part of Cardinal Barberini, in reply to his inquiries as to whether his visit would be agreeable to the Pope, that Urban VIII would always be glad to see him. "I shall have great pleasure in seeing him," were the words of the Pope which were conveyed to him, "provided his health do not suffer from the journey—for great men such as he ought to take care of themselves, in order to live as long a time as they can." Urban VIII was careful to inform himself regarding the recent works of Galileo, and would have the *Saggiatore* read to him at table, and was greatly pleased with it. In the learned world there was but one opinion regarding it. Everything appeared to favor the plan of Galileo. He accordingly decided on coming to Rome, and arrived there in the month of April, 1624. He wrote from thence with great joy to his friend Prince Cesi, and spoke of his distinguished reception by his Holiness, with whom he had had as many as six interviews. Urban VIII at the same time addressed a brief to the Grand Duke of Tuscany, Ferdinand II, which contained the most flattering praises of Galileo. The Pope spoke of his labors and astronomical discoveries, and said, "We have found in him not only great literary distinction, but also a love of religion and all the qualities which can merit our pontifical favor." The Cardinal Hohenzoller promised Galileo that he would speak to the Pope in favor of his project before leaving for Germany. This he accordingly did; and on his representing to the Pope the necessity of proceeding with circumspection regarding the opinion of Copernicus, and that if it were true, it could not be condemned, the Holy Father replied that "the Church had not condemned and never would condemn the opinion as heretical, but only as rash." The Master of the Palace remained neuter between the opinions of Ptolemy and Copernicus, and declared that it was not a point of faith, and that it should not be mixed up with the question of Holy Scripture. Galileo's position was thus most favorable; and though the Congregation of the Index maintained its decree in force, many persons appeared to incline to favor the theory of the movement of the earth. Father Grassi had said, in conversation with Guiducci, "As soon as the movement of the earth is demonstrated, it will be advisable to interpret Scripture differently from the received interpretation; such is the opinion of Cardinal Bellarmine."

ALBAN BURNS'S SACRIFICE.

I.

A ROSE IN JUNE.

"A face that's best
By its own beauty drest."—*Crashaw.*

THE breeze from the Schuylkill scatters far and wide the scent of June roses and honeysuckle, and Mrs. Earle Vincent's favorite heliotrope extract becomes decidedly sickly in the presence of this exquisite bouquet of the golden month.

The sun is low, and the clouds that show behind the green tracery of trees on the opposite bank are lit with carmine fire. No sound breaks that stillness which always seems to be the precursor of twilight, except an occasional shout from some boatman on the river, or the monotonous click of croquet balls on the shore.

Mrs. Earle Vincent's garden party is in full blast, which means that three dozen people, more or less, are grouped on her well-kept lawn laboriously doing nothing; and croquet-playing cannot be called doing anything. Mrs. Earle Vincent is a widow, fair, forty, and with a talent for generalship; moreover, she can afford to be exclusive, for, though wealthy, she is not a *parvenu*. Has not Watson, in his *Annals*, written the name of her great-grandmother among the fair guests at the tournament given by General Howe's officers nearly one hundred years ago? A doubtful honor; some outside barbarians — mostly New Yorkers—sneer at this claim to distinction, but all true Philadelphians revere it in their hearts; consequently Mrs. Vincent's garden-parties are "the rage." Her tact in securing "good" people is remarkable. There are few officers of any note in the army who have not, at some time or other, attended her parties; literary men and artists from all parts of the world, "caught on the wing," are plentiful, senators, common, and congressmen, unless exceptionably eminent, are never invited.

"We *must* draw the line somewhere, you know," says Mrs. Vincent, sinking into a rustic seat beside her intimate friend, Mrs. Bolton, and fanning herself violently.

Mrs. Bolton is a tall, slim woman, with short, gray curls, who looks as if she ought to be an old maid, but has missed her vocation.

"Well, my dear," returns Mrs. Bolton, in an acidulated tone, "in drawing your line, you should be careful to exclude clerks and people like that young Burns, you know—very good in *their* way, no doubt, but not *quite*, you know."

"My love," Mrs. Vincent answers, with dangerous sweetness, "we cannot establish an American aristocracy based on birth or occupation. It would, as Saxe says, be always 'a thing for laughter, sneers, and jeers.' Everybody knows who our fathers were."

Mrs. Bolton's father was a butcher before he secured a "war" contract, and she reddens—not, alas! on account of the contract.

"I like noted people and talented people, and these will always come to the top, no matter who their fathers were," continues Mrs. Vincent. "There are very few Americans who can boast of their ancestors.

"'Their family thread they can't ascend,
Without good reason to apprehend,
They may find it wasted at the farther end
By some plebeian vocation;
Or, worse than that, their boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine,
That plagued some worthy relation.'"

Mrs. Vincent delicately omits the poet's second person, in order that her friend may not consider the application of the lines personal. Mrs.

Bolton looks angry; but protected by the halo thrown around her by *Watson's Annals*, Mrs. Vincent smiles complacently.

"But this young Burns has nothing to recommend him that I can see."

"He has good morals, a clear head, and a true heart, I believe—qualities sometimes not discovered at the first glance; besides he is engaged to Rose."

"Engaged to your niece!" exclaims Mrs. Bolton, casting an alarmed glance towards her son Paul, who is absorbed in conversation with the said Rose. "How *could* you?"

"*I* couldn't—that is, I had nothing to do with it. Her father arranged it before he died, and left her to me. I can't break off the affair by force, for Rose Vincent, *comme moi qui vous parle*, has a will of her own; therefore, like Micawber, I wait for something to turn up."

"Paul ought to be informed of this."

"Oh! let Paul alone. He may waste some of his sweetness on the desert air, but he can take care of himself."

He certainly looked as if he could. He was tall and stalwart, and his manner of wielding even the delicate mallet told of well-trained muscles. His face was handsome, though flushed—not with health, or the heat, a keen observer would say—but with too much wine. Though not yet twenty-seven, Paul Bolton had "seen life"—which means in the life of dead souls—in all the principal cities of Europe, and had come home to increase the remnant of his fortune by taking a wife.

"Rather fast," mammas whispered.

"But, oh, *so distingué!*" cried the daughters.

Paul Bolton was a favorite in society. His manners were perfect, his dress was faultless. But some, with whom manners and dress carried little weight, felt intuitively that there was a dark, deep current beneath this surface-flow of glitter and brilliance.

Just now he is twirling his mustache, and talking nonsense to Rose Vincent during a pause in the game. Rose Vincent, in his estimation, is merely an unusually pretty girl, with no mind to speak of—a girl, who will swallow an inordinate amount of sugared nonsense, and take it for truth; a girl, who may be married for her money.

"Ah, Miss Vincent," he says, with a confidential air, "can life hold in store for us anything sweeter than a day like this?"

"Life would be very dreary, if it could not," answers Rose, throwing a significant smile over at her "enemy" in croquet, Miss O'Neil. "An idle day is a lost day."

"And can you call this idleness, when all the best feelings of our nature are awakened by the supreme loveliness of earth, of sky, of air?" He speaks with an affectation of intense enthusiasm. "When every sense is engaged in absorbing the sweetness with which each moment is crowded to repletion? Oh, Miss Vincent!—without *you* this scene"—he pauses abruptly, and turns away as if his feelings were incapable of expression.

Rose shades her face with her fan, and the dimples in her cheeks come and go. She is silent, with the amiable intention of letting the man make a fool of himself, if he will; but she is too womanly to be an utter coquette, and her conscience reproaches her.

"It is your turn, Mr. Bolton."

Paul Bolton takes his turn, and then rejoins her.

"There's poetry in the air, Miss Vincent," he resumes, in a respectfully sentimental manner.

"My aunt appears to be quoting something very emphatically to your mother."

"'For she and the clouds and the breezes are one,
And the hills and the sea have conspired with the sun
To charm and bewilder all men with the grace
They combine and confer on her wonderful face.'"

Can any woman be deaf to such a delicately flavored compliment? he thinks.

"Ah, yes, that is rather pretty," responds Rose, contemplatively. "And it suits Miss O'Neil exactly. Do you know," with that artlessness which is the perfection of art, "I like to hear a gentleman compliment one lady in the presence of another. Direct compliments are often worthless, and always in bad taste."

Paul Bolton feels that he is checkmated—and by a mere girl. He is piqued; consequently, he makes a hasty move.

"I scarcely know your friend, Miss O'Neil. I mean you, and you know it. Rose Vincent, I love you!"

He leaves her, and quickly walks across the ground to the farther end.

Rose's face flushes, and her blue eyes flash. She watches him for an instant, and then dropping her mallet, she rushes into the house.

"Oh, what have I done to deserve this?" she cries, safely locked in her own room. "Have I been forward or unmaidenly? Have I given that hateful man any reason? Oh, what will Alban say? I have been insulted! Oh, dear! *dear!*" Here comes a fresh burst of tears. "After all, I believe, I'm a flirt—a silly, frivolous flirt, whom I despise."

Having exhausted her breath in incoherence, Rose subsides into what is technically called "a good cry," and feels refreshed. Perhaps the sight of Alban Burns coming quickly up the walk helps to produce this effect. He pauses near Mrs. Vincent, bows to Mrs. Bolton, and, after a few words, offers the former his arm.

Alban Burns seems unusually silent and thoughtful. The accustomed look of earnestness on his face has given way to one of deep sadness. Mrs. Vincent scans him with curious interest. She cannot help respecting the firmness and strength of will which seem to underlie his calm, brown eyes. She does not like her niece's lover; he is not handsome; he has neither *l'air grand* nor *le grand air;* he is an uncompromising Catholic—as it ought to be—and at times he has told her some stern truths.

"You are going to hell," he said, gravely, once when she wanted to take Rose to hear a *risqué* opéra bouffe. "I cannot prevent you from going, but Rose shall not go."

And Rose did not go to the opera that night. Mrs. Vincent never forgave him for this; she could forgive anything except being made uncomfortable, and he had caused her to feel uncomfortable.

"Well, my dear boy," says Mrs. Vincent, with a sprightly air that she much affected, "what is your pleasure?"

They have entered the cool, dark parlor. Before he answers, Mrs. Vincent notices that he wears a plain, gray business-suit, and that he carries a portmanteau.

"I want to make an explanation," he answers. "If the matter were not urgent, I would not have intruded on your festivity of to-day. You have heard that the firm of Arlyn & Co. has failed?"

"No!"

"It is true. The crash occurred last week."

"And your prospects?"

"I have none." His eyes and lips are firm, but the involuntary gesture he makes is more pathetic than words. "In two more months I was to be a partner, but this crash has even overthrown the ladder that led to that—my clerkship."

There is a pause.

"Of course you will release Rose from her engagement."

"If she wishes it—but that is impossible. Poverty with me will have no terror for Rose," he answers, proudly. "I am not selfish, Mrs. Vincent. I will not ask her to sacri-

fice the brightest portion of her life, in order to keep her plight to me. Even if she were rich"—

"She is not, nor am I; yet all that she will have must come from me."

"Yes, I will release her. To my mother I owe a duty which I must perform, and for her sake and for Rose's sake, I must give up the one hope that has brightened my life. O God, 'Thy will be done.'"

All of a sudden his assumed stoicism has given way, and Mrs. Vincent experiences an involuntary pang of sympathy. Instantly, however, he resumes his quiet, grave manner.

"Can I see her, and tell her this?"

"You had better not," Mrs. Vincent replies, seeing at once the advantage of her position. "Rose is so warm-hearted and uncalculating that she would scorn the idea of your poverty making any difference."

"You are right," he returns, gravely. "We should have a scene which would unnerve Rose, and probably weaken my resolution. My heart might prove stronger than my will."

"Write a note. Make no explanation. I will do the rest," said Mrs. Vincent aloud, and then within herself, "This man is a hero. He can bear the pain in store for him."

Alban Burns unsuspectingly falls into her trap.

"Yes," he answers; "I will write. If she love me truly, she will trust, and while accepting the freedom I give her, still love and wait. But that is a delusive hope"—

"*Justement*," murmurs Mrs. Vincent.

"I will do my duty to my mother and her, and leave the rest to God," he says, half aloud.

He walked to the piano, tears a leaf from his note-book, and writes:

"I do not ask you to keep your promise, Rose; I release you from it. Mrs. Vincent will explain all.

"ALBAN BURNS."

This he gives to Mrs. Vincent. As he does so, he sees on the piano-cover a dainty pair of gloves and a half-withered rose. He knows that *she* has left them there.

"Rose is *so* careless," Mrs. Vincent observes.

He takes the rose, and, though usually undemonstrative, presses it to his lips.

"This is all that is left," he says, giving his hand to Mrs. Vincent, "Good-bye."

"*Au revoir*," she responds, gaily; "don't think too much of Rose. She is only a giddy young girl, after all."

"She was everything good to me."

And he goes slowly through the garden, unconscious that Rose is watching from her window, and trying to take the tear-stains from her eyes in time to meet him.

Later: the moon has risen. On his way to the railroad station Alban Burns has been thinking; now that he has given up Rose, a hundred reasons for not doing it present themselves to his mind.

"It is true that I could not drag her into poverty—I, without occupation, with small hope of any—and burdened with my father's debt; but I have been too hasty, and I have trusted Mrs. Vincent too implicitly. I will return, and speak my last words to Rose."

Mrs. Vincent's lawn is deserted, but music of instrument and voice flows out through the lighted windows.

The Schuylkill ripples and murmurs in the moonlight, as it probably did on the same night a hundred years ago, beneath the keel of some Indian's canoe. The tree-leaves whisper soft words to one another and the wind; and Rose Vincent, white, tearless, sorrow-stricken, watches the leaves and the water.

"Gone! gone!" she murmurs, "without reason, without giving me a chance to explain anything that may

have offended him; gone, and without a word except this miserable scrawl."

There is a dark figure approaching. Hope whispers to her: "It may be he returning;" but another voice also whispers—

"Miss Vincent!—Rose!"

It is Paul Bolton's voice.

"Rose," he continues, ardently, "Rose, to-day I told you that I loved you; to-night I ask you to be my wife."

Alban Burns pauses in the gloom cast by a huge sycamore. In that moment of suspense the agony of years is crowded. He waits for Rose's words.

The futures of two men hang on the breath of a girl!

Now is her time for revenge. Her guardian angel must have veiled his face when she placed her hand in that of Paul Bolton, and murmured "Yes."

II.

A ROSE IN SEPTEMBER.

"Alas! that we dream, and wake
To find the vision dead and dumb."
—Miss Donnelly.

A DINGY, brick house in a quarter of the city with which the street contractors never meddle, in deference possibly to the wishes of the swarms of children that delight in mud-pies; a clean little room at the very top of this house, under the loft, with a spotless shrine of the Blessed Mother in one corner, a bed in another, a bright piece of carpet in the centre of the floor, three chairs, several sparkling cooking utensils, and a wonderful mixture of wire and colored scraps of silk on a table.

Voila, mes amis, the home of Marie and Annette Deschapelles, flower-makers to the great public!

Marie lies on the white bed, and the pillow is not whiter than her face. Her eyelids rest on her cheeks. A lily, half-made, has dropped from her nerveless fingers, which now clasp the beads of her rosary.

Annette sits near the table, her deft fingers busy among a spray of orange-blossoms which need only perfume to deceive a bee.

Annette's cheeks have the hue of rich damask roses, which they took from the pure air of her native Brittany, and of which the air of a foreign land has not yet robbed them. Her brown hair is hidden under a marvellously plaited cap—a cap that gives an air of demureness to the arch black eyes and smiling mouth. She hums a plaintive Briton ballad, and hopes that it may send her sister to sleep. But it does not produce that effect. Marie opens her eyes.

"You are making orange-blossoms, Annette? Orange-blossoms for a bride?" she asks, in a low tremulous voice.

"Yes, *ma sœur*. Are they not of a beauty most striking?"

"Oh, they are well enough—the dear flowers, but they will fade in a day—in a day I know, for I have worn them."

"*Petite bergere, je t'aime, je t'aime!*" sings Annette, breaking into a gay chanson all about "*l'amour*," "*clair de la lune*," and "*le rossignol*." Her sister is not diverted, however.

"Annette, your songs are vain. There is sorrow in the world, child, and hymns would better befit your lips. But go, sing on until your heart breaks as mine has broken. Who is this poor bride?"

"Poor, *ma sœur!* Why, she is rich, and of a beauty most ravishing."

"Riches and beauty are not happiness. You have seen her, have you not?"

"Oh, yes. Madame Relvert, her modiste, sent her here yesterday when you were asleep, and I am to take these out to her this afternoon."

"And when is the wedding?"

"Next week."

"Have you seen the bridegroom?"

"No." Annette smiles, showing

a pearly row of teeth. "You are better, my sister, for you desire to talk."

"A woman would gossip on her death-bed, and so would a man for that matter," responds Marie, bitterly. "I know not why this marriage interests me. I pity all brides who love and hope, for I, too, have loved and trusted."

Marie's tone goes to her sister's heart.

"Have you seen the bouquet Monsieur Alban brought for you this morning? See! it is on the altar of our Lady."

"I see, dahlias and flowers of autumn. That is well. For me the spring is past. Annette, you must not think of this Monsieur Alban."

"Think of Monsieur Alban!" cries Annette, a rosy glow mounting to the edge of her cap. "Why should I think of Monsieur Alban?"

"Why should maidens ever be foolish? Monsieur Alban thinks not of you. His heart is in the past. The other day when you had to go away with flowers, Madame, his mother, came in from her room below, to make me some tisane. We talked of her son, and, after a time, she told me that he had loved a young lady, good and beautiful, that misfortune had come, and swept away his means of subsistence; that his father had died leaving a debt which Monsieur Alban had promised to pay, and so, rather than allow her to share his poverty, or curtail his mother's means of living for the sake of his own happiness, he released her from her promise."

"And did she accept this release?"

"Yes."

"Then she was no true woman!"

"You are excited, Annette. I think that the girl was true enough, but she was very proud, and, instead of speaking to her himself, Monsieur Alban wrote. He gave her husks and not food. Words on paper, not words warm from his heart."

"*You* are excited, Marie."

"It may be so. The young lady, however, has now another lover, and Monsieur Alban is sad. Oh, this is a sorrowful world! I wish I were in heaven!"

"I wish I were at home in Brittany, then I should feel as if I were on the road to heaven; it seems hard to feel that way in a strange land."

"Why did I ever come here in search of *him*. He will hate me if he ever meets me."

"Do not think of *him*, *chère sœur*," says Annette, with an alarmed look on her face. "I am going now. I will call Madame Burns to keep you company when I am gone."

"Well, well. Give me that picture on the table. Madame Burns forgot it the other day, and it is necessary that I should return it to her."

"This photograph! Marie, Marie, it is Miss Vincent, the fiancée to whom I take these flowers!"

"*Eh bien*, I wish her joy!"

The sisters are silent until Mrs. Burns enters. Mrs. Burns is a pale, refined, fragile-looking woman, with an air of dependence about her—a woman who makes an assertion as if she were afraid of hearing the echo of her own voice. Her hair is gray and lines of care are visible on her forehead. Her face lights up rarely when Marie thanks her for the flowers her son had brought.

"Alban is so thoughtful," she says, taking a seat beside the invalid. "What shall I read to-day?"

"You may read the penitential psalms in English," responds Marie, graciously. "I feel like doing penance, and it is a great penance to hear your harsh language, though *you* speak it softly. Bah, it is horrible!"

Carrying the box of orange-blossoms, Annette goes her way towards Mrs. Earle Vincent's house. The passengers in the horse-cars stare at

her white cap, but she does not mind them. She is thinking of Rose Vincent and Alban Burns, and a thrill of pleasure fills her heart as she tells herself that the lady whom Alban loved is about to marry another.

Having reached Mrs. Vincent's stucco-decorated house, which, by the way, is in the American, or Harlequin style of architecture, she is ushered into Rose's room.

Rose sits among silks and lace—the trousseau *en embryo*—and asks Annette to take a chair. Rose is paler, thinner. Her look of bird-like brightness has vanished. She is listless, and there are red circles around her eyes.

"They are pretty, very," she says, lifting the lid of the box, "and so natural. Your skill is wonderful."

Suddenly she casts the sprays away from her, and covers her face with her hands. Annette rises.

"I forgot for an instant that you—but never mind. It is well that these blossoms are not real. I could not wear them. Anything sweet, fresh, and pure would be out of place in such a mockery. You are young, and you look sincere. Beware of pride, beware—but what right have I to teach *you*?"

Annette is touched. She pours out water and cologne with her deft fingers, and bathes Rose's hot brow. For weeks Rose had been outwardly cold and calm. Now the restraint gives way before the French girl's sympathy. She tells her the story of that day in June. Annette listens, and then speaks of what Marie has lately told her.

"I see it all!" cries Rose. "It was my aunt's work. She explained nothing, and her hints and innuendoes drove me wild. And now it is too late! too late!"

Annette again feels an involuntary thrill of pleasure. It is, indeed, too late. When Rose is married may not Alban Burns seek for some one who can with her own hands help him in his poverty?

"I do not love this man, the man whom I am to marry. I do not even respect him, and yet in a week we two are to receive a great sacrament. It is almost sacrilege, and I cannot draw back, for I promised, with my eyes open, deliberately, to be his wife. Misfortunes, trials, are nothing, but the evils brought to us by our own perverseness are worse than serpent's stings!"

When Rose has grown calmer, Annette prepares to leave. Rose accompanies her to the garden. When they reach the lawn, a man enters through the little gate. He approaches, and, seeing them, lifts his hat.

"That is the man whom I am to marry," Rose says.

Paul Bolton takes a few steps forward, and then starts as if violently stricken by an unseen hand.

"Annette!"

"Monsieur Paul!"

Annette darts through the gate, like a frightened deer, and is soon lost to sight among the trees.

Paul Bolton and Rose stand face to face. He trying not to seem startled and surprised; she looking the questions which she is too proud to ask.

Alban Burns has become three years older in the two months that have passed since June. Up to that time he had worked hard, sometimes far into the night, but he had rejoiced in his toil, for beyond the dust and struggle of the present, there shone in the near future the sunlight of love. In a few days, his life had changed completely. His hope was overthrown.

"It is just," he told himself. "I have made an idol for myself, and God has broken it."

And so he made his sacrifice—a sacrifice so great that my words can give you no idea of it. Had you known the man, you could have judged how great it was by the change it wrought in him. He was strong,

self-contained, not easily moved by common things, and a change like that which has occurred, seemed, as his mother expressed it, "to tear his life up by the very roots."

After the failure of Arlyn & Co., he endeavored to obtain employment in New York. He failed. Returning home, he secured after weeks of waiting a clerkship which involved much labor and little pay. He had his mother to work for and a debt to pay. The one sweetened his labor, the other oppressed him; but both spurred him on. He worked, and a man never knows how much he can do until he is forced to do it.

The debt consisted of five thousand dollars for which fraud on the part of another had made his father responsible; and at the side of that father's deathbed he had promised to pay it. Three thousand had been paid at the time of Arlyn's failure; two thousand still remained, and Alban is gradually diminishing this.

Strict economy is necessary, and the weight of it has all along rested on him, for he is determined that his mother shall not suffer. But she, too, saves in secret, and with womanly care and tact conceals it from him, smiling to think how easily he is deceived.

Mrs. Burns has never wholly forgiven Rose Vincent for releasing her son so easily. "You had a narrow escape, Alban," she often says. "That girl would never have been worthy of you."

He only answers, with a look of pain, "Mother, say anything but that."

Among those few relics which he holds most sacred, there lies a rose. The bloom of June has departed from it; it is yellow and withered—a shadow in September of the season of roses—and yet I think he would die rather than let a rude hand touch it.

Annette runs along the bank of the river until she is breathless and panting. At last she stops, and leans against a tree.

"I have found him—I have seen him with these eyes!" she murmurs, pushing back her cap, to let the cool river-air play on her brow. "And he is the bridegroom!"

"Excuse me," Paul Bolton says to Rose, and immediately he is outside the gate, and on Annette's track.

"Singular conduct!" Rose thinks. "This man has a secret. I will have two explanations—one from him and one from that French girl. They will probably contradict each other."

Paul Bolton's long strides enable him to reach Annette a few seconds after she has paused at the tree. There being no chance to flee, Annette collects all her courage as soon as she sees him.

"*Bon jour*, Monsieur Bolton, my brother-in-law."

"*Bon jour*, Mademoiselle Deschapelles, my sister-in-law."

The latter phrase seems to stick in his throat.

"You have not asked for Madame, your wife," responds Annette, with elaborate politeness.

"Marie!—she is well, I suppose."

"Far from well. She is dying, Monsieur."

"Dying!" Paul Bolton tries in vain to suppress the expression of relief that shows on his face.

"Yes, dying!" cries Annette, fiercely, in spite of the tears that fill her eyes. "And you have done it, Monsieur Paul. Oh, we two were so happy in the old house at Morlaix, until you came. Marie was so beautiful, so well-educated, so superior to the other girls! Oh, Monsieur Paul, how could you have been so wicked!"

Paul Bolton's lips turn white, and he pulls nervously at his mustache.

"You married her," continues Annette, "and then in two weeks deserted her! Ah, if we had only listened to the *curé!* He warned her; but love is blind! She hoped for your return—she pined—sick-

ened. I could not see her die, and so we came in search of you. I have found you, Monsieur Paul. I have made orange-blossoms for your second bride."

"Annette, keep my secret," Paul Bolton says, in a whisper. "What's the use of making a disturbance now? Marie will not live long, you say. Come now, be reasonable. I will pay you any sum you may name. Let me explain matters to Miss Vincent in my own way, and things will take their course."

"When Mademoiselle Vincent is married, Monsieur Alban must not think of her, and he will be free." This thought passes through Annette's mind, like a flash of lightning. It is a temptation. She murmurs an ave before answering him.

"You are a scoundrel, Monsieur Paul. I will save Miss Vincent if I can!"

She springs away from him. This time he does not follow her. Numbers of people are on the banks, and he is too well bred to make himself unduly conspicuous.

"Marie! Marie!"

No answer. Marie lies white and still, with the black beads of the rosary clasped by her pallid fingers.

"Marie, I have found him!" Annette wails.

Mrs. Burns softly enters.

"You here, Annette!"

"Tell me, Madame,—she is asleep!"

"She is dead, poor child."

Annette's grief is wild and incoherent; but from her broken exclamations Mrs. Burns soon gathers the sad story.

When Alban comes home at nightfall, Annette tells him all, and beseeches him to save Rose Vincent. She will not leave Marie's side.

"I will see her," Alban says, when the story is done, "it is my duty;" and to himself, "I will be cool, collected, unmoved."

He started at once for Mrs. Earle Vincent's. He tries to feel that he is a martyr to duty; it is a very pleasant martyrdom. Rose meets him in the parlor, and stands near the piano, where he had stood to write that note. She greets him coldly.

"Paul Bolton has told me this already," she says, when he has finished. "We parted an hour ago."

A constrained silence. Suddenly Rose begins to cry.

"You are *so* changed!" This is her explanation. His coating of ice gives way; he reproaches her; she reproaches him. Storm; thunder; tears; and Rose sobs that she will wait for him, and never, never have anybody else.

They walk out into the porch. He shows her his withered rose, which looks pale and sad in the moonlight.

"You will give me a rose of September for my rose of June?"

"No," she murmurs, "I give you —heart's ease."

When God sends us anything good, He is generous, He does not do it grudgingly.

The next day, Alban received an eccentric note.

"*To the Son of my old Friend, greeting:*

"You have worked nobly. You have proved yourself worthy of your father, who was one of the best men that ever lived. You must forgive the way in which I have tested your honor; but I have lived in the world long enough to know that in many the virtue of honesty consists only in freedom from temptation. I have tried you sufficiently. I intended to send you the inclosed check long ago, before my departure for Europe, but somehow the thought slipped from my old head. When the villainy of another made your father responsible for this debt I never intended to exact it from him, and when he died I watched you and

waited. Come and see me. I have need of a man like you. In haste.

"BRYAN O'NEIL."

A check for all of the debt he has paid falls into Alban's hand. His heart is too full for coherent words of gratitude; but God knows.

Marie is gone; but Annette still sits before our Lady's shrine, and makes flowers. Like Alban and Rose, she has heart's ease—which is nourished by faith and love and hope—which may droop at times on earth, and which is perfect only in heaven.

"My *dear* Mrs. Bolton," sweetly says Mrs. Earle Vincent, at her first garden-party after Rose's marriage, "I hear that your son is in business on some island."

"In business? Oh, no! Paul is at Monaco."

"Oh, yes, the new gambling place. I was sure a Bolton would never stoop to work."

RISKING IT.

BUNSEN'S "Life" tells of a journey from Osborne undertaken with Lord Palmerston. A stormy passage had brought them to Portsmouth too late for the train they intended, and a special train was demanded. The railway officials protested that the risk of collision was too great for them to venture. Lord Palmerston insisted: "On *my* responsibility, then!" and thus enforced compliance; though every one trembled but himself. The special train shot past station after station, and arrived at its destination without causing or receiving damage; but the peril was felt by those who understood the case to have been so great, that the directors refused to accept payment, the more to throw the whole weight of the transaction on Lord Palmerston. This story is an illustration of that state of mind we have called Risking It, with which we are all more or less familiar; by which we mean acting in deliberate defiance of principles that we accept in the general, even to the point of censuring others who do not observe them. The temptation to it lies in the propensity to consider ourselves exceptions, favorites of fortune and circumstance; or endowed with an exceptional skill and aptitude which permits and justifies in our case a defiance of general rules.

There is a sense in which all life is a risk. We live very much on trust; and probably quickened faculties would show us daily and hourly risks now undreamed of, and hairbreadth 'scapes haunting the most guarded existence. The many inhale health in the country air, while one encounters a whiff of poison, sickens, and dies; thousands walk the streets safely, while one slips on the curb, and breaks his leg or back. What happens to the one might happen to hundreds. An accident of any kind always diffuses a sense of insecurity, the ground we tread on loses something of its stability, we experience a momentary qualm.

But it is impossible to avoid infinite forms of risk, and lives spent in the attempt are the most useless and miserable of all lives. There is an understanding in all occupied existences that we must take our chance, that we must leave to custom and constituted authorities the guardianship, not only of the public health and wellbeing, but of our own, as far as it comes under their charge,—recognizing a class of risks which we

cannot concern ourselves with but under the penalty of worse evils. In fact, we have no reason to suppose that, framed as we are, we should like the world any better without its uncertainties, and with all its risks avoidable by a strict system of precautions. Life too anxiously defended would be a burden. But our concern now is with two opposite classes of men to whom risks, as such, have a positive charm and relish; personal risks, we mean, for it is well understood that the risks of others constitute to multitudes their highest notion of pleasant excitement, the intensity of enjoyment rising with the imminence and peril of the hazard run for their diversion. The adventurous temper stands foremost as finding its stimulus in the whole scale of risks, from risk of comfort to risk of happiness or of life. It cares for no pleasure that fortune and fate have not a hand in, that does not stand out from some shadow of possible calamity.

> "It may be that the gulfs will wash us down,
> It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles."

Yet, in fact, the sluggish, passive temperament is more dependent on risks for its stimulus than the impetuous one; they furnish the utmost excitement compatible with the self-indulgence of its nature. It does not, it is true, seek them, but it lingers and waits till they come. Both sorts of persons avow their resolve to run risks on a principle which is quite distinct from the resigned acceptance of risk as a condition inseparable from mortal life. They court it as a welcome stirrer of the blood.

There are times when *laissez-aller* carries it with all of us. "I'll run the chance," "Let things take their course," "I'll risk it," are phrases not unfamiliar with the most prudent among us. Sometimes the feeling takes a pious form; we affect to recognize the divinity that shapes our ends, declining the rough hewing which is man's appointed work. Sometimes it is mere weariness of a painstaking course from which no brilliant results have come. Often it is jealousy of other people's success, —a success not, as far as we can see, earned by plan or forethought. Or it may be contempt of over-caution in others; if our friend won't stir out on the finest day without his umbrella, we face the threatening elements unprotected, to show our bolder mettle. We have known it prompt to feats of conceited benevolence with no rational aim; what the wise man calls taking a dog by the ears, "which whoso doth," warns the commentator, "can scarce take care enough of his fingers." It constantly excuses to a man's self ventures and speculations based on the follies of mankind. The risk dignifies what would otherwise be owned to be questionable, and imparts the indispensable dash to knavery.

But all these cases differ from that appetite for risk on its own account which is to be observed in some people, and of which we see the extreme instance in the Chinese gambler, who, having played away his money, his wife, and his children, risks his fingers, as the only way remaining to him of experiencing the sense of possession; realizing nothing as his own with any piquancy if he may not run the chance of losing it. The ordinary manifestation of the gambling spirit is, however, too distinct a feature of the love of risk to be treated of here. We note the smaller and more domestic traits of this temper. Thus, the passive lover of risk has no pleasure in punctuality; he has the whole day before him, but will not write a necessary letter till it costs a special messenger a gallop to catch the post. To be in time is his notion of slowness, subservience, and apathy. He resents waiting as an injury, nor does he feel that he has made the most of an opportunity in undertaking even an important journey, unless he not only just nicks it, but

would have been too late if the train had not been behind its time. Then, in the elation of taking his seat, he is in a situation to value himself on a sort of divination, a coalition in his person between luck and knowledge of the ways of mankind, which puts him in good humor with himself and the world. This is a satisfaction bought, indeed, at an untold expense of worries and anxieties in those dependent on him, whose nerves and tempers, minds and bodies, are victimized without remorse; but it enables him, at the least cost of disturbance to his nature, to taste some of the glories of self-confidence and achievement.

Doubtless there is much in the constitution of things to justify that contempt of precaution which is the courage of some natures. It is a fact that things do often go on for an unaccountable length of time after a wise forethought has determined their career, and that in defiance of all calculation. The leaning wall is long before it falls. Those leaky barrels of gunpowder, which the men in charge knew to be leaky, went safe by a sort of miracle, day after day, till the transport of them became a pleasing excitement, infusing that spurious magnanimity which careless ignorance affects. There is in the indolent temper a disinclination to all processes of head or hand that may possibly turn out to have been thrown away, which greatly fosters the love of risk. Such a temper is pathetic over waste labor, which precaution must often seem to be. It must be granted that the provision against possible contingencies—possible but improbable—exercises a large share of the time and ingenuity of mankind. The most important and costly difference between good work and bad is not so much in finish as in the preliminary care to leave nothing to chance or luck. In detecting possible difficulties, and providing resolutely against remote hazards, a good artisan guards against dangers which another disposes of, if ordinarily conscientious, by the rule of ten to one, otherwise by the easier security, "as likely as not."

The passive lover of risks, the man who risks by not doing, however he may enjoy his snug hazards, is not as great a favorite with mankind as his more active brother. There is no dash in his successes, and his failures have a way of inconveniencing others more than himself, backed up as he is by phlegmatic endurance, and never willing to admit that anything signifies very much. Self-confidence, it is said, lies at the bottom of all great undertakings; the man who has faith in his luck, and pushes it to the utmost, will always pass for a hero; and this partly for want of discrimination in his admirers between his case and that of the runner of unavoidable risks. After working out a series or combination of probabilities demanding the closest application of thought, all great enterprises must still depend upon fortuitous circumstances for a successful issue. All that the best general can do is to leave nothing to chance that brains and vigilance can master; when these have toiled their hardest, he must constantly feel that the result is a toss-up. Nobody is fit to take a lead, or to have the well-being of others in his keeping, who leaves anything to chance which ought to be faced in all its bearings; yet, with many persons, a man who boldly trusts his luck, leaps in the dark, and wins, stands in the position of a great captain. It was a trait thought worth perpetuating of an emperor, that he would not duck before a cannon-ball, because nobody ever heard of an emperor being killed by a cannon-ball; though there can be nothing really fine in losing the sense of manhood in the sense of rank and place. The Dauphin whom De Quincey quotes as defying small-pox, because no Dauphin had ever died of it, does not get the same

credit, because, unfortunately, his confidence was shamed by the result. All literature that is not distinctly didactic, and, indeed, much that is, encourages sympathy with rashness; which fiction can always bring off triumphant. Thus the hero of the German tale sells his soul to the devil, on the chance of finding some flaw in the agreement, and proves against all odds the better lawyer of the two. A brilliant youth of bold adventure is held up for admiration in much of the popular biography of our day, and the shattered manhood that succeeds it is kept out of sight; though the one follows the other by a natural consequence, for nothing so unhinges the character as a taste for running risks indulged for any time with impunity.

Timidity, which is a weak fear of risks, sometimes shows itself in a horror of precautions against them, regarding these as an evidence and admission of possible danger. Hypochondria, on the other hand, sees risks in everything, and is thus condemned to inaction. Hence the wise physician warns against any approach to the morbid care of one's health. Only use strict moderation, he tells his readers, and they may spare themselves all anxiety about wholesome and unwholesome,—"a mean and servile solicitude which debases the mind of man and can do little good to his body." In short, those are the proper risks to be run which are accepted under the sense that we are members of the great human family, and subject to general laws; those are rash or injurious which are undertaken under the notion of something special in ourselves. Risks must be run, and discretion has no more important task than in the choice and nature of them, and the company in which they must be encountered.

THE GOD OF FORMER TIMES.

A PROPHECY.

PEACE was made; the German troops quitted France; the French prisoners went to Germany. The Count de Réttrel resided in a country-house at some miles distance from Paris. The country around, once so rich, was desolate. The beautiful houses and villas of the rich Parisians looked especially sad. These abodes had been formerly the strongholds of luxury, refinement, and novelty, of everything that could gratify degenerate tastes and passions. These charming villas were places where Christian morality was trampled under foot, and they were struck by the justice of God with all the horrors of civil war. Delights and luxury had disappeared from them; the inhabitants had fled, were living full of uneasiness among strangers, or dying of hunger in Paris; these luxurious people were feeding upon dogs, cats, and rats.

In all these horrors, the Count acknowledged the hand of God. "The Lord is faithful to Himself," he cried. "He who drove our first parents from the terrestrial paradise; he who cursed the earth on account of their sins; he who buried the corrupt human race under the waters of the deluge; who has annihilated nations with a breath of his mouth, that God reminds France that he still is. O poor France! will you acknowledge the finger of God, and return to him?"

The Count was sorely tried. Of his three sons, one only returned from the battle-field. He grieved deeply for the misfortunes of his country, and his anger against the Prussians almost equalled his grief, for each day he read in the French papers of the atrocities committed by the German soldiers.

The Prussians were always represented in these papers as barbarians, incendiaries, men without hearts, who respected neither age nor sex.

Overwhelmed with sorrow, and filled with dislike, the Count de Réttrel led a melancholy life. He spoke less and less, and a smile never shone on his face.

Suddenly a complete change took place. The journals gave reports from Germany that filled him with joy. He read of a new sect which rejected the infallibility of the Pope. He heard that the Catholic journals had been suppressed in Alsace and Lorraine, and that Catholic interests were menaced on all sides.

Whenever he heard news of this kind, he received it with pleasure. One day he begged his son to accompany him to Tivoli, a place of amusement much frequented by the German officers.

"Tivoli, father!" cried his son, in surprise. "You forget that the Germans assemble there every evening."

"That is exactly why I wish to go. I want to obtain some light as to a question of great importance."

They accordingly went to Tivoli; they placed themselves at a table in the garden, where some officers were engaged in an animated conversation. The old Count joined in it, and with great prudence he continued to lead it to the subject he wished—the attitude which the new German Empire would assume towards the Catholic Church.

"There is no doubt," said a colonel, one of the party, "that the intentions of the Government are to found a National Church. It is time to put a stop to the pernicious influence of Rome,"

"I agree with you," said a major. "Romanism has always been a curse to Germany. In the middle ages the German Emperors were always at strife with ambitious Popes. In the new empire all this will be put an end to by the rupture of Germany with Rome."

"But how will this rupture be possible?" asked the Count, with anxiety. "There are several millions of Catholics in Germany. Will they allow themselves to be separated from the Head of the Church?"

"The Catholics must make up their minds to it," said the colonel, shortly. "A strong government can do anything, and the Imperial Government of Germany is strong enough to found such a religion as is required for the new Empire."

"Prince Bismarck's policy is full of prudence and penetration," said the Count, with a smile. "For eighteen hundred years the most powerful monarchs have given way in their strife with the Catholic Church. Bismarck will not commit the political fault of declaring war against the Church."

The officers smiled.

"I am not aware of the intentions of the Chancellor of the Empire," said another. "Meanwhile religious skirmishes have begun in the new Empire. The governments of Germany protect in their public functions ecclesiastical professors who have been excommunicated by their bishops. These excommunicated professors continue to instruct youth in spite of the inhibition of the bishops and of the Pope, whose infallibility they deny. This seems to me more than a simple declaration of war; it is a fight for possession of an outpost."

"Certainly it is," said the Count, joyfully; "but is this certain?"

"You may depend upon it," replied the colonel. "All the German papers agree on this point."

"Here, just read this," said the major, presenting a sheet.

The Count's eyes shone with pleasure.

"In some of the German states the battle has already begun? What will be the end?"

"The triumph of Germanism over Romanism," replied the colonel. "The dominion of the Pope in Germany will be overthrown—annihilated. Six years hence the Emperor will be the political and religious ruler of all the Germans as the Czar is in Russia. The bigots and the ultramontanes will be expelled, exterminated, converted, and the National Church, common to all Germany, will satisfy all religious requirements, which, however, will be but few with the enlightened men of our age."

"A national Church! If I am not deceived, Napoleon had the same idea of separating France from Rome, and founding a National Church. But the execution of this plan was prevented by accident: Napoleon was deposed and died in exile. And thus it happens, gentlemen, that there are still bishops, priests, and Catholics in France, and a Pope in Rome."

"Circumstances were not ripe for a National Church in the time of the first Napoleon," said the colonel.

"Things are now much more favorable, at least in Germany. The want is felt everywhere of a religion that shall be in accordance with the present state of civilization. Hence the general repugnance in Germany to admitting the pretensions of the Pope to pass for an infallible teacher, and thus to enslave all consciences. The result is universal and no moment could be more favorable than the present for a separation between Germany and Rome."

"All this is new to me and of the greatest interest," replied the Count, cheerfully. "What idea is there in Germany about the infallibility of the Pope?"

"A very clear idea," replied the major. "The infallible Pope may invent new dogmas; he may represent the most singular ideas as being divinely revealed; by means of interdicts and excommunications he may force Catholics to believe every kind of absurdity."

"Do not forget the pretensions of the Pope to depose princes at his will," added the major. "If the Pope is pleased to declare war against a heretical nation, Catholic soldiers must march, and the poor Catholics are bound to pay St. Peter's Pence at any rate that the Pope may exact. No one has any right to opose these Pontifical demands, for what infallibility asks must be given as a matter of conscience."

The Count listened with surprise to this manner of understanding the infallibility of the Pope. It was so original and absurd that he with difficulty suppressed a fit of laughter.

"I think the anger of the Germans against a Pope who makes such exorbitant pretensions natural enough," said he.

"I cannot understand," said the colonel angrily, "how this old Roman cap can have the impudence thus to attack modern civilization. The Pope claims all the rights, all the prerogatives, all the powers of the state. He makes himself a new god."

"You think, then, that the state is a kind of new god?" asked the Count.

"I did not attach any idea of religious superstition to the word god. I mean merely to say that the supreme authority in all things reverts to the state, and consequently the right of founding a religion which shall suit the requirements of the time, in other words, a National Church."

"I understand. If the God of former times has been deposed in Germany, it follows necessarily that the religion of this former God should be put aside. And equally, if the state is the new god of Germany,

it should have a right to found a state religion conformable to the tastes and wants of the good Germans. Gentlemen, I was far from suspecting that progress in Germany had gone so far."

The officers felt flattered. They did not perceive the Count's irony.

"The triumph of Germanism is complete," said the major proudly; "it is not confined to the field of battle."

"But how does it happen, gentlemen, that the German soldiers give such striking proof of their religious faith? Their piety has been remarked everywhere, and your astonishing success has been attributed to the moral qualities and the piety of your troops."

"That is a mistake," said the colonel. "Religion has nothing to do with our victories. I will not deny that even in Germany the lower orders of the people are still infected by superstition, but the future National Church will, no doubt, cure these poor people of their malady."

"If these poor people are so obliging as to change the religion of their ancient God for the religion of the new state god. But I doubt whether Prince Bismarck will be strong enough to push the masses of the people into his National Church. And you may be certain, gentlemen, that this God of former times will not suffer a rival. His thunder will destroy your National Church, and with a sign, he will cause an empire to disappear, which has raised itself against his sovereignty."

The officers were aghast at this language. The old man rose and re-entered his carriage.

The Count's son had not understood a word of this conversation, which had been carried on in German. He had been surprised at his father's animation, and could not understand the motives which the Count gave for his pleasure.

"How can you rejoice in the persecution of the Church?" he then said.

"I am afflicted by the persecution of the Church," said the Count. "The cause of my joy is quite different. If the German journals and these officers are right, the new German empire is about to declare war against God and the See of St. Peter. In this case, the same Hand which has destroyed all the enemies of the Pope and of the Church will soon overthrow the empire of Germany. Madmen! do they think that they will be able to carry out an enterprise in which the most powerful monarchs for eighteen centuries have failed — the annihilation of the Church of God and his Vicar upon earth. The God of former times still is. Attack then the Rock of St. Peter, proud empire of Germany! Oppress the Church, and the sentence is pronounced: 'God has promised to protect the Pope and the Church, and this promise he will keep.' The gates of hell shall not prevail against it."

Emotion had affected the health of a man of 73. The next day he was seriously ill, and sent for a priest. Then he called his sons and daughters about his bed. Charles read the history of the conversation between Pius VII and Napoleon, which the page noted down at the time with great care. The dying man listened, then he said:

"My children, do all you can for the moral and religious regeneration of France. Submit with docility to the law of God; never forget that he is the sole Master of the world, that he is the Supreme Arbiter of the destinies both of individuals and of nations. Serve the Lord with fear, the God who has the heavens for his throne, and the earth for his footstool."

His head fell back on his pillow; Count de Réttrel was no more.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE latest scheme of the Piedmontese usurpation in Rome, to forge new fetters for the Sovereign Pontiff, is a proposition made to the Italian Parliament that all documents issuing from the Vatican should have an *Exequatur* before being allowed publication in Italy, or transmission abroad. This is an old expedient to deprive of the right of free communication those who have received the divine commission to teach all nations.

The first instance in which this expedient was resorted to, was in the time of the old Jewish synagogue, when the Apostles were forbidden to speak and teach openly. Again it was tried by the old pagan emperors of Rome. Later, it was attempted by the kings of England, in their edicts against the free promulgation of Papal bulls; and, still later, the whole recent ecclesiastical legislation of the German Empire is an attempt in the same direction.

Yet notwithstanding all this, the words of the Apostles and of Christ's Vicar, the Prince of the Apostles, "went out into all the world and their words to the end of the earth;" and from the days of the Jewish synagogue until now, they have continued to go forth, and will ever so continue. For the word of God is not bound, nor can it be bound. Chains and fetters were heaped upon St. Peter, but they fell away and Peter went forth free, while his guards became powerless as dead men.

Despite the power of the Imperial government of Germany and of the usurpation, which styles itself the government of Italy and of secular powers, which are inspired with a like satanic spirit, Christ's Vicar speaks and is obeyed to an extent far exceeding the bounds even of old Rome's dominions. Even in temporal matters his enemies cannot stop the flow of money, which, as a royal tribute, comes in to him from the remotest bounds of the earth, and issues forth again in streams of more than royal munificence to succor all that are desolate and oppressed.

The hands of God's enemies are tied, except so far as he chooses to loose them, for working out their own destruction. God permits them to persecute his Church, her children, and her visible Head, as he permitted them to crucify our Divine Lord, to scourge and imprison, and put to death the Apostles; but, in their worst deeds, they but further the accomplishment of his designs, and cannot destroy his Church; for IT IS BUILT UPON THE IMMOVABLE ROCK.

NOTHING very important has occurred lately in regard to the Public School question. It may be noted that the Episcopalian Convention of Long Island has condemned "Godless education," having passed the following resolution:

"There should be established a system of Episcopal schools, in which children may obtain religious culture not possible in public schools of the state. In the public schools there is admitted or compulsory absence of all exposition or enforcement of definite faith. Now, while there is loud boasting in some quarters of this as a happy achievement, it is known abroad and stigmatized with some justice, as the American system. Being professedly a Christian country, it is true, the attempt is occasionally made to put a religious gloss or veneering over the secularity of our school system by reading a few verses of the Bible without note or comment; but such a mechanical act accompanied by any culture of conscience or dogmatic teaching does not much relieve the matter." The report uses strong language in the denunciation of the public schools, and urges that popular schools shall be made Christian.

The *London Quarterly Review* had an article lately on the American common school system and on compulsory education, which says: "There is nothing in the results of American free-school education to encourage us in this country to adopt so costly an experiment. Neither as to efficiency, nor attendance, does it promise for us any improvement; and as respects compulsion, we have seen how absolutely mythical is the idea that the United States have mastered, or even attempted to grapple with that problem." . . . "Meantime we cannot fail to connect the principle of free education with that weakening of parental influence, and that perilous depreciation, not to say contempt, of family responsibilities and duties, which are at this moment the most painful and portentous symptoms in connection with the fast and ambitious social life of the States."

ON the evening of Corpus Christi, May 27th, a terrible calamity occurred at the Church of the Precious Blood (attended by French Catholics) at Holyoke, Mass., in the diocese of Springfield. Some of the decorations of the altar took fire from a lamp, and the flames ascending to the ceiling, which was of wood, soon extended through-

out the whole structure. There were two galleries along the walls, with insufficient means of exit, and the terrified occupants leaping and falling down the winding stairs, were piled into a confused and inextricable mass in the narrow vestibule below. The doors swinging inwards, could not be opened, owing to the pressure against them of the persons, who filled the vestibule. Meanwhile the whole church edifice, which was composed of most inflammable materials, was being rapidly consumed around and above the unfortunate victims. In the brief space of twenty minutes the work of destruction was completed. About one hundred persons were burned to death, or fatally trampled upon, and many others were severely injured.

A coroner's jury has rendered a verdict upon the catastrophe, in which they condemn the manner in which the church was constructed.

It seems incredible, in view of the warnings occurring from time to time, that those who have the planning and oversight of constructing church edifices, should allow them to be erected with such utterly insufficient means of exit. The mildest term we can use to characterize such carelessness is, that it is inexcusably reprehensible. For any loss of life, which occurs through such carelessness, they, who might have prevented it, or who could, if they choose, now remedy it, are certainly responsible.

THERE have been various indications lately of renewed life in the true Scots of Caledonia. A few years ago a Gaelic society was started in Inverness, having as its objects, among other things, the "cultivation of the language and literature of Highlanders, the preservation of Celtic lore, the vindication of the rights and the advocacy of the interests of the people." This society has issued two interesting volumes of transactions already, and it has a third in the press.

The capital of the Highlands has also, as a further development, had the spirit to project a Highland newspaper, and, from week to week, the Caledonian Celt can now see himself reflected in prose and verse, in Gaelic and English, in the columns of the *Highlander*, appropriately conducted by "Finlagan," on his native heath. The *Highlander* aims at sinking the differences between the different members of the great Celtic family, and at bringing them to see face to face, and pull "shoulder to shoulder," for the common good, after the ages and generations during which they have been perpetrating follies and wickednesses against each other, at the bidding of their common political enemies. The *Highlander* is distinguished among British journals as almost the only one which has not degraded itself by distorting the facts of current or past Irish history to suit the ignorant and malignant prejudices which the dominant classes in England deem it their interest to foster against Ireland.

THE "Grand Masters," "Past Grand Masters," "Most Worshipfuls," and "Craftsmen" generally, met in New York on Wednesday, June 2d, to dedicate a new "Temple."

It may not be known to all that the Freemasons are nothing more nor less than a fallen Catholic organization. When Christian architecture under the influence of the Catholic Church became a science, the "carvers of stone" became a guild of skilled workers, who were favored by the Popes with many privileges, and exempted from burdens thrown on other laborers. Hence they were called "Free Masons," and were held in great repute by Archbishops, Bishops, and others high in the church. They exerted their skill in the erection of the splendid cathedrals and stately abbeys and churches, which even to the present day dot the surface of Europe, and excite the enthusiastic admiration of every cultivated traveller. In course of time the Masons lost their semi-ecclesiastical character, and became a society divorced from the church, and indifferent or hostile to religion. As such they have been repeatedly condemned. The same history attaches to the Knights Templars, who were a noble Catholic order, but who, through their association with the Saracens, lost their primitive piety, and were convicted of infamous crimes, for which they were suppressed five centuries ago by Pope Clement. The pretension of either of these orders to great antiquity is pure moonshine.

THE German Catholic Benevolent Union met at Cincinnati on May 15th. It represents 304 societies and 40,000 members. The delegates were received with great enthusiasm; a grand procession numbering over 10,000, took place through the streets, which were decorated for miles with American and Papal flags. They sat in convention four days, and formed a new constitution, adjourning to meet in Philadelphia on Pentecost Sunday, 1876.

Bishop Dwenger, of Fort Wayne, and Bishop Tobbe, of Covington, celebrated Mass for the delegates on the first day, while Archbishop Purcell and Bishop Wood, of Philadelphia, were present in the sanctuary. In the evening, Bishop McQuaid, of Rochester,

delivered a forcible lecture on state education and state schools.

The convention passed a resolution that the members of the Union should send their children to Catholic schools whenever practicable.

THE Most Rev. J. M. Henni, Archbishop of Milwaukee, received the pallium on June 2d. He was born in 1805, in Switzerland, and was ordained in 1830 by Bishop Fenwick, of Cincinnati. After missionary labor he was appointed Vicar-General of the diocese of Cincinnati. He was consecrated Bishop of Milwaukee on the 19th March, 1844, by Archbishop Purcell, assisted by Bishops Miles and O'Connor. His diocese contained 8000 Catholics, and five or six priests, with as many shanties called churches, the "Cathedral" being a frame-building 30 by 40. In 1853, Bishop Henni had built a new cathedral, which was consecrated by the Papal Nuncio, Archbishop Bedini, then on a visit to America. Churches, schools, colleges, and institutions of charity rapidly multiplied, a seminary was built, and the number of priests rapidly increased. At present the diocese contains 293 churches, 188 priests, and a Catholic population of 250,000.

ON Wednesday, June 2d, the Right Rev. James A. Healey was consecrated Bishop of Portland, at the Cathedral, by Archbishop Williams and Bishops McNierney and O'Reilly. Archbishop Connelly, of Halifax, preached the sermon, and the Mayor and city officials were present.

Bishop Healey is a Southerner, having been born at Macon, Ga., in 1830, and was ordained in 1854. One of his brothers is President of Georgetown College, and another is pastor of St. James, Boston.

The diocese of Portland, which comprises the States of Maine and New Hampshire, was established in 1855, and contains 80,000 Catholics, 63 churches, and 52 priests. The first Bishop was Right Rev. D. W. Bacon, D.D. The earliest Catholic mission in New England was established in this diocese at "Holy Saviour," now Mount Desert, at the mouth of the Penobscot, in 1613.

THE second annual report of the Pennsylvania Bureau of Statistics contains an interesting table, showing the movements of population in this State and New York for the past eighty years. In 1790, the State of New York had a population of 340,120, and Pennsylvania 443,373. In 1820, New York had 1,372,111, and Pennsylvania 1,047,507. In 1870, New York had 4,382,759, and Pennsylvania 3,521,951. In the intermediate periods between these dates the relative rates of increase were various. New York gained much more rapidly than Pennsylvania during the first five decades. Since that time Pennsylvania has been slowly recovering her former position; the rate of increase for New York, during the last decade being about 13 per cent., while Pennsylvania shows an increase of over 21 per cent. At this rate of progress Pennsylvania will overtake New York in about thirty years.

A REMARKABLE discovery has lately been made at Herculaneum of a bust in pure silver of life size, representing a beautiful young woman. Being colored by the action of sulphur and time, it was at first thought to be of bronze. But some one scratched the surface, and it was found to be silver. Much discussion arose as to whether it was sculptured or cast, but finally the proofs became overwhelming that it was cast. This discovery furnishes an additional proof that a much greater advance had been made in ancient times in the art of casting metals than has generally been hitherto believed.

It is only another proof, added to those which are constantly coming to light, showing that nations in the most remote times were not ignorant nor barbarous, but possessed a degree of knowledge far beyond what commonly they are supposed to have had.

THE Cardinal Archbishop of New York, and the Papal Envoys, have been the recipients of many courtesies since the conferring of the berretta. There has been a succession of "receptions," and everything possible has been done by the New York Catholics to show how great is their love and esteem for the Cardinal, and how high they appreciate the honor conferred on him by the Holy See.

The Papal Envoys, Mgr. Roncetti, Dr. Ubaldi, and Count Marefoschi, accompanied by several distinguished ecclesiastics, called on the President at the Executive Mansion, Washington, and presented to him the compliments and best wishes of His Holiness. The President made a suitable reply, and after visits to several members of the Cabinet, the distinguished visitors left for Cincinnati, *en route* to Milwaukee.

THE tranquillity of Europe and the price of stocks have been very much disturbed lately, through the alarming rumors set afloat in reference to a projected assault of Germany upon France. Owing to the pressure brought

to bear upon the Cabinet of Berlin by the Governments of England and Russia, and the interposition of the Czar, who lately visited Berlin, the political sky is now calmer, and the prospects of immediate war have passed away. But so long as Germany increases her armaments, and seeks to bring the Continent into subjection, so long as the persecution against the Church continues, and so long as the people are borne down with the weight of taxes and military conscription, so long will similar panics be likely at any moment to occur, and Europe be plunged into another long and bloody contest.

THIS is the year of centenaries and jubilees. It is the Year of Jubilee, which has accordingly been proclaimed by Pius IX. It is the second centenary of the devotion to the Sacred Heart in the form revealed to Blessed Margaret Mary Alacoque on the 16th of June, 1675. It is the first centenary of the birth of Daniel O'Connell, which will be celebrated in Dublin and through all Ireland on the 5th, 6th, and 7th of August next. It is the semi-centennial, or jubilee, of John MacHale, Archbishop of Tuam, the Nestor of Irish politicians, and designated by the great liberator, the "Lion of the Fold of Judah." The 19th of April and the 17th of June, marked by celebrations of the centennial of the battles of Lexington and Bunker Hill, recall the memories of the American struggle.

THE Shah of Persia—improved by his late European tour—has been setting an example of "firmness" to all other despots, to Bismarck, for instance. The Turcomans have been in revolt, and the Shah sent a very able man to subdue them—so able that he was soon in a position to forward to his master ample proofs of his energetic ability in the shape of the skins of the skulls of 2500 rebels. The name of this new hero of blood and iron should not be lost to posterity —it is Nashim-oud-Daulee, and he should be rewarded with a monument or a cairn made out of the skulls of his victims. What a blessing such an energetic slaughterer would be, against the "rebel" papists of Germany, to poor persecuted Bismarck!

A DISTINGUISHED French nobleman, Comte Roselly de Lorgues, has lately written a work, entitled *Le ambassadeur de Dieu et Pie IX*, in which he treats of the virtues of Christopher Columbus, and advocates his beatification. He thinks that it would be peculiarly appropriate for Pius IX to pronounce this beatification, because he is the first Pope who was ever in America, having been to Chili before his election; and also because he has created the first American cardinal. Cardinal Donnet also advocates this project, and says that several Bishops and Divines have urged the matter on the consideration of the Roman Congregations.

THE Right Rev. J. J. Kain was consecrated Bishop of Wheeling on Trinity Sunday, May 23d, at the Cathedral church of that city, by Archbishop Bayley, assisted by Bishops Gibbons of Richmond and Becker of Wilmington. The diocese comprises the most part of the State of West Virginia, and contains 55 churches and chapels, and 30 priests. Bishop Kain was born on the 31st of May, 1841, and ordained on the 2d July, 1866.

THE control of our National Congress is fast passing westward. The last House of Representatives was composed of 102 members from the New England and the Middle States, 104 from the West, and 86 from the South.

At the rate with which the great Mississippi valley is filling up, it will soon possess an overwhelming predominating influence in the national counsels.

THE Right Rev. Francis Xavier Krautbauer, Bishop elect of Green Bay, Wisconsin, will be consecrated, on June 29th, at St. John's Cathedral, Milwaukee, by the Most Rev. Archbishop of Milwaukee.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE CHILD; translated from the French of Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans. By Kate Anderson. Boston: Patrick Donohoe, 1875. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street.

Monseigneur Dupanloup's fame is now so completely established that no commendation can add to it, nor disparagement detract therefrom. And this is true in whatever sense we apply it to him, as a bishop of the church of God, a statesman of the French empire, or a Christian author. It is solely, however, in the latter capacity that we as a reviewer have to regard him. It would be but half a compliment to say that he is a *beautiful* writer. In this respect we could truly say of him, "favor is deceitful, and beauty is vain," were it not that he possesses the higher merits of a strong practical common sense, a far-reaching insight into the wants of society, and a true and quick perception of the surest means of relieving those necessities, or curing the people's ills, by the soothing flow of his gently forcible and polished instruction. To his former laurels his latest work adds another, and proves him as much at home in discoursing to the Christian mothers of the world, as when he is hurling his polished steel of argument at the recreant Roman traitor, Marco Minghetti. His subject is *the child*, and he has selected it because the child is the real object of contention between the church and her enemies. Foiled and thwarted in their attacks upon the faith of Jesus Christ, they have now turned their efforts in another direction, and hope, by destroying the faith in the seed-time of childhood, to render the harvest of its fruitfulness a nullity. Bismarck's motto, "Give me the children, and I will destroy the Church of Rome in two generations," is the password to their council-chamber of Satanic plotting. The Church on the other hand redoubles her efforts, and braves the frowns of earthly tyrants and the minions of hell, to guard those little ones whom Jesus himself has set up as our models, if we would hope to enter the portals of heaven, and against whose corruption he has pronounced an anathema the most dreadful that ever fell from the lips of infallible truth. The author's method of treating his subject is most admirable. We have over and over again in the pages of the RECORD, insisted upon home education as the true and only panacea for the evils which now beset society, and it is at least flattering to find that our position is now fully supported by so competent an authority as the great Bishop of Orleans, who throws aside all the usual arguments in favor of Christian education as of but little avail, if the groundwork is not laid by the mother at the Christian fireside. How this is to be done, he tells us in a few homely but beautiful and pointedly comprehensive instructions to parents. The necessity of such a work speaks for itself, for if we are to measure the standard of Christian training, as laid down in these pages by the real condition of affairs, we might well ask how many Christian mothers there are in existence. Henceforth, then, we hope that the name of Felix, Bishop of Orleans, will be known in social history as a terror of *enfants terribles*, *Anglice*, spoiled children, and likewise of SPOILED MOTHERS.

THE LIFE OF CHRIST. Translated from the French of Louis Venillot, by Rev. Anthony Farley, Pastor of St. Monica's Church, Jamaica, L. I. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1875. Received through Cunningham & Son, 29 S. Tenth Street.

We always had a sort of instinctive aversion for lives of Christ. The very name smacks of congregationalism, free religion, etc., etc. Of course we are not unmindful of St. Bonaventure's great work, so sadly parodied in later years by Beecher, Renan, Furness, *et id omne genus*. But we have taken a sort of childish notion that the only real life of Christ was to be found in the pages of the four inspired Evangelists, and they were all-sufficient for our information. Moreover, early prejudices are very hard to overcome; but if they are to be subdued in our minds in respect to such works, we frankly confess that the victory belongs to the great editor of *l'Univers*. Besides, our Holy Father has given this work a special commendation. *Locuta est Roma, sit finis litium*, even if the utterance be not *ex cathedra infallibi*. The work was written in answer to that infidel production the *Vie de Jesus* of Renan, and, in the language of the supreme Pontiff, is "a vindication of the outraged Godhead of Christ." The author pointedly tells us, in his preface, that the infidels of the present day declare that God made man, is simply a man whom ignorance has made God. He then declares that while the gospel is, as we have stated, all-sufficient as an exponent of the life, mission, and miracles of the God incarnate, it is moreover of itself the best proof of his divinity, while the divinity of Jesus Christ in turn proves the truth of the gospel. Cavillers are forced against their will to avow it. While, therefore, the gospel facts

are concisely recounted, they are also developed by the author's graceful and poetry-distilling pen into so many exponential testimonies of the theological truth of the hypostatic union between God and man in the person of our divine Lord. It is not the life of the missionary Christ nor the prophet Jesus; it is the earthly career of the God-made man, confounding the scoffer by the self-evident omnipotence of "the carpenter's Son." In the production of this splendid work, Louis Venillot has been aided by the genii of theology, history, poetry, and devotion, or, to speak in a more Christian manner, the divine spirit of wisdom has been his teacher.

THE STORY OF A CONVERT, as told to his former parishioners, after he became a Catholic. By B. W. Wicher, A.M., late clergyman of the Protestant Episcopal Church. New York: P. O'Shea, 1875. Received through C. A. Hennessy, 827 Arch Street.

The *Widow Bedott Papers* are still fresh in the minds of the public. Like Mrs. Slimmen's window observations, and Dame Caudle's curtain lectures, they will live on with a force commensurate to the source from which they sprung—a lady's organ of loquaciousness, proverbial for its strength and endurance under vigorous wear and tear. Much of what might prove trite controversy is relieved in this essay, by the easy colloquial style not unmixed with the characteristic humor of the author, in what he himself has designated as a simple story, addressed to the common sense of all, told by a simple country clergyman, possessed of a heart more filled with gratitude and affection for the religion which he has embraced, than aversion for that which he has abandoned, and who has only words of kindness and charity for the most erratic of his former fellow-Protestants. A story that, by the blessing of God, may touch some lonely heart, groping in that darkness which Protestantism, in the name of liberty, has cast like a pall over us; a story which may lead such a heart into that true light whereby may be found the peace which surpasseth all understanding.

THE INTERNAL MISSION OF THE HOLY GHOST. By Henry Edward, Archbishop of Westminster. New York: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 31 Barclay Street. From Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

This latest work of Cardinal Manning is a companion treatise to his "Temporal Mission of the Holy Ghost." That beautiful volume was mainly intended as an exposition of the workings of the Holy Spirit on the Church and the world; the latter has for its object a portrayal of the Spirit's operations on the Christian soul. Man is, by the grace of the Sacraments, the temple of this third person of the Blessed Trinity; and as the contemplation of the architectural beauties of the glorious material temples of the world tends to raise our minds and hearts to the Infinite Being, in whose honor they have been created, so the study of the graces of a soul adorned by the Divine Architect, the Holy Spirit, will serve to make us know better, and to obey more lovingly his sacred and lifegiving inspirations. The magnificent festival of Pentecost is almost at hand, and we can suggest no work more suitable than this, as a book of meditation, during the beautiful days of Whitsuntide and this season when the frequent administration of confirmation leads our thoughts naturally towards the *Dator omnium munerum celestium.*

THE DEVIL: DOES HE EXIST, AND WHAT DOES HE DO? By Father Delaporte, of the Society of Jesus, Doctor of Theology, and Professor of Dogma in the Faculty of Bordeaux. Translated from the sixth French edition by Mrs. Sadlier. Revised and corrected by the authors. New York and Montreal: Sadlier & Co., 1875.

We never had any doubts about the existence or the potency of his Satanic Majesty, and we presume there are very few good Catholics who have; but there are a great many people, even inside the pale of the Church, who regard possession by the devil as a disease which died out with the downfall of Judaism, and who, by their attendance at spiritual *seances*, table-turning parties, and even by their expressed belief in magnetism, and consultation with fortune-tellers, seem to be totally oblivious of the potent fact that the prince of darkness has the heaviest hand on the electrified table, and shuffles the cards of the clairvoyant. Even if these performances could be explained on scientific principles or the art of jugglery, it is manifest that the impressions conveyed to the minds of those ignorant and stupid people who place faith in such necromantic science, are capital weapons in the hands of the arch enemy of mankind to work its destruction. Let all such people read this excellent little book, and learn therefrom what the *renuncio diabolum* of their baptismal vows imposes upon them.

THE VICTIMS OF THE MAMERTINE: SCENES FROM THE EARLY CHURCH. By Rev. J. A. O'Reilly, D.D., Apostolic Missionary. New York and Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 1875. Received through Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

This is a companion work to the *Martyrs of the Coliseum*, and the great favor with

which that volume was received by the public from the Pontiff-prince of Rome, down to the humblest newspaper critic, should be a sufficient guarantee of its excellence. It is rich in historic lore, and fruitful with soul-stirring inspirations. We have heard of a Quakeress who, on a recent visit to the celebrated prison of the Apostles,—a descriptive account of which forms the subject of this work,—requested, on descending into it, that all the rest of the company should leave her, in order that she might commune alone with her thoughts, or, to use her own language, "*that she might feel as Paul felt when he was in the Mamertine.*" If our readers will peruse this book, they may with less spiritual presumption emulate in a slight degree, though perhaps a more appreciative one, the sensations of our fair Quakeress.

THE LIFE OF FATHER BERNARD, Missionary Priest of the Congregation of the Most Holy Redeemer. By Rev. P. Clœssens, of the Metropolitan Church, Mechlin. Translated from the French. New York Catholic Publication Society, 1875. Received from Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

This biography of a zealous servant of God, and historic sketch of the Apostolate of a Redemptorist missionary, is not only interesting in itself, but is peculiarly acceptable to the American reader, from the occasional glimpses which it gives us into the lives and labors of many Redemptorist Fathers, well known to Catholics on this side of the Atlantic. Fr. Hecker, now Superior of the Paulists, Frs. Giessen, Muller, and other celebrated missionaries, are prominent figures in its pages.

THE LAND OF THE CID. From the French of Frederick Ozanam, by P. S. A. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1875.

A charming little narrative of a tour through Spain, or rather, as its author might prefer to have us say, of a pilgrimage to the shrine of St. James of Compostella. We designate it as charming, for how could it be otherwise, coming from the same pen that gave us *The Civilization of the Fifteenth Century?*

THE TWO VICTORIES. By Rev. Thomas J. Potter. New York and Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 1875. Received through Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

We have frequently had the pleasure of reviewing Fr. Potter as an authority in sacred eloquence, and his entertaining little novels and sketch-books are well known to Catholic readers. *The Two Victories* fully sustains his past reputation; indeed, our only complaint is, that he does not give us something more expansive in the way of Catholic novels.

ROSE LEBLANC. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. New York and Montreal: Sadlier & Co., 1875. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

This novelette, from the pen of the gifted Lady Fullerton, is familiar to the readers of the RECORD, it having been published serially in our pages. Our judgment of it was expressed in that manner, and we therefore deem further praise superfluous.

ADELMAR DE BELCASTLE; OR, BE NOT HASTY IN JUDGING. Translated from the French by P. S. A. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1875. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

A beautifully written story, the moral of which is intended to show forth the evils of rash judgment. The superb manner in which the book is printed and bound makes it peculiarly suitable for a premium.

THE DOUBLE TRIUMPH: A Drama in Two Acts. Dramatized from *The Martyrs of the Coliseum*, by Rev. A. J. O'Reilly, D.D. Miss. Ap. New York and Montreal: Sadlier & Co., 1875.

All the above works were received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

FLOWERS OF CHRISTIAN WISDOM. By Lucien Henry, late Scholar of the Universities of Paris and Nancy. With a Preface by Right Hon. Lady Herbert. New York and Montreal: Sadlier & Co., 1875.

A neatly printed and beautifully bound collection of Christian aphorisms, serving as a *vade mecum* of spiritual inspiration.

THE FAMILY. By Rev. Augustus Riche, Priest of Saint Sulpice. Translated by Mrs. Sadlier. New York and Montreal: Sadlier & Co., 1875. Received through Cunningham & Son, 29 S. Tenth Street.

An admirable little treatise, which should keep company with Bishop Dupanloup's work, since its mission is similar, but its scope wider, though more concise in its treatment.

A TREATISE ON PLAIN AND SPHERICAL TRIGONOMETRY. By C. F. R. Bellows, C. E., Professor of Mathematics in the Michigan State Normal School. New York: Sheldon & Co., publishers, 667 Broadway.

An excellent text-book, on the latest and most improved models.

THE

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RITUALISM, A RELIGIO-PHILOSOPHIC INDEX.

"BUT can ye not discern the signs of the times?" The restless and feverish anxiety of mind, the skeptical habitude of thought and inquiry, the superinduced propensity of universal doubt; and the malformation and crudity of mental processes that meet the observer on every side, make the solution, and reading of the moral and intellectual signs, a rather perplexing and difficult problem, what will this fast-approaching future reveal? Doubt, and mystery, and darkness, "and thrice threefold the gates" that shut out from the calculating vision the yet unborn heir of all our wisdom and folly, our virtues and vices, and our ignorance and knowledge. The race of prophets is entirely extinct, at least, in an official or Judaic sense, and seers no longer are sent to comfort the doubting and console the weak. But the desire to know something of the coming times is still strongly inherent. Moral speculators will confute and politic calculators opine on rational or irrational bases. That there is a radical commotion, if not an entire change, in many or most of the fundamental canons of both religion and science, hitherto fixedly held by a great part of the civilized world, is now too evident to suppose the possibility of denial. There is something more than mere coincidence in the fact that *physico-mania* and rituo-mania coexist, and are identified almost historically in their birth, growth, and popular acceptance. Superficially they have nothing in common. The one displays an inevitable tendency towards the grossest materialism, whilst the other is accepted among the good, easy, hopeful, prayerful, and pious Catholics as "a step in the right direction." The writer looks on this latter view of the matter as a "golden dream," sweet but delusive, and will proceed to give reasons for the faith that is in him. The reasons may not bring conviction to every mind; but if they arouse attention, and elicit an interchange of views on a subject that will soon engross the whole of Christendom, their end is fully attained. Lest the remotest

imputation of Puritanism might cling to the following sentiments it may be prudent to assert that its spirit was, from the first faint glimmer of reason, most abhorrent and repulsive to the writer.

Puritanism he regards as fanatical spirituality, frenzy growing out of intense though foolish zeal, a striving after the angelic by the least angelic part of humanity, the spiritual madness of a sane people; or, in other terms, diabolism stripped of its customary luxury, sensuality, self-indulgence, and indifference. It steels the softest and kindest breast, and licks up the fount of human affections. The generous impulses of nature freeze into stolid selfishness wherever the Puritan breathes victorious or dominates. Nothing that can command the respect or reverence of a noble mind does it possess except its gloomy imperturbation, and stern, unyielding resolution. These positive qualities, which it has, when tempered, purified, and directed by a true religious guidance, and mollified by the benign influences of divine grace, have under other circumstances wrought wonders on earth and filled many a vacant throne in heaven.

Ritualism is the other extreme to Puritanism. All in it is false and hollow. It has neither the express commands and formularies of Jehovah as had the Jews, nor the convictions and apostolic traditions as have the Catholics, from which a ceremonious form of worship could arise. It is in its every joint and limb as purely a human contrivance as the "Thirty-nine Articles," or the "Confession of Augsburg," or any other of the Reformed formulæ; and as much more so as the traditional usages, dogmas, and rites of Catholicity are less known and understood now than in the great upheaval of the sixteenth century. The more the human mind enters into the formation of religious belief the less divine that belief is. Hence the sanctified tenacity, the holy instinct, and the Christian logic Catholics display in ever recurring to the early ages of the Church when challenged to show warrants for their doctrines, rubrics, and customs. Hence the odium the pseudo-reformers tried (and in part succeeded), to cast on the early fathers and martyrs; for they felt, though in their writings they pretended otherwise, the novelty of their theological "institutes." The ordination of sublunary matters is such, physical, moral, and mental, that the more of the prototypical influences and forms we reject and the longer the duration of this rejection, the further we recede from the original constrictions and conformations. Every new element introduced acts as a dissolvent; and every old element expelled becomes a precipitant. In affairs, religious, political, and social, time is the common base with which theory or innovation combines to transform, dissolve, or modify. It is not at all impossible to restore a moral or religious status. But such restoration can be achieved only by retracing our steps, throwing aside innovations, and reassuming things abandoned. We do not live in circles, as some would have it, and we never can reach our starting-point unless by reversed movement and a return to the highway whence we strayed.

It is evident that Ritualism is not a return or reaction towards Catholic principles, for it retains in all its pristine fury the anti-papal virus and hatred. It originated not in the reintroduction of the private Christian virtues, humility, self-denial, or a spirit of obedience, nor does it seem that religious fervor had anything to do with its creation. But unmistakably the love of ceremony has seized all hues of English-speaking Protestantism, which was for centuries the highest phase of that psychological development begun in the age of Luther, his contemporaries and successors. There are some causes, open

or secret, for this mutation. Clearly it is not the presence of the Catholic Church that has produced it, for whether obscured or glorious, Catholicity was present, during the ages subsequent to Henry VIII, to the so-named Anglo-Saxon mind, in the same garb that clothes it still. It is yet to the great masses of Protestantism the same huge, uncouth, idolatrous bugbear, a thing to be abhorred and destroyed, a religious tyrant machinating the destruction of John Bull's liberty and that of his cousins and dependants. It is an instinct of the human mind that what it despises and hates, it can never imitate or be assimilated with. The spirit of opposition awakened must ever prove a preventive and obstacle, not to be overcome as long as the ill-feeling continues. Hence Ritualism is derived in its animus, neither directly nor indirectly, from Catholicity. Many of the usages, doubtless, which it holds forth to tempt and seduce adherents, are so derived, and thus Ritualism is a veritable and literal "wolf in sheep's clothing." The "tractarian movement" is supposed to have called it into existence. It can hardly be denied that this movement gave it breadth and volume. But the movement itself was rather one of the many throes attendant on its birth than its progenitor. The cause is laid farther back.

In the closing decades of the last century the study of physical science received a new impetus; and the received Christian morality of ages was for a period upturned by the revolutionists of France. These two causes combined to form those generations of Free-thinkers who destroyed the last vestiges of Catholic traditions, that were, up to that time, interwoven with the various grades of Protestantism, and which, except with a certain class in Germany and France, formed unconsciously as they, yet, in their revived state, to some extent form the only positive religious tenets held by those who believed, or believe in such a manifest absurdity as individual Christianity. The mind once deprived of the true value of religion naturally sought some object on which to bestow its affections, and formed just at the moment the real and pretended wonders and promises of physics. Franklin caught up the falling and destructive thunderbolt, and chained it in his silken bands; Priestley stormed the invisible citadel of the salubrious atmosphere, and robbed it of its secrets; Fulton imprisoned the idle vapor, and subdued it into the most faithful and powerful handmaid of man; and many more unusual wonders and real inventions were effected or supposed. Thus nature was made to supplant nature's God, and earth became the coveted paradise of the materialist and scientist—names once distinct and wide apart as heaven and hell, but in our modern world identical—and thus the eye that looked to eternity was turned downward, and steadfastly bent on fleeting time and its dissolving vistas. This was the second act in the awful tragedy of the Christian rebellion against their loving God. The curtain has not yet fallen before the actors in this second part, and we may witness some further revelations that will point more clearly to the finale. The conversion of the nations and their perversion seem to be accomplished by similar gradations. Never at once and totally has Christianity been able to extirpate all the pagan and immoral habits of any land. First the people gain a knowledge of the faith, and eventually of all the requirements of that faith. In perversion the mode is reversed, but the same degrees are observable. First, they lose the true meaning of the faith, and gradually its practices. The theory may seem fanciful or arbitrary, but the facts are so historically and in full accordance with reason, when the factor of humanity is taken into

the computation. The "Reformation," therefore, rendered possible not only the indifferentism of the present hour, but made a return to paganism a matter merely of years, during which those and their generation, who emancipated themselves from the wholesome restraints and refused the doctrines of the Catholic Church, would forget imperceptibly the real significance of what they retained.

Those gentlemen, styled "philosophers of nature," or more properly "experimenters of matter," give themselves out as the emancipators of the human mind, and the destroyers of what they denominate "superstition," whereas they are the offspring of such emancipation, and the brood that has arisen from the burned, superstitious, phœnix's ashes. They are the ever-present parasites of infidel wealth, and the caterers whom luxury invokes to soothe the pangs of wounded conscience, and pluck out the sting of implanted rectitude. Tyndal said well: "The merchant had been abroad and rendered the philosopher possible;" but instead of "rendered possible" greater accuracy would have substituted "created." The philosopher, both in the antique pagan sense and the modern English one, is unquestionably the fructification of a union —an unholy espousal—between error or absence of religion and inordinate wealth. The misshapen product has the worst characteristics of both —unscrupulous, unhallowed, and greedy—insatiate of fame; impatient of contradiction; and intolerant of the slightest opposition. Possession of the popular ear and command of the popular purse constitute the goal of all their ambition. Towards it they struggle incessantly and by all means; "sometimes he scours the right-hand coast, sometimes the left;" and yet there are people of that uncandid dulness who cannot behold the "New Right," and who still feel the pangs of life, and shudder at the terrors of death. It seldom occurs, perhaps, to the masses to reflect that impiety, in word and act, requires less real moral courage than the smallest effort of self-abnegation. The bold, audacious, and unqualified blasphemer is the admiration of the village group, whilst the peaceful, honest, and thrifty man is unknown; in like manner the doubting, profane, and scurrilous speculator or theorist, perched on a more exalted tripod, utters his oracles to willing and uncritical ears.

But physical science has made advances not a few. The fact is undeniable; yet, in allowing the fact, it may be noted that the progress is in little due to the specific professors, and almost entirely to the perfection of the investigating instruments—the microscope, the telescope, the spectroscope, exact chronometers, and quadrants, highly graduated scales, and the whole categories of special implements—that have conduced as much to the destruction of innumerable theories as to the establishment of reliable and extensive data. That the mediæval men, so generally calumniated, had they but possessed the artificial aids of our more perfect mechanism, would have made vaster researches and profounder studies in the natural secrets, laws, and principles of vitality and organism, no one can doubt who is in any wise familiar with their modes of thought and their systems of analysis. That period, including the *ninth and thirteenth centuries*, may truly be named the "Age of Reason" as well as the "Age of Faith." Those powerful minds, from which the high walls of heaven hardly concealed the "vision beatific," or the "hell gate" shut in the flames of the infernal abyss, never dreamed that by any possible complications there could ensue discord and disorder between reason and religion, faith and science, or that the hand of man could sever the link that bound the twain in one, or

that human tongue would ever pronounce the fatal divorce—fatal as every decree of divorce is always to the "weaker vessel" science, so termed—that have begotten so much enmity and internecine contention.

It has been frequently alleged, and as frequently proved, that in the nature of things there can be no opposition of faith to science, or of science to faith. They form parts of the same correlated truth, and mutually vindicate the one the other. In direct opposition, however, to this axiomatic verity are the several pronouncements of the most enthusiastic champions of science, thereby showing that there is an "*odium physicum*" no less biting and contentious than the "*odium theologicum.*" Judging from their published utterances, one would be led to suppose that they direct the microscope and wield the scalpel, not so much to trace out the hidden channels and mysterious powers of Nature, as to discover and open fissures through which the Deity might evaporate unseen. The visible things of the creation form their highest heaven; and some slight knowledge of their elements alone is inscribed in the new "Evangel." This is the "*summum bonum,*" the "*maximum sat*" of all their industry. Beyond and around, all is dark and dismal; the past unknown, the future uncertain. Some unreflective people might think that such a limitation of existence, and contraction of view, calculated to produce repulsion to the theory. The truth of the matter is different. He who has little to love or hope for, loves and desires that little all the more intensely. The drowning man catches at straws. Remove the possibility of heaven from the mind of man, and he swallows the solaces of life with more avidity. The physicists know this, and try to gain entire possession of the realm of thought. They offer man as "pleasure the delights of a day," and complete extinction at death as his "supreme cure."

> "Sad cure! for who would lose,
> Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
> Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
> To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
> In the wide womb of uncreated night,
> Devoid of sense and motion?"

The success which has hitherto attended their efforts has been fully commensurate with their zeal. Those who denied the establishment of a teaching, infallible church, have all fallen into the ranks of Nature's worshippers, and roll on the huge chorus of Hosannahs to the "eternal conservation of Force"—a divinity blind and insensate—in the immense temple of the universe. The high-priest of the Atonies—Tyndal—has pronounced his "dictum:" materialism for the Intellect, religion for the Emotions. This dogma, sealed with the signet of the British Association, proclaims the fashionable religion of the hour. Ritualism—the worship of art, wealth, and luxury—is the first born of materialistic devoteeism among the weaker brethren. The artificial simplicity of the Methodist, the severe antipathy of the Presbyterian, and the pictorial abhorrence of the Low Churchman, have given way before the rushing torrent. Those papistical abominations that once were—music, painting, and gorgeous ceremonial—have become, strange alteration, the idols of the conventicle and the meeting-house. The modern Rachels have filched the household gods. The hand is the hand of Pusey, but the voice is the voice of Knox.

The love of physical pursuit and investigation is not at all incompatible with the most elevated tone of the Christian mind. It is in fact, to such a one, a beautiful diagram, in which he discovers the marks and handiwork of living Infinitude, Power, and Omniscience. The first object that meets his glance, a grain of sand, a blade of grass, a twinkling star, leads him off through its interminable connections into the vast immensity surrounding us. The dependence and gradual super-dependence, the minute harmony

and mathematical exactitude, the invisible but necessary relations, the secret and inexhaustible powers of the material world, so inexplicable, and yet so constant and palpable, are subjects for unceasing admiration and philosophic gratitude. On this small planet man may lay, as the greatest man laid, himself unreservedly for the sacrifice. Neither will the fire be wanting, for "our God is a consuming fire." Infidels say that it is impossible to conceive how those myriads of stars and stellular systems could all be created for such an insignificant worm as man. In the first place Catholicity teaches nothing of the kind. "Why," says the catechism, "did God make the world?" "For his own honor and glory, to show his power and goodness, and for man's use and benefit." Not for man, therefore, but for the same reasons that man gets his existence, were those "many rows of starry lamps," and "blazing cressets," set in the nocturnal heavens.

It is only in connection with the revealed properties, attributes, and supremacy of the Eternal Creator, that nature's laws are wise or even laws at all. The unbelieving physicist may discover forces, symmetries, and connections, but having previously removed the legislator, he, as a necessity, robs them of their inbred and controlling wisdom, and to him this wondrous and harmonious arrangement is the resultant of mere accident, or of "the mechanical shock," whatever that may be. "Science corroborates religion," and the evidence of this corroboration was never more manifest than in our own immediate day. But such science is always real science, and unquestionable, and such religion always genuine and not fabricated. The knowledge of a general and well-known element of physics, electricity, has removed one of the stock arguments of heresy against the grand central dogma of the Catholic Church. "How," it was asked, "is it possible that the same thing could be in so many places at once?" The answer was metaphysical in the past, but now every telegraph operator can furnish proof of the phenomenon. Not only can spiritual existences be so present, but even bodies of subtile material composition can be in millions of places at once without suffering diminution, change, or modification. No mind can sensibly note a succession of moments; nor can the keenest chronometer indicate any discrepancy in time. The application instrumentally of the "electric current," was therefore a triumph for Catholic truth. It showed that the objection of the senses was a pure chimera, and an unscientific delusion. Likewise the so-called "contradiction" of three and one, regarding the mystery of the Holy Trinity, is set aside by the science of optics. Pass a ray of light through a half dozen colored lenses, and you have the same thing at the same time, six different things, each distinct from the others, yet equal one to the other, and any one of which is equal to all. Of course neither of those illustrations explains the mystery involved, any more than did the inserted fingers of the doubting apostle; and are valid as arguments only in combating the silly difficulties raised by the "SENSE-TEST." The thousand and one other "reasons" that Protestantism either revived or invented, such as the infused poison difficulty, and that whole category of valid objections, are thrown down by a right understanding of natural laws as they were set up by their misinterpretation. They are in consequence urged no longer as of yore, and their retainers are left to "curse their frail original and faded bliss, faded too soon." It is human religion that science destroys; and this it does whether the theory includes within its limitations some faint notions of the Deity and Revelation, or bowing down before nature, worships no

other God. Truth overthrows error whenever and wherever they are brought into contact and "dark encounter," and though the dissolution does not result with the suddenness of an electric flash, it is none the less certain for being slow.

The theories of naturalism that are popular and all-engrossing now, are not destined to continue. Take the astronomical and geological expositions of the earth's durability and origin. The cooling process and accretion of the one neutralizes the equatorial expansion and development of the other. Which is true? Or is there, perhaps, another? Those supposititious cycles and epicycles, those periods and ages are the myths of modern paganism. When man leaves the laws and forces affecting him, immediately his science has always in it more imagination than experiment. The accumulation of facts and their coordination compose the legitimate realm and bound, the real kingdom of the experimenter—geologist, astronomer, or physicist; beyond this he is on forbidden and hostile ground, and must expect the fate of all intruders. How we are and exist, and not why or wherefore, is the proposition set before him, and to this strictly he must address himself.

Facts will live, though theory and theorist meet the reward of fantasy and falsehood, contempt or undisturbed oblivion. Many a pet of his generation slumbers without recognition among the common herd that vociferated his praises,

> "Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
> Ages of hopeless end."

To the whole tribe of materialistic experimenters nothing is so intolerable as religion from convictions. Those religionists who hold that one set of supernatural opinions or fancies (in their estimation) is as good as any other, are the successful candidates for scientific plaudits. It is strange that men so professedly zealous in the cause of truth should act so inconsistently. For there is some truth in religion, or there is not. If there be any truth, it is only possible to the consistent, and not to those who support contradictions; and if there be not any truth, all should alike receive scientific reprobation. But logic in conclusions, deductions or convictions, is not now at all a physico-scientific peculiarity. Its absence is rather more frequently discoverable. Professors of materialism discharge their vials of acrid wrath on what they term "shrine-cure," and "miracle-proof," and with strange inconsistency show that the principles sustaining the one and the other are the very secrets of "medicine-cure" and "sense-proof." What is the principle of "shrine-cure," or a state of convalescence procured by impetration and long-continued prayer? That there is a power invisible, good, watchful, and compassionating. What is the principle in administering quinine in cases of chills and fever? That there is some unknown and invisible property or virtue. Experience confirms the one as well as the other; in the present day as well as in the past; the *proud Probatica* and the *Grotto of Lourdes*, as well as the feverlands of India and the chill-swamps of Maryland. When it becomes a matter of recrimination, there is perhaps no profession that furnishes so many examples of technical empiricism to the scoffer as medicine and its practitioners. In like manner the "*miracle-proof*" and the "*sense-proof*," though the one is reprobated and the other adored by the materialist, depend on the same mental process to sustain them. In physical investigations the theory is hypothecated, and corroboration afterwards sought by experiment and observation. This is to prove one thing by another apparently, though not really different, or rather to show the presence of an agency, cause, or power by one or more of its effects. The condemned "miracle-proof"

has all its force from a similar procedure in evidence. A man is sent to preach the gospel and to demonstrate the authenticity of his commission; he raises the dead to life or restores sight to the blind-born man. In other words the miracles wrought are proof positive of the presence of divine power. How otherwise is the undulatory theory of light, or the rotundity of the earth proved? There is nothing created that can prove itself. An angel might say it is an angel, but the so saying is not proof thereof. There is required other attestation proportioned to the assertion, whether vocally or mutely made. God only has the prerogative of saying, "*Ego sum qui sum*," and convincing the mind by the mere expression, for being author and creator of both mind and body, the intellect can without other demonstration apprehend the voice of its maker. When physicists reprehend the "miracle-proof," as they term it, how little do they seem aware that the reprehension is not only sophistic, but decidedly unphilosophic and subversive of all possible human truths. Such a weapon would, were it possible to arm with it the whole human race, prove a double-edged sword, destructive not to religion only, but as well to all grades of science. But despite all theory and sophistry, man cannot be robbed of the gifts of his creation or the endowments of his nature. He may be misled and betrayed by specious reasoning, but eventually he shows himself not more materialist than idealist.

The danger in ritualism and its cognate tendencies arises from the fact, that, whilst it brings the mind more and more to love the beautiful in art and nature, it has no higher truth. There is in it nothing of that "obedience unto death," "patience under chastisement," resignation to the divine will, and those innumerable other Christian virtues, that instruct while they chasten. The mental transition from admiration and love to adoration and worship is a "narrow faith" where no check is interposed. Things may be very much assimilated, and still subserve very distinct and even hostile ends. The rich rose-tint on the apple's cheek may either indicate the presence of the canker-worm or mellowed sweetness.

It has always been a mystery, and something unaccountable to the writer, how men of some shrewdness and worldly wisdom, such as the early leaders of the Protestant revolt appear to have been, could have yielded to the furious, iconoclastic spirit so far as to throw madly away from them a means of instruction second, if even second in that illiterate age, only to the pulpit or the press. Pictorial instruction has many advantages over both oral and written at any time. There is in it a nearer approach to the real and substantial. It is but reasonable and just to suppose, that the fervor of the first fanaticism demanded such wanton and barbaric demolition. Fanaticism is nothing unless it is magnificent; the niches dismantled, the frescoes defaced, the organs silent. This cruel and savage spectacle fascinated and could fascinate none save the most unsympathetic and callous men under a perverse religious influence. Were they capable of comparison or "cerebration," beyond their own stern preconceptions, they could not but see in all parts of God's visible creation not only a beautiful and inimitable harmony and disposition, but a system of ornamentation infinitely beyond man's powers to copy. Neither could they fail to perceive that it was man's privilege to add to this natural decoration. If man's art was allowable in nature, *a fortiori* it was so when it was merely a question of blending art with art in ornamenting a temple or shrine.

But as pure subjectivity in religion proved its incompatibility and fal-

sity, by ignoring the sensitive organization of humanity, so in like manner ritualism commits the same fatal mistake by forgetting the spiritual and intellectual nature of man. A love of the beautiful does not always indicate a love of the true, though they are frequently found in close conjunction, and have many reciprocal affinities. As in the other concerns of existence, when one object totally absorbs the affections and allures the intellect, all the rest are abandoned and *forgotten*, so is it even with ritualism. This penchant for responsive services, sacred paintings, ecclesiastical decorations and ceremonies, that is yearly spreading with such rapidity, connected as it is with evidently decreasing faith in supernaturalism, is not the harbinger of a return to the true fold, but a clear indication of a further removal. It is true, many have found it the first step in their progress towards Catholicity, but what has not been so found? Besides, it produced religious excitation, and all such excitations have yielded small crops of earnest minds.

In its contest with materialism the Protestant theory of Christianity was shattered to pieces, and the victor, with scornful magnanimity, threw the cloak of ritualism over the débris to hide the dreadful havoc. There is in the world a deep and silent consciousness that the pseudo-reformation was a mistake or a mere German frenzy, but the chasm to be recrossed is too dreadful to many a man, and to other some the heat of imbibed prejudice too fervid and consuming to be extinguished on a sudden. To earnest minds the hollowness of the ritual compromise is too apparent. Viewed in relation to the current theories, and the applause with which undisguised hostility to Revelation is pronounced, the conclusion forces itself on the mind that ritualism is the earliest indication of the palingenesia of paganism.

"He sins against this life who slights the next."
What is this life? How few their favorite know!
Fond in the dark, and blind in our embrace,
By passionately loving life we make
Loved life unlovely, hugging her to death.
We give to Time Eternity's regard;
And, dreaming, take our passage for our port.
Life has no value as an end, but means;
And end deplorable, a means Divine!
When 'tis our all, 'tis nothing; worse than nought;
A nest of pains: when held as nothing, much.
Like some fair humorists, life is most enjoyed
When courted least; most worth, when disesteemed;
Then 'tis the seat of comfort, rich in peace;
In prospect richer far; important, awful!
Not to be mentioned but with shouts of praise!
Not to be thought on but with tides of joy!
The mighty basis of eternal bliss!

THE CRYSTAL CUP.

A LEGEND.

THE wind was wailing drearily,
  Like souls in endless pain,
Forever longing wearily,
  But evermore in vain.
The hermit heard the woful sound,
  And, prostrate in his cell,
With tears bedewed the stony ground—
  For sinful men they fell.

"My God!" he cried, "this fearful night
  Doth shadow forth their lot
Who loved thee once and walked in light,
  Who turned, and loved thee not—
Now shrieks the storm in keen despair!
  Now moans the tossing sea!
Oh! hear thy lowly servant's prayer,
  Convert all hearts to thee."

And lo! as earnestly he prayed,
  A hurried step drew near;
A face whereon the lightning played,
  Looked in, convulsed by fear;
A voice implored, "From dire remorse,
  Oh, Father, give relief!
The night is wild—yon bleeding corse
  Pursues my soul with grief."

"Kneel down, kneel down, repentant son,
  Reveal thy mournful tale,
Seek help from her, the pitying one,
  Whose prayers on high prevail."
"A twelvemonth since, my brother brave,
  For land and wealth, I slew;
With pomp I laid him in his grave,
  And none my trespass knew.

"But even when the wind is loud,
  When rock the forest trees,
That hapless brother in his shroud
  My tortured fancy sees:
And ever when the owlet cries,
  While dim the embers glow,
I meet his sad, reproachful eyes,
  I hear his death-sigh low.

"Then horror haunts my maddening brain,
And fear, to frenzy driven,
Makes hope of mercy seem in vain.
Say, can I be forgiven?"
"Take comfort, trust and truly mourn;
How great, soe'er thy guilt,
For thee thy Saviour's Cross was borne,
For thee his Blood was spilt.

"Remember how his bitter death
Atoned for every sin!
In suppliant sorrow spend thy breath,
'Tis *love* shall pardon win.
Bear hence, lest faith should waver dim,
This Crystal Cup I give;
When water fills it to the brim,
Thy soul in grace shall live."

Then from his knee Sir Ulric rose
And to his castle hied;
It stood where gentle Avon flows
With winding, limpid tide,
Full many a week in fervent prayer
In rigid fast went by,
Till May beheld the river fair
Gloss back the shining sky.

Then slowly, pale and penance worn,
Came forth that sinner sad;
Alone he stood, one happy morn,
'Mid vernal beauty glad;
The lovely landscape smiled serene,
In light and balm of spring,
But Nature's blithesome bloom, I ween,
To him no joy could bring.

He hastened down the daisied slope,
One heavenward glance he gave;
The crystal pledge of patient hope
He dipt beneath the wave.
Alas! the water flowed not in!
The chalice clear he raised—
Cold, cold, the deathlike sense of sin
Sank deeper as he gazed!

But floating on the river there
He saw a hawthorn spray:
"Oh hear!" he sighed, "a sinner's prayer,
Thou clement Queen of May!
On fear's chill current, fatal, swift,
My soul is downward borne.
Mother of Mercy, help! I drift
To blank despair forlorn!"

Our Lady sent an omen sweet,
With trust and courage fraught;
The rippling water to his feet
That spray of hawthorn brought.
He snatched it from the rapid wave,
"Oh, clement Queen," sang he,
"As I this broken blossom save,
So thou wilt succor me!"

Responsive tones that rose apart
Rang through the light-leaved bowers,
"'Mid thorns of penance lose not heart
Until forgiveness flowers."
Sir Ulric left the river side,
He left his castle-home,
With staff and scallop, far and wide
O'er pilgrim paths to roam.

He knelt at many a holy shrine,
He reached the Southern strand,
Thence sailed he o'er the dark blue brine
Unto the Holy Land.
In Jordan's streams, in Jacob's well,
In Cedron's brook of pain,
While soft the solemn moonlight fell,
He plunged the cup—in vain.

The fickle sea he crost once more,
For alms held out his hand,
Self-humbled, passed from door to door
Through all the summer land.
Again he saw his native vale,
Again by Avon's side,
He dipped the fateful chalice frail,
Still vainly, in the tide.

Then, as he climbed the wooded steep,
Above him sternly rose,
The stately towers, the frowning keep,
That erst defied his foes.
Before the vaulted portal vast
He stood—the horn he blew,
A vassal throng obeyed the blast,
But none the palmer knew.

For changed become, by deepest woe,
Transformed by highest love,
By hard-won virtues, here below
Despised, though crowned above,
And unto that once haughty brow,
So humbly earthward bent,
The grandeur of self-conquest now
A regal calmness lent.

The face that Nature made so fair,
That evil's torch had marred,
That lowered erst in fell despair,
In dark defiance hard,
Transfigured now, with hallowed light,
Of mournful fervor glowed,
And through its wan transparence bright,
Sublime soul-beauty showed.

He raised his head, that drooped in thought,
Perchance in earnest prayer;
In deadly strife his spirit wrought—
Pride yet was wrestling there.
With tightened lips, with forehead flushed,
He looked around, on high,
Then sudden battle-ardor rushed
To kindling cheek and eye.

They knew the look that led them on,
Erewhile, to deeds of fame,
Though nobler, purer far it shone
Than earthly valor's flame.
"Now, welcome home! Noël! Noël!
Our own Sir Ulric dear!
We mourned thee dead, we love thee well,
Rest, pilgrim, warrior, here!"

"Oh! hail ye not this sad return,
Nor greet me thus to-day!
My shame will deep within you burn,
'Twill chase your joy away.
Three years ago, in evil hour,
My brother brave I slew,
For land, for wealth, for added power;
My crime no mortal knew."

"Rest *here?* Oh, never, nevermore!
In some far distance lone
I fain would dwell till life be o'er,
And there my guilt bemoan:
Twice cruel hand that smote thy side,
Oh, Rupert! since, through thee,
I pierced the Heart of him who died,
My God! for love of me!"

He veils his brow, no word he speaks;
His bending frame with woe
Is shaken, down his wasted cheeks
The tears in torrents flow,—
One falls upon the crystal cup,
Drops inward from the rim,
Expands, increases, gushes up,
And fills it to the brim.

"UNTO THESE LEAST."

"NAY," said the old man, in that gentle tone, which, throughout the interview, had been such a contrast to the bitter and defiant one of his listener; "rather say, 'if she is going to be respectable, I will climb any height to keep near her. Let me still live in her mind, and I promise to become the reality of what her imagination loves in me now, goodness, and manly honor.'"

"'Almost thou persuadest me,'" dropped involuntarily from the young lips, and a soft rush of color stole over the lightly bearded face—"but no, I have gone too far down!"

"Never, sir!" and the voice, so gentle throughout, rose to a mighty tone, such as some eloquent preacher might use, to call vast crowds to God; "in all the depths of a stupendous universe, there is but one, from which there is 'no redemption,' *hell!* Do not reach that, sir—recede while there is time; go on, and it will surely be your goal!"

The silence of conviction chained the young man's lips, his heart, his soul. To him, who had called this silence into life, it was a sacred thing, and he did not disturb it, for he knew its power. He sat awaiting its result, with an expression akin to awe written on his face; a light such as might have been reflected from an inner glimpse of heaven, dwelling in his eyes. After some time, said the young man, humbly,

"Sir, I thank you. I will fall no more! To climb shall be my aim, when I am a free man once again!"

Mr. Vinton extended his hand. "No, sir," said the prisoner, "it is not fit to give you—yet," and he drew back his.

"My friend," was the earnest answer, "no man is in my eyes deserving of more genuine respect, than he, who having erred, is ready to repair the error. Give me your hand and take mine, as an earnest of my determination to aid you in your upward struggles."

So the withered hand, and the strong and young and shapely one, were clasped in a clasp wherein a friendship first found being, which never changed or died on earth, and of the kind which even lives beyond the grave.

"Now, sir," said the prisoner, "it is but proper you should know the name and history of him whom you befriend. In the den I have just left I was known as 'Jake,' a simple but effective covering for a good family name, never before blemished, even by the suspicion of unworthiness on the part of him who wore it. But it was the name through successive generations of poor, not wealthy men. Of the fatality which made of me what you see me now, I will simply state facts too glaring to need any superfluous comments. My name is George Ashe. My father died when I was young, leaving to me the care of a widowed mother and a young sister. I was determined to fulfil my trust to the letter, and commenced life with as honest a purpose of integrity and untiring industry as ever dwelt in the heart of man. I obtained a second-class situation in the counting-house, where my father had been head bookkeeper for many years. My salary was moderate, but sufficient for us to live on in the unpretending style to which we had always been accustomed during his lifetime, and hope pointed to promotion, and even more than promotion in the future. On account of my father's former position in the house, I was very much trusted, and held in high favor by my employers; this was the ultimate cause of my ruin, for the web woven to destroy my good name was the result of envy on the part

of my fellow-employés. The case, briefly stated, was this: I had charge of the most important correspondence of the house, and often was intrusted with drafts and money orders to a large amount. In this way it happened, that a check for $1000 lay upon my desk one day, to be drawn at the bank for necessary inclosures. With a carelessness which was my only culpable part in the whole affair, I left the office for a few moments, as I thought, but was detained longer than I expected. When I came back it was gone! I, of course, immediately sent a message to the bank to stop payment, which should have been sufficient to prove my honesty, and at the same time told my employers of the loss. But I had forfeited my status; from that time I was treated as a person with whom it was considered 'well to be careful.' The check was never found, and I worked on, conscious of the fact that, unless the real thief was detected, I was under suspicion. So, when on another occasion, I went to the post-office, and brought up the day's mail, and in a registered letter which avowed an inclosure of $100, no money was found, I was openly accused of having abstracted it. Mark me, sir, such is the injustice of human judgment; I had served this firm faithfully; had not transgressed against honesty before God or man, and yet that breath of suspicion fastened this crime upon me! I avowed my innocence, requested a search of my effects, both at home and at the office, to be made, and imagine, if you can, my utter horror, my woful consternation! The money was found in my desk, the numbers of the notes identified by the sender, and I consigned to prison, there to find the blight to a life that might have been something noble."

"Oh! what a woful mistake, my friend!" spoke gently now the venerable listener, whose listening had been of the earnest and pitying kind, that attracts confidence more than any words; "no blight should have been the result of this injustice, but a noble rising above its withering power, to prove by the future that the past was a lie!"

"So I might have thought, sir, if my employers had been of your way of thinking—if any one had. But the whole world of friends and acquaintances turned against me; my mother believed in my guilt, my pure and sweet little sister was taught that I was not fit to be her brother. In my bitter anguish the thought rose up in my mind, that to be virtuous or to be honorable, was a farce in this life; that the reputation which a breath could destroy, was not a thing to take any trouble about; and that he who trusted in principle to bring him through life was a fool, since I who had never offended against it, was now a convict, with a forever disgraced name; and some enemy of mine, who had committed a foul and ingeniously planned crime, was enjoying honor and position. And on this I acted. When I left the prison, I found that my mother was dead, had died of grief, still believing in my guilt. I idolized my mother, sir, once, and this was horrible! The principal of the firm in whose employ I had been, was one of your stern religious fanatics, who have no course for error but unrelenting severity, and no belief in human nature at all. Out of regard for my father's services he had provided for my mother till her death, and on the day of my release, he wrote me a letter informing me that she was no more, and he had placed my sister 'where she would be brought up virtuously,' but deemed it 'necessary to that end, that she should be forever severed from me.' So I turned my back upon virtue, which despised me, and the world which received me, and I became the associate of thieves, whose acquaintance I had formed in prison, and who offered me a competence in their

den. There I met Guiseppe Avilo, brought to this depth by that which can drag a man to any depth, drink. For the miserable living he made, he gambled, and I fulfilled the world's assertion of me by becoming a thief, on the principle I have named!"

"There, sir, commenced your wrong!" cried the old man in the stirring tone used once before. "Not what you are in the sight of men, but what you are in the sight of God, that you really are, no more, no less! Following this noble truth, you might have died in a prison-cell; 'felon' might have been written on your despised tomb; and to the mind of him who knows all things, whose judgment is without flaw, and whose estimate, a God's sentence on your life; you might have been a martyr, sir, of the highest type."

The prisoner's eyes looked upwards, the crime-stained hands folded themselves as a little child's are folded in prayer. "Oh, great God!" he said, solemnly, "let these noble words be the guide of my broken life in the time to come!"

Then there was silence, and in that silence died the prisoner's past, and was born his strange, thrice-blessed future, a martyr's life and a martyr's grave.

IV.

It was late when the portly figure again trod its way through the paradisiacal street, and fairies of all sizes and all styles of beauty, and arrayed in all imaginable costumes of cut and make, most faultless, thronged its pavements, to whom he gave passing pats on bright heads, and passing pulls of silken curls, and passing whispers of love from a great heart full of that gift in rare perfection, from whom he received charming smiles and spontaneous looks of trust, all unsullied, and irrepressible sounds of greeting, that meant joy at his presence. Inside were the queens regnant, busy making ready for the coming of their lord, and brimful of exciting news about his evil doing, and ready to demand kingly aid against the enemy's machinations. He pursued his way to his own cottage, unconscious and thrilled to the heart with beautiful emotions, the golden reward of an all-bountiful rewarder, for a day spent in his work.

He found the child up in Eva's pretty room, Eva keeping her company. She had been a pathetic sight in the morning, with her dirt and her rags, and her strange implements of learning. But I think his honest heart ached more keenly than at this, at the one made out of her by cleanliness and graceful dress, and presence of proper accompaniments to the pursuit of knowledge. For the dirt had hidden how wan the face, and the rags how emaciated the form; but now the carefully cleansed skin looked transparent, the peerless eyes shining out like those of some spirit, and the dress prettily fashioned hung without grace of outline, or beauty of fold, on the worn frame. The child lying upon a lounge, surrounded by picture-books, pencils, and paper, looked like a hopeless invalid. The evident care bestowed on her since morning had only produced the sad effect of bringing out more vividly the inroads of neglect and starvation. He stood a moment, regarding her with unfathomable grief in his look, then went over to the lounge, knelt down before it, and gathered her hungrily to his broad breast, saying, in a voice that smote the air with its sharpness of bitter anguish—

"O, cruel state to which I condemned you, *my own child!* God forgive me—God above, forgive me!"

The wondering little waif stared in amazement, no words could paint.

"Crule!" she cried; "*you* crule! Lord, yer don't know what crule is!"

I think the untutored language, and the rude voice, must have been like a two-edged sword in his heart, inflicting a deeper wound than anything else could have done at that moment.

"God knows," he answered, looking with pity he never could have expressed on the wreck of childhood's heritage of charms and joy, "*how* well I knew 'what cruel was,' and you, poor little one, are the living work of my cruelty."

"Uncle!" cried Eva; tears in her voice.

"Yes, Blossom, come here. This little suffering, beaten, starved waif is my own flesh and blood;" he here took her from her resting-place, holding her up close to his heart instead, "you think I am kind and good, but it is I who have starved her, and beaten her, and made her suffer!"

"*Uncle!*" repeated the young girl, with surprised and denying emphasis.

"Yes," he went on sadly, "I had only one child, a darling daughter, the child of her I loved better than my life, and since whose early death life has been but a waiting to find her again. And this child did not marry as I wished, so I cast her off. God knows I repented soon enough, but she was gone, and too proud to let me know of her whereabouts. I sought her out in vain. I was—am—rich beyond your most extravagant dream of wealth, but I put aside the dread gift, and all its outward appurtenances, making every one, even my own family, believe that it was lost, and vowed never to use it till I found her, or some child of hers. My dear, I have haunted the places where the wretched live in hope of gaining some clue to her, and to-day, intent upon this aim, Divine Providence guided me to this child. A daisy-mark on her neck, to which faithful Peggy drew my attention, the same as one upon her mother's, filled me with hope and fear. I went out to make inquiries, and this moment I hold in my possession papers establishing her identity beyond a doubt; but she is an orphan, and her mother, alike beyond the power of human love or human vindictiveness!"

"Poor uncle!" softly fell from the girl's lips, "what can I say to comfort you! I owe my happy life to you, and now, in your sorrow, I cannot say a word to do you good!"

"Not so," and he drew her close to the child nestling to his heart, "I find comfort in your very presence, my blossom. I took you to fill her vacant place, and to-day I only see in you the presence that truly fills it. What 'can you do to comfort me?' Go on and fill it for this wronged and worn-out creature, as you have filled it for me. Learn to be a woman, my sweet, in giving a tender woman's care, which no wealth can buy, to her who lived in squalor and crime, while gold laid hidden in a bank, to be set free at her touch; who came and begged to 'stay in the yard by day, and lie on the doorstep at night,' to learn to read, when the proudest seminary in the land might have been proud to own the privilege of educating her! My God, how insufficient are human judgments! How far they fall short of their own ends!"

"Uncle," said Eva, "I promise I will be all you wish to her, and striving to care for her poor little life, make my own better."

"Right, my sweet dearie!" bending down to the silent child, leaning heavily, so heavily and motionlessly against his heart; "do you understand, you are *my own child*, your mother called me father!"

She put a thin arm around his neck, but she only said, in a half-unconscious tone, "Zuma!"

"Dear!" cried the old man, in alarm, "what do you say? Are you dreaming?"

But she sat up wildly gesticulating, the gray eyes burning.

"The cat-a-cornered one!" she cried. "Gabe, go away! Oh, Jake, come back, please, please! Zib—biz—!"

It was fever, unmistakable; the day had been too much for the street Arab; the wonderful mind had deserted its tottering throne.

"Call Peggy," said Mr. Vinton, in a voice of despair; "I deserve this!"

There was a depth of woe in the tone that the young girl kept in her heart for many a sad day afterwards. She complied with his request.

"Peggy," said he, in a broken voice, "the daisy-mark told the true story." Peggy's hands sought the air.

"Ah thin glory be to God, sir; is it me darlin' Miss Norie's child she is?"

"Beyond a doubt, Peggy."

He was stopped by the wild action of the woman, who threw herself down before the fevered form, kissing the hands, the feet, the hem of the little dress, weeping all the time, the irrepressible weeping of joy. The little one muttered and moaned, and called on Jake!

"Saints above us, sir! what's on the crachure? Shure, it's the faver it is!"

"And it will end the wornout life, I fear, Peggy. *You* alone know how well I deserve this!"

"Sorra a wan o' me knows ye desarve annythin', sir, but the best uv God's blessins, and a plenty of thim same. An' shure we must save the crachure fur ye, meself, an' Miss Ava there. Lay her down, sir, an' bring the docthor, an' ten to wan, ye'll have her to the good still!"

V.

"WHAT do you think!" said Mrs. Rose to Mrs. Lily over the paradisiacal garden hedge; "our fears are verified. There *is* fever," and she pointed her pink-tipped finger in the direction of the proscribed cottage.

It was such a pretty shudder pervaded Mrs. Lily's slender and graceful figure! But it cannot be reproduced on paper, which is a pity, for it made all the meaning of her answer, which was only—

"You don't say!"

"Yes, I do—I say it emphatically;" at each word the royal voice rose half a note higher, till, at the last, it actually lost itself in altitude, and being lost, went on an exploring expedition for breath. "I have it from the best authority! I questioned the doctor as he came down the street."

Mrs. Lily's white wrapper vibrated to the touch of another shudder, so pretty, so full of effect!

"Heavens, let us call Mrs. Tulip! There she is at the window!" For, of course, after hearing of the horrible yourself, the next thing to be done is communicate it to others.

Mrs. Tulip soon joined the group; Mrs. Poppy, Mrs. Larkspur, Mrs. Snowball, Mrs. Carnation, and a blooming flock of others, summoned by the telegraphic fact that "something was going on," speedily followed. A ruffled, fluttering, nodding crowd, stirred by the breeze of bad news, fair heads tortured, flower-hearts stung!

"I say," cried Mrs. Tulip, "Mr. Vinton ought to be told it can't be!"

"Undoubtedly," cried Mrs. Lily, "when our children caught the measles from each other, it was a different thing—"

"Yes, my dear," croaked Miss Garlic, from that upper window, whereof mention has been made before, "they were respectable measles at least! But fancy, what a disreputable thing for them all to get fever—did you hear if it was scarlet?—from a little street Arab!"

Unconscious Mrs. Rose! She really replied in perfect good faith.

"So much more malignant, you know, from the impurity of the blood! No, I don't know if it's scarlet!"

"No matter what it is!" cried Mrs. Lily; "Mr. Vinton must be requested to remove her to a hospital! I'll make Lily see to that when he comes home."

"Maybe Mr. Vinton would refuse," said Mrs. Carnation, timidly.

"Well," and Mrs. Tulip's full-blown head tossed itself defiantly, "there's something in the city, some board of something, or some society for something that can make him do it by law. We'll appeal to that!"

"Of course, my dear," said Miss Garlic, with inimitable sweetness; "it's the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals."

"Well," pouted Mrs. Lily, "the children aint animals, but its authority must be called in."

"And till she's removed, they musn't be let out, and nursery windows must be kept closed," decided Mrs. Rose.

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Tulip, "I don't know what I'm to do with my noisy crowd this livelong day! The only peace I have is when they're out."

"And I wanted to go shopping, but I never could, with this on my mind!" moaned Mrs. Lily.

"And I, to have my new silk fitted," wailed Mrs. Carnation, "but I can't now!"

"And just to think; that beggar must have had the fever in her veins as she walked over these very pavements yesterday, where our poor darlings were let out to play not long afterwards!" added Mrs. Larkspur, in a voice like a dirge.

Much more was said and agreed upon, many sanitary measures were proposed, and the talk had become of an absorbing nature, when Miss Garlic appeared in full view coming from the direction of Mr. Vinton's cottage.

"Sly, old thing! Went out the back way to collect materials for gossip! People with no children have nothing else to fill their selfish minds!" This was the unanimous decision of the maternal intellects then and there assembled, expressed with an overpowering clatter of tongues; for, though unanimity of sentiment prevailed, every tongue formed its own way of expressing said sentiment, and chaos of sound ensued. But every eye fixed itself steadily on the advancing figure, and the multitudinous gaze was encountered with an expression of gusto not to be mistaken, by the dual-looking power of the green-gray orbs of Miss Garlic.

"I thought, ladies," she said with the quiet sneer beyond their brain-power to detect, "that it might be well to ask our neighbors if any assistance was needed, such as a Christian woman might offer to a stricken being of any kind. I bring you news that will reassure you."

"Is—she gone?" cried the chorus of blooming lips.

"Nay," said the sharp voice softening perceptibly, "she lies there like to die. But all your cherished darlings might stand close to that sick-bed, where love has set its watch, and no breath of contagion would touch their dainty frames. The fever is that of a brain too much tried, not of foul blood, or miasmatic influence."

"Thank goodness!" was the cry of relief from the pretty crowd.

"God, you mean!" sternly put in their informant.

"Oh! yes," Mrs. Lily simpered for the rest.

"And," shot like a bombshell from the spinster's lips, as she disappeared within her own gateway, "the sick child is Mr. Vinton's own granddaughter, and heiress to the fabulous estate of Matthew Mester, of Bank Street fame, for he and Mr. Vinton turn out to be one and the same person. If contagion did lurk in the air, it would have been quite as respectable as the measles to which you so kindly took last fall."

The door clapped to, Miss Garlic disappeared. Silence, crestfallen

and uncontrollable, reigned supreme. Matthew Mester, the eccentric banker, who owned every inch of ground on that paradisiacal street! Matthew Mester, who held the whole of 'change in the hollow of his gold-lined hand! Matthew Mester, in whose absolute gift lay the position of every lord of every blooming queen there present! Matthew Mester, the eccentric, the generous, the wealthy beyond all calculation of ordinary mind, a puff of whose breath could blow away half the business houses in town! Matthew Mester, whom no one knew, whom no one had ever seen, and yet whose wonderful work in financial circles proved his actual existence to be no myth! And oh, how he used to pet *my* Lillakin! And what he might have done for *my* Rosanina! And such a favorite of his as was *my* Tulip-etta! And how often I noticed that *my* Carna-chen specially took his eye, and I wished he was made of gold for her sake; and here, alas! he is. How I could have won his everlasting good will, if I had done like Mrs. Mignonette, sly little thing! Your apparent ninnies are always sly. And that old Miss Garlic! What a fine slice she'll come in for. He need never know about our talk, only I know she'll tell. Of course she will! Matthew Mester! Well, it's worth trying any way.

Above I have feebly endeavored to reproduce some of the small rivulets of thought, that united to form a mighty and altogether unmanageable torrent, which spent itself on these defenceless feminine minds during the silence which now reigned supreme. Would you believe it? For weeks to come, offers of nurses, of sitters-up-at-night, of gifts of wine-jelly, of flowers, of fabulously costly fruits, of tapioca, of "domestic" wines, reduced the cottage of the disguised Mester to a state of siege. Ah! there was no need, no use for them!

An awful stillness reigned over the smiling spot, where the little street-Arab lay hanging between life and death. The one boon asked of the dwellers on the paradisiacal street was silence, and many and many a day the dainty darlings were borne to distant parks over its tan-covered way, to find vent for the sounds of merriment which might not be allowed to penetrate through the sacred hush of the death-shadowed chamber. Closed were the white-curtained nursery windows, not from contagion's entrance, but that childhood's life might not aid the work of childhood's threatening death. So it came, by degrees, that a hush grew upon the place, settled, dwelt there. Prepared it for that which was to stalk through lines of their dainty darlings radiant with life and health. Foreshadowed the spectacle of a threshold sadly garnished by mists of white crape flinging its woful banners to the lovely air of a summer morning. Prophesied the gliding of a silent burden over that darkened threshold; a burden, flower-veiled and velvet-bound; a burden whereof peace was the accompaniment, and grief the keepsake left behind.

For unconsciously the soul of the little street-Arab found the way to all knowledge; discovered the region whereof invincible ignorance is the key to immortal wisdom; was wafted to the height, where the one earnest instinct to seek truth, the one heroic impulse which had braved murder to find it, counted the same as a life of saintliness; where "the least" found a throne, and the "haughty ones" a downfall. But three little words from the mind awakened from fever, to know death's mercy, ended the touching story of the little life, said with radiant smile, and happy look of peace in the rare, gray eyes:

"*I know now!*"

Then they closed. And in vain watched the hearts of the mourners for another look. The soul that had shone through them in all their

wretched experiences, the soul that had formed their exquisite beauty, was now too absorbed in the rapt vision of its new knowledge to look on them again.

VI.

In the city whereof the paradisiacal street was a park stands a magnificent building, pillar and arch and fretted roof of which rise in the air like work of magician's hands, so beautiful are they. Over every graceful window smiles a cherub, and above every richly ornamented door stands the figure of a "strong, bright angel," with outstretched hands and wings. But above the ever open gateway sits the statue of a little earthly child. Cunningly has the artist fashioned it, so cunningly, that about it are clinging, palpable to the most cursory glance, not the usual outlines of sculptor's drapery, but—rags, fluttering rags! The head droops, the hair, most delicately sculptured, is disordered and unkempt, the features are warm, the eyes, ah! marble cannot depict eyes! On the little knees, their sharp outlines deftly shown through the sculptured rags, rests a limp scroll, and the worn and tiny hand writes on it with a lump of something. On the pedestal of this speaking statue is the legend: "Unto These Least." And, my reader, but for the absence of the peerless look in the eyes, it is an exact reproduction of the picture placed at the beginning of the present story.

This building is an institution, where children, having no recommendation whatever, but the established fact of extreme destitution, are taken in and given "to eat," "to drink," "to wear," "to be sheltered," physically and mentally, where there is no distinction of person, except that the most wretched are treated as the most precious; where charity reigns supreme, and God's "little ones" are the treasures of the place.

Now, for this house, no subscription-list is ever sent round, no donations are ever accepted; it lives, and works, and saves, without any outside aid. It is maintained in such style as is usual to the homes of children, whose parents enjoy a modest competence; the most liberal means of education are given—this portion of the arrangement is princely—and, for the sick, or crippled, there is a separate building furnished sumptuously. But no one is ever called upon to assist, and yet no one knows from whence the revenue of the "Least House," as people have taken to calling it, is drawn. A gentleman does the financial business as "agent," he says, and his principal refuses to reveal his name. Many theories are afloat regarding the institution, which works miracles amongst the little waifs of the city; and many fables related of the statue over the gateway, but the true story of its origin, and the true meaning of the statue, I have unfolded to you in the preceding pages. Upon the ruined fabric of his hopes for his poor little grandchild, Mr. Vinton upreared this real one of life and happiness for children of her stamp; on the heart-wish for what some one, blessed with wealth, might have done for her, he planted his treatment of these outcasts; on the death, which he accepted as a punishment for unrelenting vengeance against error, he tenderly engrafted the lives of those his good work would save. So did he meet his sorrow; so did he atone for any wrong in the past; so did he lay up treasures for the future, which could not decay.

I know, that according to the way of all well-told stories of the present day, Jake should have been put in some extraordinary position of trust, got rich, and married some beautiful and transcendently endowed young lady, should have made his unknown enemy "bite the dust," and saved his cruel employer from the poor-house in the end of his days. Truth,

however, compels me to record, that the other day I read in one of our Catholic weeklies the following obituary notice of Jake:

"DIED. At St. Harold's Monastery —— on ——, George Ashe, in religion, Brother Leo, in the thirtieth year of his age. Deceased was distinguished amongst the members of his community for his great intellectual endowments, which even his humility could not hide; his perfect and wonderful charity, especially towards the erring; and his solicitude about the lowest class of children to be found in our streets. He worked amongst them; he sought them out; he instructed them; he lived for them; he died for them. Going into a fever-laden district, to see that none of these poor little waifs might die without the consolations of religion, and such earthly aid as he could beg for them, he took the sickness himself, and actually died at his post in their midst. His last words were characteristic of his life: '"Unto These Least,' 'Lord, remember me when Thou shalt come to Thy kingdom!"' He was a martyr in the full sense of the word. *Requiescant in pace.*"

That was all. A beautiful all! what words of earthly pen or tongue can paint thy completeness?

Eva, the blossom of the old man's home, ought to have a love-affair, I know. Well, she has not had it yet, but she has learned to be a woman "of the highest type." Consequently, she is very choice about setting her heart upon that which belongs to earth alone. You understand?

Miss Susanna is a "burning and shining light" in reform circles. She looks upon her brother as a lunatic, and Eva as a fool, and this life as a mockery. But the latter is, because she has set her heart on *it alone.*

Miss Garlic is happy in administering justice throughout the halls of the "Least House," and Mrs. Mignonette's husband is "agent" there. Many babies have crowed in her arms for the benefit of the inmates, till at last she has become, to them, their most cherished ideal of motherhood. The other bloomers on the paradisiacal street—alas! their one regret is, "how they missed it." Surely, you do not expect any other repentance for people of their stamp.

Mr. Vinton? He—well, he spends all his remaining days of life, in ministering "Unto These Least."

THE END.

FATHER TOM BURKE.

THE name of Father Burke will be as famous in Irish annals as that of his illustrious countryman, the great Edmund Burke. If the latter was the oracle of the Senate, the former is a prince of the pulpit. If Edmund Burke shook the political world with the thunders of his eloquence, the burning words and fiery accents of Father Burke move the moral world. If the soul-stirring eloquence of the Irish Demosthenes fired the breasts of slaves with a devoted love of freedom and political independence, the Irish Lacordaire kindles the flame of piety in hearts long dead to the inspirations of religion, and directs the aspirations of men to the next world. If Irishmen justly cherish the memory of Edmund Burke as one of the mightiest geniuses of the modern world, they will guard the fame of Father Burke as one of the greatest orators that ever expounded the Word in the pulpit.

When Thomas Davis endeavored to waken into life, by a soul-stirring ode, the dead chivalry of Connaught, the last refuge of the Catholic Celt, and the last battle-field of Irish independence, he little thought that a youthful reader of the nation in its palmiest days was destined to kindle anew the love of faith and fatherland in Irish hearts in every quarter of the globe by the magic power of true eloquence. Little did the gifted poet of "young Ireland" know that his noble poem, "The West's Asleep," sent the blood burning through the veins of a light-hearted, bright-eyed youth, born in Galway, the city of the tribes in the year 1830. I can fancy how young Tom Burke felt as he read the following inspiring lines of Davis:

"And often in O'Connor's van
To triumph dashed each Connaught clan—
And fleet as deer the Normans ran
Through Corlieu's Pass and Ardrahan,
And later times saw deeds as brave;
And glory guards Clanricarde's grave—
Sing, Oh! they died their land to save,
At Aughrim's slopes and Shannon's wave."

In Galway Father Burke received his early education, in the schools of Erasmus Smith. The first language which he spoke was the Irish, and among the poems which he first committed to memory were the most popular of Archbishop MacHale's Irish translations of the Melodies. Though full of wit and humor, and fond of playing the pranks characteristic of schoolboys, characteristic of joyous and light-hearted youth, he was a very industrious student, and made such progress in his studies as gave promise of future celebrity. He became a favorite of the Dominican Fathers, for whom he frequently served mass in the Dominican Church in his native city. He was the recognized orator of his class-fellows at the time when the wonderful eloquence of O'Connell had infused a new soul into Ireland, when Repeal speeches were heard on every spot of Irish soil dear to the people, when young rhetoricians, like Meagher, were beginning to sway by their periods of fire the multitude which the liberator had so long ruled without a rival. Had young Burke mingled in civil affairs, had he, like Montalembert, devoted his great talents to the service of his country, as a layman, I have no doubt but his fame as a Christian statesman and a political orator would be as great as that of the chivalrous Frenchman, the renowned champion of civil and religious freedom, and the eloquent eulogist of the humble, but pious and laborious monks who, in dark

and evil times, despite the ravages of barbarians and the oppressions and destructive influence of feudal despotism preserved the lamp of learning, the torch of science, to bless and enlighten unborn generations.

Father Burke's sympathy with the great national movement inaugurated by O'Connell, and strengthened by those bright spirits whose poetry and eloquence shed fresh lustre upon their country, was strong and enthusiastic. He was an ardent admirer of Davis, and, though young, he appreciated the services which the poets, orators, historians, antiquarians, and essayists of the Nation rendered to Irish literature. "Davis," says Father Burke, "and the men whose hearts beat with such high hope for young Ireland, seized the sad, silent harp of Erin, and sent forth another shrill in the invitation to the men of the North to join hands with their Catholic brethren; to the men of the South to remember the ancient glories of 'Brian the Brave.' To the men of Connaught, he seemed to call forth Roderick O'Connor from his grave at Clonmacnoise. He rallied Ireland in the year memorable for its hopes and for the blighting of those hopes. He and the men of the Nation did what this world has never seen in the same space of time, by the sheer power of Irish genius, by the sheer strength of young Ireland's intellect; the Nation of '43 created a national poetry, a national literature, which no other country can equal. Under the magic voices and pens of these men every ancient glory of Ireland stood forth again. I remember it well, I was but a boy at the time, but I remember with what startled enthusiasm I would arise from reading *Davis's Poems;* and it would seem to me that before my young eyes I saw the dash of the brigade at Fontenoy. It would seem to me as if my young ears were filled with the shouts that resounded at the Yellow Ford and Benburb—the war-cry of the red hand Lamhdearg Abu—as the English hosts were swept away, and, like snow under the beams of the hot sun, melted away before the Irish onset."

In 1847, when Ireland was suffering from famine and fever, and when political excitement was at the height, he abandoned the world and its temptations, and set out for Rome, with the firm resolution of completing his ecclesiastical studies for the priesthood in the Order of St. Dominic—that illustrious order with which the literary glories of Ireland will be ever inseparably associated. In the novitiate house of the Dominicans in Perugia he was received as a novice, taking the name in religion of Thomas Aquinas. How often has the angelic Doctor invested his eloquence with irresistible power, supplying him with weapons of celestial proof! Having studied philosophy in Perugia, he commenced his theological studies at the college of the Minerva and Santa Sabina in Rome. Having spent five years in Italy, he was sent by his superiors to England, where he was raised to the dignity of the priesthood. In England the scene of his missionary labors for four long years was Gloucestershire. Here he labored unceasingly for the salvation of souls; here he perfected that eloquence which was destined to win unfading laurels for him in Ireland and America. Every hour unoccupied by the duties of his mission was devoted to the study of theology and the Scriptures, the writings of the Holy Fathers, the masterpieces of pulpit eloquence, and to the composition of sermons which he might be called upon to deliver in later years.

His superiors, who thought very highly of his zeal and intellectual gifts, intrusted him with the important and laborious task of founding and establishing a novitiate and house of studies for the order in Ireland. In the old church of St. Saviour, in Denmark Street, his eloquence first attracted the attention

of the citizens of Dublin. The Irish metropolis is never in need of eminent speakers in the pulpit. The Dublin people, like the Athenians in the time of Pericles, Plato, and Demosthenes, are as fond of eloquence as of music, and if they can justly boast of having the most eloquent bar in Europe, they have always a fair supply of distinguished pulpit orators. The fame of Father Burke increased daily; his Lenten sermons, in the new and magnificent church of St. Saviour in Dominick Street, firmly established his reputation as the greatest preacher of whom Dublin could boast.

In 1859 he conducted a retreat for the students of Maynooth, and at the close of that memorable retreat the young and patriotic Levites pronounced him to be the most eloquent preacher they had ever heard in those classic halls, which are always filled with the echoes of genuine sacred oratory. The corner-stone of his new convent at Tallaght was laid on Sunday, the 29th of May, 1864. While acting as superior of this house for four years, he still continued to give missions, conduct retreats, and deliver charity sermons in various parts of Ireland. The next scene of his labors was Rome, where he was appointed Superior of St. Clements, the oldest basilica in the city of the seven hills. He discharged with remarkable success the duties imposed upon him by his new position. His oratorical fame had preceded him, and his ecclesiastical superiors gave him an opportunity to win new triumphs in the pulpit.

In Rome the Lenten sermons are preached in different languages. The church of Santa Maria del Popolo was placed at the service of English-speaking visitors. For many years Cardinal Wiseman delivered the Lenten sermons in the English tongue in the pulpit of Santa Maria del Popolo. The illustrious restorer of the Catholic hierarchy in England was succeeded in the same pulpit by his friend and admirer, Dr. Manning, the present great and celebrated Cardinal Archbishop of Westminster. The death of Cardinal Wiseman necessitated the speedy return of Dr. Manning to England, and the high honor of succeeding in Santa Maria one of the greatest living champions of the Catholic faith was conferred upon Father Burke, the eloquent Superior of St. Clements. For nearly five years his Lenten sermons in this church won the admiration and gratitude of distinguished visitors from England, Ireland, and America.

Immediately previous to the assembling of the Vatican Council, his voice was heard for the last time in Santa Maria by as intellectual an audience as ever hung with rapture upon the accents of Bossuet, or Bourdaloue. When he returned to Ireland, the English Lenten sermons were discontinued, but, when Christendom shall demand the emancipation of the Eternal City, its deliverance from the grasp of an impious revolution, his voice may be once more heard proclaiming the triumphs of truth and justice in the famous church in which his name will be long remembered by true Italian Catholics—true soldiers of the Holy See. During the autumn of 1871, he landed in New York as visitor to the houses of the Dominican Order in the United States. His visit to this country has been the greatest triumph of his life; he may yet win victories as splendid as those which he won in the United States, but no occasion—no matter how great—can ever again give him an opportunity of asserting with greater success the supremacy of Irish genius before the whole civilized world, and of vindicating with such unrivalled power and effect the calumniated memories of men whose names will be ever dear to the hearts of a pious and grateful people—heroes, saints, sages, and patriots over whose ashes the most precious tears of Ireland have been shed. Ireland was too small for Father Burke

—coercion laws are not favorable to the cultivation of national oratory—here he enjoyed full freedom—here he had a field worthy of his eloquence—here he was not confined entirely to the pulpit—here he could stand upon the public platform, clad in the robes of his order, and make every ancient glory of his native land, as himself said of Davis and his companions, stand forth again without running the risk of offending the authorities of Dublin Castle—here he could bring into full play every resource of his grand and versatile intellect in defence of faith and fatherland. The Dominican Church of St. Vincent Ferrer in New York, was so crowded each successive evening that it was frequently impossible to gain admittance after the appearance of the preacher in the pulpit. From every quarter came invitations in quick succession to preach charity sermons, or deliver lectures. He sometimes delivered three sermons in the course of one day. With him to preach two long sermons daily was an ordinary task. He was ready at all times to speak on any subject connected with the pulpit. He was always prepared at a moment's notice to expound the Word, to explain Christian truths to the faithful, to deliver a sermon on God and his attributes, on salvation, on death, on judgment, on heaven and hell, on the mysteries of our Lord and the Blessed Virgin, on the virtues and vices, on the sacraments, and on prayer. If the panegyric of a saint was required, Father Burke's eulogy was most appropriate, felicitous, and eloquent. The reception or profession of religious never found him unprepared — he was always most happy in his addresses and sermons on such solemn occasions. In this country he had no time for immediate preparation on any subject of the thousand themes on which he spoke with such telling effect and such brilliant success. His labors here would have killed in a few months men of ordinary strength. Overwork and a changeable climate injured his health, and preyed upon his vigorous constitution, but his sermons and lectures still continued uninterrupted—his physical endurance and oratorical triumphs still excited the wonder, and won the admiration of the American people. In the autumn of 1872, he was prostrated by a severe illness, his friends and admirers were alarmed,—he was so idolized by the people of New York, especially his Catholic countrymen, that his sudden sickness was a cause of grief and sorrow to them. He was scarcely restored to convalescence when his physical endurance and intellectual power again astonished his most intimate friends. On Sunday morning, the 22d of September, he delivered a sermon at the dedication of a church, in Brighton, Massachusetts, in the morning, and in the evening he addressed in the Coliseum of Boston 40,000 people, "the largest paying audience ever assembled to listen to one man." What American orator or lecturer had ever a paying audience of ten thousand people! How few had even five thousand in any hall in the United States under the most encouraging and auspicious circumstances!

The ignominous defeat of Froude was the greatest victory which Father Burke won in America. I am not now speaking of the hundreds whom his eloquence converted to the Catholic religion—of the thousands of his own race whose faith he strengthened—of the thousands whom he made proud of the land of their ancestors. I speak of his victory over the English historian, and his triumphant vindication of truth and justice. The slanderer of Mary Stuart, the celebrated Queen of Scots, and the apologist of the tyranny of Henry VIII and Elizabeth is no ordinary man. Froude is an accomplished scholar and an able writer. His style is animated and picturesque. He can paint a moral monster in the colors

of the rainbow. If style can make vice pleasing, and turpitude attractive, Froude has succeeded in his historical romances and anti-Catholic pamphlets. He came to the United States with the advantages of a high literary reputation, intense hatred of everything Catholic, and the powerful support and patronage of wealthy anti-Catholic and anti-Irish bigots. A few hundred persons listened to his lectures in New York —the press gave them ever publicity —Father Burke was called upon to refute the slanderer of his country—public curiosity was excited, and the final result of the historical controversy was watched with deep interest by the American people, who always love fair play and always sympathize with the oppressed.

In a course of five lectures, Father Burke, in the Academy of Music in New York, triumphantly refuted the slanders of Froude, and vindicated with surpassing power Ireland's claims to the sympathy of all lovers of freedom and to the gratitude and admiration of Christendom. Five thousand persons—the *élite* of New York society—were present at each lecture. Veteran journalists, renowned lawyers, famous politicians, celebrated Protestant preachers, in a word, the highest and most cultivated intelligence in the great metropolis of this mighty republic, listened each evening with rapt attention to the great Irish Dominican's vindication of his country's rights, and his crushing reply to the Oxford scholar and historical novelist (calumniator).

Those famous lectures were published verbatim in the daily and weekly press—the greatest power in the United States. Father Burke received from the daily press his just meed of praise—he was a favorite among Protestants and Catholics—American journalists love fair play, admire genius and manly and chivalrous bearing, and without distinction of creed or nationality, give honor to whom honor is due. There are some exceptions, but they are few. Genius, eloquence, learning, high principles always command attention, respect, and homage in this country. After Father Burke's triumph in New York, Mr. Froude was compelled to retreat from the field of which he had taken prior possession—his employers lost confidence in him—they were convinced after a painful experience that their engagement would not "pay," and that the fame of their champion would not defray the expense of the halls in which he was announced to deliver his anti-Irish lectures. Froude immediately returned to England, the victory of Father Burke was complete in every respect, and the slanderer of all that is true and noble and exalted in Irish faith and patriotism was taught a lesson which he will never forget till the grave closes over him, and the innocent are free from his deliberate misrepresentation, falsehood, and calumny. His defeat was not regretted by a single genuine American, and even his own countrymen, honest, manly, educated Englishmen, scorned the acquaintance of a man who deliberately and with malice prepense misrepresented historical facts, and maligned Catholic names still dear to the chivalry of England and Scotland. Had Mr. Froude remained longer here, his defeat would have been more humiliating and ignominous. Father Burke allowed him to return to England without making an ungentlemanly use of his victory—his rich humor might have said: "Be off as quickly as possible, and tell me when you intend to return." It was well for him that his departure was premature, or rather timely for himself; for John Mitchell and Wendell Phillips would have done with amazing rapidity and severity whatever the great Dominican might have left undone. John Mitchell's style, historical knowledge, and rare powers of sarcasm made his letters very telling against the "Historian" who

never relishes literature racy of Irish soil. Father Burke still continued to preach and lecture after Froude's departure, but his health was not proof against such unceasing exertion —such unremitting labor. Rest was necessary to a frame which was human—to lungs which were not made of brass or cast iron. He returned to Ireland in the spring of 1873, after having astonished the American people by his wonderful eloquence.

Father Burke is one of the greatest pulpit orators whom this generation has seen. If, as Cicero says, the most infallible token of an orator is to be esteemed as such in the opinion of the people, who are the best judges of true eloquence, the Irish Dominican must be regarded as one of the most effective speakers of whom the modern world can boast. What earthly sovereignty is equal to that which he has acquired by the magic power of his eloquence over the hearts of men? Could any man gain this wonderful influence without possessing the elements of the highest oratory? What is the secret of his power over the hearts of his countrymen? Ireland can always boast of eminent speakers. How is it that, with the single exception of Archbishop MacHale, there is no living Irishman more loved by the Irish people than Father Burke? Patriotism is one of the secrets of his popularity. He loves Ireland, her history, her literature, her proud national recollections. He loves the Irish people ardently; knows their wants, shares their aspirations, sympathizes with their sufferings, advocates their rights, and never grows weary in proclaiming their praises, eulogizing their grand virtues, and commending and confirming their fidelity to the faith, and their unshrinking devotion to the Holy See. His love of Ireland is strong, deep, and warm—second only to his love for God. Like all great orators, like Demosthenes and Cicero, and St. John Chrysostom and Bossuet, and Lacordaire and O'Connell, love of country is one of the principal inspirations of his eloquence. The people have confidence in him, they believe his words because they come from the heart, and from personal conviction; he speaks with the authority of a man of God, and there is no room left for doubt when you hear the Gospel from the lips of an Apostle. His zeal, his self-denial, his spirit of prayer, the sweetness of his charity impart to his eloquence a power which cannot be resisted. Charity works miracles. "Love first," says St. Augustine, "and then you may do what you please." Father Burke instructs, reproves, exhorts the faithful with all the love and zeal of a kind father. In this respect he follows the example of St. Paul, the great model of the Christian preacher. His language is as simple and expressive as that of the Sermon on the Mount, equally adapted to rich and poor, to the humblest understanding as well as the most cultivated intellect. He wastes no time in metaphysical disquisitions; plain, direct, and practical, he preaches the word with the zeal of an apostle, and explains the truths of revelation in language so simple, forcible, and perspicuous, that the humblest understanding can comprehend them. His command of words is boundless; his fund of appropriate imagery and felicitous illustration inexhaustible. He possesses the first excellence of an orator, a magnificent delivery. The importance of this great oratorical gift cannot be overrated. When Demosthenes was three times asked what was the first quality in an orator, he thrice replied, "delivery." Louis of Granada said that delivery was second only to the grace of the Holy Ghost. "You may utter volumes," says St. Francis de Sales, "and if you do not utter them well, it is lost labor. Speak but little, and that little well, and you may effect much."

Gifted with a powerful, well modu-

lated baritone voice, Father Burke can delight and captivate an audience by his delivery alone, apart from the matter of his discourse. His voice, like the peal of an organ, can fill the largest cathedral, and his sermon or lecture, delivered with all the graces of elocution, is never forgotten by those who may have the happiness of listening to it. His action is nature assisted by art, always impressive, always edifying. I have heard many speakers, lawyers, statesmen, and pulpit orators. No music to which I ever listened has such charms for me as the music of true eloquence—noble sentiments, breathing thoughts, well and forcibly delivered. I have heard no speaker, either here, or in Ireland, whose delivery can equal that of Father Burke. All have their favorites, and the Irish Dominican is the great master of human speech, whose burning words in defence of faith and fatherland, are more musical to my ear than the lyre of Orpheus or the harp of David. His memory is most retentive, another indispensable gift of an orator. He had no time for preparing the sermons and lectures which he delivered in the United States, but the results of former study were treasured in his clear and powerful memory. Give him a few minutes to reflect upon a subject, and he is ready without further preparation to speak on it for an hour, or two hours, before five thousand people. The subject of one of his last lectures in Brooklyn was Roderick O'Connor. In the morning he preached a long sermon, in the evening he crossed the ferry from New York on one of the steamboats, accompanied by Major Haverty, the publisher of his lectures and sermons. He had actually forgotten the subject on which he was to speak. Major Haverty gave him a ticket, he looked at the name of the Irish king, and after a few minutes' thought and reflection, said, "I am all right now; I have the principal points which I intend to make." The lecture was delivered in the Academy of Music before a Brooklyn audience of four thousand people, and was one of his most successful oratorical efforts in this country. His extempore efforts are always successful, but this success is the result of his exact and extensive knowledge. If he is a great preacher, he is also a man of study, like Bossuet, and Bourdaloue, and Massillon. Knowledge does not come by inspiration, though the inspiration of genius gives life and soul to Father Burke's varied erudition. What fancy, what imagination, what brilliant wit, what rich and racy humor, what inexhaustible anecdotes are his! In wit he rivals Curran, Father O'Leary, O'Connell, and Moore. His humorous anecdotes, always to the point, always timely, always lending force to his arguments and making his eloquence more effective, would fill a volume. The pride of his native land and the glory of the pulpit, he has risen as a giant from the grave of his martyred brethren, the patriotic and illustrious Irish Dominicans; of whom, in the words of the greatest English poet since Milton, it may be truly said that—

> "The meanest rill, the mightiest river,
> Rolls mingling with their fame forever."

Ireland has blessed this generation with two princes of the pulpit, the Irish Lacordaire, Father Burke, and the Chrysostom of his adopted country, the gifted and silver-tongued Bishop Ryan, of St. Louis. But this glory is not her only title to the gratitude of Christendom. The royal race of giant intellects and eloquent tongues will still bless future generations with apostles as eloquent as the great Irish Dominican and the illustrious Bishop of St. Louis.

MARRIAGE AND DIVORCE.

A PARAGRAPH has been going the rounds of the papers to the effect that a member of the Idaho Legislature proposed, during the last session, a general bill divorcing all the married couples in the State, and restoring them in a body to their former condition of single blessedness; stating that such a measure would expedite business and do no harm, since all those satisfied with their chosen partners could be remarried at once, and be thus rendered surer of the stability of their affections. Such a pleasantry as the foregoing, for of course it is but a jest, indicates the condition of society, and the extremely lax views it entertains of the sacredness and permanence of the marriage-tie, and exposes to the thinking reader the danger which saps the root of civilization, in rendering unstable all the family relations, and making marriage but an ephemeral agreement, to be evaded and reformed almost at the will of the contracting parties.

The sanctity of the marriage bond cannot be over-estimated, nor can the beauty of a true marriage be exaggerated; and it is one of the worst signs of the times that such indifference exists upon the subject of conjugal fidelity, threatening as it does the disruption of society by the facility with which the marital vows are dissolved, and man and wife sundered by the aid of the laws of divorce.

In pagan Rome for 500 years after the foundation of the city divorce was almost unknown, and so abhorrent to the hearts of its people that when, in the year of the city 523, a citizen of note, Spurius Carvilius Ruga, put away from him his wife, because of her barrenness, he became an object of aversion, was pointed at in the highways, and regarded as a gross offender against the established order of society.

But when the Empire was dominant, and corruption and effeminacy had lowered the Romans from their high estate, divorce became rampant and the most trivial causes were sufficient to justify a dissolution of marriage. Wives were divorced by their husbands upon every pretext. It is recorded in one instance that the woman was deprived of her standing as a wife, because she had gone to the spectacle without the consent of her spouse; and in another, because she had been seen talking in the street with a freed-woman of low degree. In both these cases the unhappy criminals and their husbands being numbered among the patricians and occupying stations of prominence. For three centuries this reign of laxity prevailed and produced such evident alarming results as to call forth, even from the infidel Gibbon, in his *History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* a denunciation of the social impolicy of such a loose construction of the marital contract, and a decided opinion against the theory of divorce. In volume V of that work we find the following, speaking of the times and the abuses we have mentioned: "A specious theory is confuted by this free and perfect experiment, which demonstrates that the liberty of divorce does not contribute to happiness and virtue. The facility of separation would destroy all mutual confidence, and inflame every trifling dispute: the minute difference between a husband and a stranger, which might so easily be removed, might still more easily be forgotten."

Public corruption and private profligacy go hand in hand with a disregard for the permanence of marriage. Such is the unvarying testimony of ancient and modern times. Protestantism has not yet learned this, and since its first advent has, with unva-

rying persistence, fought against the indissolubility of the marital contract; and sought to overturn the rule established by the Church, without which society cannot be safe or pure, nor the civilization struggled for and maintained by Catholicity hold its own against the powers of evil.

The rule of the Church in regard to marriage is "one with one exclusively and forever:" but she has not been allowed to maintain this law without fierce and long-continued resistance, even from those claiming to be her children. Kings and princes have brought the whole power of their exalted positions to battle against the restraint thus imposed upon the fickleness of the passions, and the whole world has been disturbed and shaken by the contest waged between the earthly and spiritual powers in the futile endeavor of the former to set at naught the solemn vows of matrimony, and compel a relaxation of the rigid doctrine of the true religion upon this subject. With the firmness of adamant Catholicity remained unwavering in her stand, and the sanctity of marriage was ever upheld despite of all. Balmes testifies as to the agency of the Church in the establishment of this rule, and her inflexibility in maintaining it, and to the fatal blow thus struck at the domination of the passions, in these words: "But the doctrine" (quoted above) "would have been powerless, if the Church had not undertaken to apply it, and if she had not carried on this task with invincible firmness; for the passions, above all those of man, rebel against such a doctrine; and they would undoubtedly have trodden it under foot, if they had not met with an insurmountable barrier, which did not leave them the most distant hope of triumph."

So speaks the Churchman upon this point; but not to him alone nor to his co-religionists can we look for testimony favoring this doctrine, for strange to say even from the mouths of the supporters of an opposite rule do we obtain strong words affirming what the Church teaches.

The indissolubility of marriage is recognized and upheld in the plainest terms in the law prescribing divorce, and the procedure to obtain it in our own State, inconsistent though it be, and the legislators who by their act afforded a legal means to dissolve the sacred bond upon the threshold, made proclamation to the world that they were about to do an unchristian and an unwise thing, thus stultifying themselves in a manner apparent to the most casual reader, as we will show. The preamble to the act of the General Assembly, approved March 13th, 1815, entitled "An act concerning divorces," and upon which the whole system of divorce in this State is founded, reads as follows: "Whereas the divine precepts of the Christian religion, the promotion of the best interests of human happiness, the design of marriage, and the object of parties entering into the marriage state, require that it should continue during their joint lives; yet where one of the parties is under a natural or legal incapacity of faithfully discharging the matrimonial vow, or is guilty of acts inconsistent with the *sacred* contract, the laws of every well-regulated society should give relief to the innocent and injured party. Be it enacted," etc. The causes which shall justify a divorce are then set forth, and the first section concludes: "In every such case it shall and may be lawful for the innocent and injured person to obtain a divorce from the bond of matrimony."

Here we have the strongest testimony to the sanctity of the matrimonial bond and to the necessity of its permanence. It is called the "sacred contract," it is declared to be made for the joint lives of the parties, the precepts of the Christian religion are invoked to support this doctrine, and the very design of the

tie and the best interests of human happiness are announced in favor of a permanent union. And yet these wise legislators then proceed to legalize a dissolution of the sacred contract and enact a law, which according to their own language is contrary to the "divine precepts of the Christian religion, the promotion of the best interests of human happiness, the design of marriage, and the object of parties entering into the marriage state," for all those require that the contract should continue during the joint lives of the parties.

And this rare preamble, as a further evidence of the consistency and wisdom of those who have given the State a system of divorce, asserts in effect that "the laws of every well-regulated society" should authorize something which immediately before has been declared opposite to all human happiness and divine precept. What a subversion of all law is such reason for legislation, and to what straits are the very champions of divorce driven for an apology for their course, when none better could be offered than that embraced in this preamble. What stronger human proof can we have of the utter want of wisdom, that rules the councils of the partisans of divorce, than the folly that ushers into being a statute to dissolve marriage with such unqualified assertions as to the necessity existing, both from a worldly and religious standpoint, to preserve indissoluble the matrimonial bond. Demosthenes in his definition of law says: "All law is the invention and gift of heaven—the resolution of wise men." Had he foreseen Pennsylvania legislation we may surely assume his opinion would have been qualified.

Coexistent with a facility of divorce there flourished in tottering Rome an utter disregard of all legal or religious rite to mark the inception of the marriage relation, and the tie so wantonly parted was as unceremoniously joined. Marriage deprived of the safeguards of a legal and religious sanction in its birth, and of the certainty of its bond only ending with death, sank to the level of an ordinary partnership. In the words of Gibbon it became "a loose and voluntary compact," to which "religious and civil rites were no longer essential; and between persons of a similar rank the apparent community of life was allowed as sufficient evidence of their nuptials." Can we wonder then that the consequences were as he portrays them? "Passion, interest, or caprice, suggested daily motives for the dissolution of marriage; a word, a sign, a message, a letter, the mandate of a freedman, declared the separation; the most tender of human connections was degraded to a transient society of profit or pleasure." We must remember that this is not a Churchman who is speaking, nor even a simple believer in revelation, but an avowed infidel, and we have quoted him thus often, as the more likely on that account to carry conviction, since none can accuse him, while thus he testifies, of entertaining any leaning that would sway his judgment in the interests of Catholicity. From the mouth of her enemies then can we gather evidence of the wisdom of the Church, when she erects such an "insurmountable barrier" in the path of the passions, and confronts with "invincible firmness" the rebellion of caprice and self-interest against the rigid law of indissoluble marriage.

In our own days we witness a repetition of the ancient laxness of society with regard to the ceremonial of marriage condemned by the historian, and we behold transplanted into our midst from the most profligate period of Roman luxury the pernicious and unchristian doctrine of marriage without solemnization, civil or religious, to note its commencement, or any other evidence of its existence than the mere "ap-

parent community of life" that the same chronicler records in the extract above.

Our courts have established beyond question the rule that proof of reputation as man and wife, and cohabitation as such, is sufficient to constitute a valid marriage for all purposes except in criminal proceedings, and the Protestant civilization of the nineteenth century, so boastful of its enlightenment, so far in advance of all the restraints and narrow limits that shackle the Catholic intelligence, has progressed no farther in the knowledge of the relations that lie at the root of all society, than the corrupt and licentious Romans at a time when vice and prodigality ran riot, and casting aside all checks, all semblance of decorum, urged that people in mighty strides to their melancholy and irretrievable fall.

The celebrated English authority on jurisprudence, Jeremy Bentham, whose writings are admitted as a standard, and quoted unceasingly, calls marriage the "bond of society and foundation of civilization," and yet he favors most strongly facility of divorce, and urges many specious arguments in support of the advantages of a dissoluble contract. While he thus attacks the security of society by weakening its bond, and civilization by thus undermining its foundation, even he condemns the informal manner of contracting marriage authorized by the laws of Scotland, which assimilates to the doctrine of our own law, and expresses the opinion that some ceremony should be observed in entering into the married state; for, he remarks, "it is not to be doubted but that ceremonies which strike the imagination serve to impress the mind with the importance and dignity of the contract." This is a large concession from one of his views, and decidedly inconsistent also, since it must be borne in mind this great light of jurisprudence recommends the legalization of marriage "contracts" for a limited period, say for a year; although he qualifies this recommendation by offering it not as a rule but as a remedy, he says, in such a state of society as renders permanent marriage impossible or inconvenient for certain classes of persons, whose means or occupations will not permit them to enter into the ordinary "partnership." What ceremony, civil or religious, would he advise to mark the institution of such a mockery of the holy state; and would not even the most advanced champion of a dissoluble contract stand aghast at such a perversion of the matrimonial tie? Into what depths would society and civilization be hurried were such views to be adopted, and legal recognition given to such unlimited license to passion, caprice, and self-interest?

To the Catholic mind such a doctrine is as revolting as polygamy, and to society at large, it is to be hoped, it would be equally uninviting, and yet it must be confessed the rule established in this State and elsewhere, and condemned by this very author in his strictures upon the law of Scotland, is a step, and a long one, in that direction. The marriage that is entered into informally and unceremoniously, and that can be proven by mere "community of living," may be dissolved by the mere motion of the parties, and a new one can be contracted in the same mode and as summarily ended, and so on as long as fickleness prompts a change. The law offers no remedy for this, since no prosecution for bigamy can be sustained without proof of some religious or civil solemnization of the matrimonial rites. Thus we have, under the judicial decisions, a marriage that is recognized as legal, and yet is no marriage, should another contract be formed and properly solemnized, either with the sanction of the civil magistrate or the minister of religion, and whilst the informal marriage is suffi-

cient for all civil purposes, yet in the event of a second regularly celebrated, there is no punishment for the breach of the first. It is a popular saying that "common law is common sense," but we confess it puzzles us to reconcile this anomaly with that supposed guide of all human actions.

Protestantism is responsible for the present condition of the laws as to marriage and divorce; for, as all know, the Church has ever been the protector of the sanctity of matrimony, the constant adversary of all attempts to weaken its bond. History proves this, and, indeed, it is one of the most heinous charges against the great author and fosterer of civilization, in the eyes of her enemies, that she has never relaxed her rule, and her inflexible stand in this respect is by them decried as one of the evidences of her failure to correspond with the progress of modern ideas. Without the Church and her true civilization, we can truly say, sad indeed would be the condition of society; for her influence it is, unknown and unacknowledged, that restrains the so-called modern progress from plunging society into worse errors than those already prevalent, and to her teachings it is due that irreligion has not yet accomplished a more complete abandonment of the one safe rule that marriage should be indissoluble. The Church ranks matrimony among the sacraments, surrounds it with every safeguard against passion and inconstancy, teaches her children to enter into it with deliberation and reverence, secures its elevation far beyond a mere human agreement, by dignifying it with her most solemn blessing, and to crown all in celebrating its rites proclaims it a union to the grave, in the very words of Holy Writ, "What God has joined let not man put asunder." How then could she recognize a dissolution of the tie, or waver for a moment in her rule, even though all the powers of earth and darkness assailed her position.

The ceremonies of the Church in the celebration of marriage have a deeper, more powerful meaning than merely to "strike the imagination," and are designed to invest the solemn contract with more than earthly "importance and dignity," for she looks beyond mere worldly essentials, transporting this union into the spiritual sphere, marking its inception with her holiest rites, to signify its sanctity and impress upon the mind its high obligations, so far beyond the transient bond of a civil contract, and thus commands for it the reverence and respect due to a sacrament, a means of acquiring divine grace.

The only instance perpetuated in the Scriptures of the attendance of our divine Lord, during his pilgrimage upon earth, at any scene of festivity, is the marriage feast of Cana, and he then not only conferred the exceeding blessing of his divine presence, but marked the event by the performance of a miracle at the request of his Immaculate Mother. May we not presume that this is not without significance? May not this exceptional condescension of our Saviour be regarded as a special act of grace, conceded by him in favor of the celebration of a most holy ceremony, and are we not justified in bringing the greatest solemnity to mark the cementing of this tie, the solemnization of which was once so supremely honored and blessed as to be thought worthy of the presence of our divine Saviour, and which of all earthly rites is the only one ever thus elevated?

The establishment of informal marriage, and its recognition by the law, with the consequent inconsistencies, such as have been shown, prove the interpreters of the law, to whom we are indebted for this pagan style of matrimonial contract, as wise in their generation as the lawmakers who preceded them. The next step,

now that the law, in defiance of the Christian religion and unmindful of the best interests of human happiness, authorized divorce, was to devise the necessary routine to be followed to call the statute into motion whenever escape was sought from the thraldom of the sacred contract, and caprice or the passions became impatient of the duties and mutual obligations of marriage. Those upon whom this task devolved, have performed it well in the interests of all in whose path the Church erected her insurmountable barrier. It would be needless to enter into details of the prescribed procedure here, and it would be uninteresting, perhaps unintelligible—it suffices to say that not only are means provided to facilitate a dissolution, but also that by the aid of further legislation and rules of practice, it has been made possible and easy for the dissatisfied husband or wife to be released from their vows without the knowledge of the other party in interest. This is effected by what is called, in the language of lawyers, an *ex parte* proceeding. The advocates of the system will exclaim against this assertion, and declare that every precaution is taken to bring the knowledge of the proceedings home to the respondent, the party against whom the complaint is made, but experience teaches otherwise. When the respondent's whereabouts are unknown, or pretended so to be, an order may be obtained to advertise notice of the commencement of the suit, certain technical requirements being first complied with, and then the matter is treated as though the party had been personally admonished of the attack upon the marital rights. Even in this age of newspapers this mode of notification is so plainly ineffectual as to be a mere sham, and the advertisements are so framed in legal jargon as to be a skilful snare even when seen, for to the uninitiated they convey no meaning, no warning of their import. At each subsequent stage where personal notice to the respondent is necessary, an order of publication may then be had, and other advertisements follow, equally useless for their purpose of actual notice, until finally the divorce is decreed, and proclamation made after the adjournment of the court, in the presence only of the impatient tipstaves, for whose amusement alone the dismal announcement contributes.

This is not an exaggeration, but a plain statement, upon the authority of those "learned in the law," though perhaps our informants may not view the facts in the same light as they appear to the reader, untaught in the niceties and subtle distinctions of the profession, and unversed in the potency of "legal fictions." To the unprejudiced layman this system does not appear to offer any protection to an absent or ignorant respondent, and the boasted guards that are announced as checks upon the unscrupulous use of the divorce procedure seem to be, in the language of the English judges upon trial by jury in Ireland enounced in 1844, "a mockery, a delusion, and a snare." Indiana has become a byword, but we question if the courts of that Western paradise of easy divorces offer any greater facilities to dissolve marriage than the procedure just described. The aim of the rules governing these proceedings seems to be to preserve secret all the workings of the judicial machinery. The most important stages are hurried through in the privacy of an attorney's office, with the ineffectual precautions of newspaper advertisements, and notices posted in a pile in an obscure corner of the court office, inaccessible save to the initiated, and the payment of costs is the only point well guarded, since no decree is made until the clerk and his satellites receive their perquisites; then the proclamation of divorce is completed, the sacred contract succumbs to the power of a statute, and

those whom God has joined the law puts asunder.

Is comment necessary to make more evident the fearful abuses this system evolves? Are not the plain facts sufficient to fully expose the destructive tendencies of this blot upon our laws? And what stronger argument against divorce than the simple narrative of the means employed by a short-sighted government to effectuate a dissolution of marriage, and thus enable dissolute society to gratify its caprices, in defiance of religion and human happiness?

The lives of the Saints offer many beautiful examples of the fidelity of these standard-bearers of the faith to the teachings of the Church upon the sanctity of marriage, and none more touching can be found than the histories of the marriages of St. Monica, the mother of St. Augustine, and St. Elizabeth, the Lily of Portugal. St. Monica's husband was a pagan, opposed to her in faith, cruel to her personally, lived in open infidelity to his marital vows, and while he thus insulted her wifely honor, he pierced the heart of the mother too by encouraging the youthful Augustine in the excesses that marked his life before his conscience was touched by divine grace, and repentance opened the way to the perfection he afterwards attained. For many years St. Monica endured these trials, besieging the throne of God with constant prayer for her faithless and guilty spouse, fulfilling so perfectly and with such unvarying patience her wifely duties, and enduring neglect and contumely at the hands of her husband so uncomplainingly, that at length her sweetness won, her prayers were heard, the pagan tyrant became the Christian spouse, and St. Monica wears the proud titles of the model wife and mother. The Lily of Portugal was sanctified by similar afflictions. Her consort was King of Portugal—a good ruler but an infamous husband. His life was devoted, when apart from the cares of state, to disgraceful intrigues, and his wife suffered not only from his neglect, but even from false accusations against her honor, but too readily entertained by her inconstant partner. And yet ever regardful of her vows, her only earthly thought was of her husband's welfare; her prayers were ever petitions for his reformation. She sought out the sharers of his guilt and the offspring of his unlawful entanglements, and endeavored to save the one from the doubtful career their origin opened for them, and to rescue the others from the allurements of the ways of crime. Despite calumny and unhappiness of every grade, this saintly Queen clung to her fidelity to her husband, and persevered in all her efforts for his salvation. She, too, conquered; the heart of her spouse was reclaimed by her gentle influence and prayers; he abandoned his criminal pursuits, and turned to his Queen and to his God. These are the wives the Church has made; glance at modern society, and behold those fashioned in the school of divorce and informal marriage. Sustained by the grace of a sacrament, taught by their religion to cultivate to the extremest degree mutual forbearance, educated by the same all-wise monitor to restrain every irregular fancy, and secure in the bonds of an indissoluble contract, the Catholic husband or wife are strengthened to resist the temptations that beset those to whom divorce is ever visible and possible, and thus escape the conjugal unhappiness that is fostered by the very hope of dissolving the marriage contract. Take away the prospect of becoming free and mutual concession has a fairer field; the bickerings that so often lead to serious breaches are ended by patience, the false independence of spirit, so ill-suited to a union that should inculcate the most gentle relations, and that resents every hasty word as an insult, is curbed and subdued, and "trifles light as air" cease to assume

a magnitude that precludes all forgiveness; for then it becomes the aim of the married to render happier and less discordant by the exercise of Christian charity and gentleness the intimate companionship that death alone can sever. It is proverbial how easily disputes are engendered between those thus united, and this has been so happily and aptly expressed by a favorite poet that we may be pardoned for producing the lines:

"Alas, how light a cause may move
Dissension between those that love—
* * * * * *
A something light as air, a look,
A word unkind, or wrongly taken—
A love that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch like this, has shaken."

How necessary then to remove from human frailty every wanton hope of release, the fountain of such dissension, and to leave the strongest incentive to live down all the asperities springing from the clashing of temperaments unused to concession, by preserving the inflexible rule of a contract to last as long as life, and thus to regulate and restrain those for whom the sanctity of marriage has no existence. To those who believe in a sacramental union as well as a civil contract, the sense of the reciprocal duties of the married state should be a sufficient guard to the perpetuity of the holy tie.

The inconsistencies and abuses of the system of marriage and divorce have been but imperfectly shadowed in these pages, and it would be impossible, within the limits of this article, to exhaust this important and prominent subject; but the hope remains that this effort, crude and incomplete as it may be, shall bear fruit in provoking reflection upon this theme, and awakening Catholic sentiment to combat the errors and dangers of modern law and custom on this point. If any one thinks we have exaggerated, let him observe for himself, and form his own conclusions from the dark records of the divorce proceedings, and the pages of the press. Marriage, we repeat, has lost in society its best attributes, and degenerated into the unhonored partnership that disgraced the declining days of the Roman Empire; and attendant upon this degradation of the sacred contract, the companion evil of facile divorce completes the resemblance of our days to that woful period. A false civilization upholds these dangerous and unchristian doctrines, and beyond the pale of the church all is anarchy and chaos upon this subject. The "bond of society and foundation of civilization" is the object of open and insidious attack without intermission; from the pulpit and rostrum alike are unceasingly directed the shafts of the enemy against the stronghold of the domestic virtues, the guardian of constancy and conjugal devotion. Literature openly assails in flippant periods the sanctity of the marital relation; libraries teem with the immoral products of irreligious writers, directed against the family bond; youth and age are alike corrupted by the scurrilous and licentious volumes sown broadcast throughout the land, by means of the never-tiring printing press; and the greed of mercenary publishers, panderers to a depraved taste, turns into a grievous curse the influence of this mighty engine, designed to disseminate good, by perverting its use to the multiplication of these pernicious works. Hence the necessity to rouse all the energies of the advocates of a pure society, a true civilization, and a healthy literature; and these are the reflections that elicited these pages, to give the writer's mite in this good cause. Were it possible to secure universal acknowledgment of the true doctrine of marriage, to strike down at one blow the system of divorce, more than half the task of regenerating society would be accomplished. Every voice raised in this work is so much gained, and no pen can be more honorably, more meritoriously

employed than in contributing its meed to counteract the effect of the fast-spreading opinions of the enemies of the domestic circle. The injury worked by their doctrines is incalculable, its ramifications illimitable, and paralyzation of the true growth of the human affections is the result. The remedy is to restore marriage to its pristine sanctity; to teach deluded society that conjugal devotion must be

> "Constant as the northern star,
> Of whose true fixed and resting quality,
> There is no fellow in the firmament,"

and that the only safe rule for marriage is that of the Church, "one with one exclusively and forever."

To effect this result, to combat the rapidly growing tendency to lower the dignity of marriage, is worthy the efforts of a new crusade, and the first step and the most essential one, is to thoroughly train the youthful generation in the true doctrines upon this subject, and deeply imbue them with the spirit of Catholicity upon this momentous question. To seek or hope for the abrogation of the laws of divorce, is too much perhaps to desire from a Protestant community with any prospect of success; it only remains then to educate those who would otherwise furnish subjects for those laws to such a degree of respect and reverence for the matrimonial tie, as to nullify as far as practicable the statutes so objectionable to true Christian souls, and so destructive of the harmony of families. Let the young be taught the sacredness of this Christian union; let them learn never to lose the remembrance that it is a sacrament, a means established by Divine Providence to convey grace to souls, and not a mere contract or partnership; let them never forget that the Church teaches that this sacrament should never be received without proper preparations, and without every effort to incite and encourage the dispositions to fit them for its reception, and to look with horror upon the too prevalent mode of contracting the sacred tie, without reflection, or opportunity to prepare the soul for its new responsibility.

It is this careless and reprehensible practice of thus undertaking the solemn obligations and duties of matrimony, actuated only perhaps by passion, caprice, or hope of worldly advantage, that leads in a great measure to the activity of the divorce courts. If the teachings of the Church upon this point were followed, and the world were persuaded to listen to her admonitions, to scrutinize carefully the motives leading to marriage, to use her holy offices in the work of preparation for that change of state, to cultivate in advance the dispositions necessary to make a happy union, and to avoid all reckless haste in the choice of a partner for life, then the divorce laws would grow obsolete from disuse. But this change is not to be hoped for so long as Protestantism is predominant. All we can ask, and feel we have an undeniable right to ask, is that the children of the Church shall set this example, and obeying to the extreme limit the counsels of their Holy Guide, thus secure happiness in their domestic circles, and force non-believers to admire, and perhaps to imitate.

SORROW.

I SAT within a dungeon dark
  A prisoner. My heart in pain
Its bondage mourned, and for release
  It bitterly cried out in vain.

Lo! through a crevice—work of storms—
  The rising sun, a ray of gold
Soft sent, and, like a miracle,
  Became transformed the prison-hold!

To ev'ry corner mute it pierced,
  And filled it not alone with light,
But sweet revealed the dungeon-cell,
  A fancy of the lonely night!

Not dungeon-cell, but room set round
  With garniture of richest type;
With pictures fair, with bloom of flow'rs,
  With statues breathing beauty ripe;

With all that eye could seek to love;
  With all that pleasure could demand;
With gifts so rare, so precious, they
  Could ne'er have come from jailer's hand,

But from a gen'rous monarch's will,
  Who, loving, waited just beyond
This entrance to his palace fair,
  To claim from me allegiance fond!

O God! this life that dungeon is;
  Till beams the dawn of Thy dear love,
We sit in night, and fail to see
  Thy promise of what waits above!

But through the rent by Sorrow made,
  Soft shines the ray from Thy heart's core,
And lo! the royal room revealed,
  The prison-cell we know no more!

THE BLIND MAN'S WREATH.

"My boy, my poor blind boy!"

This sorrowful exclamation broke from the lips of Mrs. Owen, as she lay upon the couch to which a long and wasting illness had confined her, and whence she well knew she was never more to rise.

Her son, the only child of her widowed hearth, the sole object of her cares and affections, knelt beside her, his face bowed upon her pillow, for now only, in a moment of solemn communion with his mother, had she revealed the fatal truth, and told him she must soon die! He had watched, and hoped, and trembled for many weary months, but never yet had he admitted to himself the possibility of losing her; her fading cheek and sunken eye could not reveal to him the progress of decay, and so long as the loved voice maintained its music to his ear and cheered him with promise of improvement, so long as her hand still clasped his, he had hoped she would recover.

He had been blind since he was three years old; stricken by lightning, he had totally lost his sight. A dim remembrance of his widowed mother's face, her smoothly braided hair, and flowing white dress, was one of the few recollections entwined with the period before all became dark to him.

The boy grew up, tall, slender, delicate, with dark pensive eyes, which bore no trace of the calamity that had destroyed their powers of vision; grave, though not sad; dreamy, enthusiastic, and requiting his mother's care with the deepest veneration and tenderness. In the first years of his childhood, they had resided near a town on the seacoast, in one of the prettiest parts of the country.

Independently of the natural kindness which very rarely fails to be shown towards any person who is blind, there was that about both the widow and her son which invariably rendered them acceptable guests; for their intellectual resources, and powers of conversation, were equally diversified and uncommon. Mrs. Owen had studied much, in order to teach her son, and thus, by improving her natural abilities, had become a person of no common stamp; her intellectuality, however, being always subservient to, and fitly shadowed by the superior feminine attributes of love, gentleness, and sympathy; for Heaven help the woman in whom these gifts are not predominant over any mental endowments whatsoever.

When they walked out together his mother took his arm; he was proud of that, he liked to fancy he was some support to her, and many pitying eyes used latterly to follow the figure of the widow in the black dress she constantly wore, and the tall pale son on whom she leaned confidingly, as if striving with a sweet deception to convince him that he was indeed the staff of her declining strength. But gradually the mother's form grew bent, her step dragged wearily along, and the expression of her face indicated increasing weakness. The walks were at an end; and before long she was too feeble to leave her bed, excepting to be carried to a summer parlor, where she lay upon a sofa beside an open window, with flowers twining around the casement, and the warm sunshine filling all things with joy, save her foreboding heart and the anxious son who incessantly hung over her. Friends often came to visit them, and turned away with a deep sadness as they noted the progress of her malady, and heard the blind man ask each time whether they did not think her better—oh surely a little better than when they had last beheld her?

Among all these, no friend was so welcome or brought such solace to the sick-room as Mary Parker, a joyous girl of nineteen, one of the beauties of the county, and the admiration and delight of all who knew her. Mrs. Owen had danced Mary upon her knee, and Edward used to weave baskets and make garlands for her when he was a boy of twelve, and she a little fairy of six years old or thereabouts, stood beside him, praising his skill, and wondering how he could manage so cleverly though blind. None of his childish companions ever led him so carefully as Mary, or seemed so much impressed with his mental superiority; she would leave those games of her playmates in which his blindness prevented him from joining, and would listen for hours to the stories with which his memory was well stored, or which his own imagination enabled him to invent.

As she grew up there was no change in the frank and confiding nature of their intercourse. Mary still made him the recipient of her girlish secrets, and plans, and dreams, just as she had done of her little griefs and joys in childhood; asked him to quote his favorite passages of poetry, or stationed herself near him at the piano, suggesting subjects for him to play, which he extemporized at her bidding. Bright and blooming as Mary was, the life of every party, beaming with animation and enjoyment, no attention was capable of rendering her unmindful of him; and she was often known to sit out several dances in an evening to talk to dear Edward Owen, who would be sad if he thought himself neglected.

And now she daily visited the invalid, her buoyant spirits tempered by sympathy for her increasing sufferings, but still diffusing such an atmosphere of sunshine and hope around her, that gloom and despondency seemed to vanish at her presence. Edward's sightless eyes were always raised to her bright face, as if he felt the magic influence it imparted.

His mother had noted all this with a mother's watchfulness; and, on that day, when strong in her love, she had undertaken to break to him the fact which all others shrank from communicating, she spoke likewise of Mary, and of the vague wild hope she had always cherished of one day seeing her his wife.

"No, mother, no!" exclaimed the blind man. "Dearest mother, in this you are not true to yourself! What! Would you wish to see her in all her springtime of youth and beauty sacrificed to such a one as I!—to see Mary, as you have described her to me, as my soul tells me she is, tied down to be the guide, and leader, and support, of one who could not make one step in her defence; whose helplessness alone, in the eyes of men, would be his means of sheltering and protecting her! Would you hear her pitied—our bright Mary pitied—as a Blind Man's Wife, mother!"

"But Edward—if she loves you, as I am sure she does—"

"Love me, mother! Yes, as angels love mortals, as a sister loves a brother, as you love me! And for this benignant love, this tender sympathy, I could kneel and kiss the ground she treads upon; but, beyond this—were you to entreat her to marry your blind and solitary son, and she in pity answered Yes,—would I accept her on such terms, and rivet the chains she had consented to assume? Oh mother, mother, I have not studied you in vain; your life has been one long self-sacrifice to me; its silent teaching shall bear fruit! Do not grieve so bitterly for me. God was very merciful in giving me such a mother; let us trust him for the future!"

Ah, poor tortured heart, speaking so bravely forth, striving to cheer the mother's failing spirit, when all to him was dark, dark, dark!

She raised herself upon her pillow, and wound her weak arms about his neck, and listened to the expressions of ineffable love, and faith and consolation, which her son found strength to utter, to sustain her soul. Yea, in that hour her recompense had begun; in loneliness, in secret tears, with Christian patience and endeavor, with an exalted and faithful spirit, had she sown; and in death she reaped her high reward.

They had been silent for some minutes, and she lay back exhausted, and composed, while he sat beside her, holding her hand in his, fancying she slept, and anxiously listening to her breathing, which seemed more than usually oppressed. A rustling was heard amid the flowers at the window, and a bright young face looked in.

"Hush!" said Edward, recognizing the step, "Hush, Mary, she is asleep!"

The color and the smile alike passed from Mary's face when she glided into the room, "Oh, Edward, Edward, she is not asleep, she is very, very ill."

"Mary! darling Mary!" said the dying lady, with difficulty rousing herself; "I have had such a pleasant dream: but I have slept too long. It is night. Let them bring candles. Edward, I cannot see you now."

Night, and the sun so brightly shining! The shadows of the grave were stealing fast upon her.

Other steps now sounded in the room, and many faces gathered round the couch; but the blind man heard nothing—was conscious of nothing, save the painful labored respiration, the tremulous hand that fluttered in his own, the broken sentences.

"Edward, my dearest, take comfort. I have hope. God is indeed merciful."

"Oh, Edward, do not grieve so sadly! It breaks my heart to see you cry. For *her* sake be calm—for my sake, too!" Mary knelt down beside him, and endeavored to soothe the voiceless anguish which it terrified her to witness.

Another interval, when no sound broke the stillness that prevailed; and again Mrs. Owen opened her eyes, and saw Mary kneeling by Edward's side. They were associated with the previous current of her thoughts, and a smile lighted up her face.

"As I wished, as I prayed, to die! My children both. Kiss me, Mary, my blessing, my consoler! Edward, nearer, nearer! Child of so many hopes and prayers—all answered now!" And with her bright vision unalloyed, her rejoicing soul took wing, and knew sorrow and tears no more.

Four months had passed since Mrs. Owen's death, and her son was still staying at Woodlands, the residence of Mary's father, Colonel Parker, at about two miles' distance from Edward Owen's solitary home; hither had he been prevailed upon to remove, after the first shock of his grief had subsided.

Colonel and Mrs. Parker were kind-hearted people, and the peculiar situation of Edward Owen appealed to their best feelings, so they made no opposition to their children devoting themselves unceasingly to him, and striving by every innocent device, to render his affliction less poignant and oppressive. But kind as all the family were, still all the family were as nothing compared to Mary, who was always anxious to accompany him in his walks, seemed jealous of her privilege as his favorite reader, and claimed to be his silent watchful companion, when, too sad even to take an interest in what she read, he leaned back wearily in his chair, and felt the soothing influence of her presence. As time wore on, and some of his old pursuits resumed their attractions for him, she used to listen for hours as he played upon the piano. She would sit near him with her work, proposing subjects for his

skill, as her old custom had been; or she would beg him to give her a lesson in executing a difficult passage, and render it with due feeling and expression. In the same way, in their readings, which gradually were carried on with more regularity and interest, she appeared to look upon herself as the person obliged, appealed to his judgment, and deferred to his opinion, without any consciousness of the fatigue she underwent, or the service she was rendering.

One day, as they were sitting in the library, after she had been for some time pursuing her self-imposed task, and Edward, fearing she would be tired, had repeatedly entreated her to desist, she answered gayly:

"Let me alone, Edward! It is so pleasant to go through a book with you; you make such nice reflections, and point out all the finest passages, and explain the difficult parts so clearly, that it does me more good than a dozen readings by myself. I shall grow quite clever now we have begun our literary studies."

"Dear Mary, say rather, ended; for you know this cannot always go on so. I must return to my own house next week; I have trespassed on your father's hospitality, indulgence, and forbearance too long."

"Leave us, Edward!" and the color deepened in her cheeks, and tears stood in her bright eyes. "Not yet!"

"Not yet? The day would still come, dearest, delay it as I might, and is it manful thus to shrink from what must and ought to be? I have to begin life in earnest, and if I falter at the onset, what will be the result? I have arranged everything: Mr. Glen has a cousin, an usher in a school, who wishes for retirement and country air. I have engaged him to live with me as companion and reader. Next week he comes; and then, Mary, farewell to Woodlands!"

"No, not farewell, for you must come here very often; and I must read to you still, and you must teach me still, and tell me in your own noble thoughts and beautiful language of better and higher things than I once used to care for. And then our walks—oh, Edward, we must continue to see the sunset from the cliffs, sometimes, together. You first taught me how beautiful it was. I told you of the tints upon the sky and upon the sea, and upon the boats with their glistening sails, and you set the view before me in all its harmony and loveliness, brought it home to my heart, and made me feel how cold and insensible I had been before."

"Ah, Mary," said Edward mournfully, "near you, I am no longer blind!"

The book she had been reading fell unheeded on the ground, she trembled, her color went and came, as she laid her hand timidly on his arm; indescribable tenderness, reverence, and compassion were busy within her soul.

"Edward, you will not change in anything towards us; this new companion need not estrange you from your oldest and dearest friends—your mother's friends! Let me always be your pupil, your friend, your—sister!"

"Ah! my little sister. Sister above all. Best and sweetest title—say it again, Mary, say it again!" and seizing her hand he kissed it passionately, and held it for a moment within his own. Then as suddenly relinquishing it, he continued in an altered tone, "My sister and my friend, until another comes to claim a higher privilege, and Mary shall be forever lost to me!"

She drew back, and a few inaudible words died away upon her lips; he could not see her appealing tearful eyes. Mistaking the cause of her reserve, he made a strong effort to regain composure.

"Do you remember when you were a child, Mary, how ambitiously romantic you used to be, and how

you were determined to become a duchess at least?"

"And how you used to tease me, by saying you would only come to my castle disguised as a wandering minstrel, and would never sit at the board between me and the duke, Edward? Yes, I remember it all very well, foolish children that we were! But *I* at least know better now; I am not ambitious in that way any longer."

"In that way? In what direction then do your aspirations tend?"

"To be loved," said Mary fervently; "to be loved, Edward, with all the trust and devotedness of which a noble nature is susceptible—to know that the heart on which I lean has no thought save for me—to be certain that, with all my faults and waywardness, I am loved for myself alone, not for—for any little charm of face which people may attribute to me."

Edward rose abruptly, and walked up and down the room, which, from his long stay in the house, had become familiar to him. "Mary," he resumed, stopping as he drew near her, "you do yourself injustice. The face you set so little store by, *must* be beautiful, as the index of your soul; I have pictured you so often to myself; I have coveted the blessing of sight, were it only for an instant, that I might gaze upon you! The dim form of my mother, as I last beheld her in my infancy, floats before me when I think of you, encircled with a halo of heavenly light which I fancy to be your attribute, and a radiance hovers round your golden tresses such as gladdens our hearts in sunshine."

"Ah, Edward, it is better you cannot see me as I am. You would not love—I mean you would not think of me—so much!"

"If I could but see you for a moment as you will look at the party to-night, I fancy I should never repine again."

"The party to-night! I had quite forgotten it; I wish mamma would not insist upon my going. I do not care for these things any longer;—you will be left alone, Edward, and that seems so heartless and unkind!"

"Mary," said one of her sisters, opening the library door, "look at these beautiful hot-house flowers which have arrived here for us. Come, Edward, come and see them too."

They were so accustomed to treat him as one of themselves, and were so used to his aptitude in many ways, that they often did not appear to remember he was blind.

The flowers were rare and beautiful, and yet no donor's name accompanied the gift. Suddenly one of the girls cried out laughingly, "I have guessed, I have guessed. It is Edward! He has heard us talking about this ball, and must have ordered them on purpose for us. Kind, good Edward!" and they were loud in their expressions of delight; all except Mary, who kept silently aloof.

"Mary does not like her flowers?" said Edward inquiringly, turning in the direction where she stood.

"No," she replied sorrowfully, "it is the ball that I do not like, nor your thinking about decking us out for it. As if I cared to go."

"Look at these lovely roses," said the eldest sister as they were selecting what each should wear; "would not Mary look well with a wreath of these roses in her hair?"

"Yes, yes," exclaimed Edward eagerly, "and let me weave it for her! You know, Mary, it is one of my accomplishments; you were proud of my garlands when you were a little girl. Will you trust my fingers for the task?"

"If you really wish it, if it does not seem too trifling, yes," said Mary gently, with a troubled expression upon her brow usually so serene, as she moved reluctantly away. "But it must appear such mockery to you, poor Edward!" and then, without

waiting for a reply, she hurried to her room, and did not show herself again until the family assembled for dinner; while Edward, seated between the sisters, who were in great delight in their anticipation of the evening's amusements, silently betook himself to his task.

Early after dinner, the large old-fashioned drawing-room at Woodlands was deserted; the momentous business of the toilet had to be gone through, and then a drive of five miles accomplished, before Mrs. Parker and her three fair daughters could find themselves at the party. Edward was the only occupant of the room; seated at the piano, on which his fingers idly strayed, he now and then struck chords of deep melancholy, or broke into passages of plaintive sadness.

"Alone, alone! How the silence of this room strikes upon my heart; how long this evening will be without her voice, without her footstep! And yet this is what awaits me, what is inevitably drawing near. Next week I leave the roof under which she dwells; I shall not hear her singing as she runs down stairs in the morning; I shall not have her constantly at my side, asking me, with her sweet childlike earnestness, to teach her to repeat poetry, or to give expression to her music. The welcome rustle of her dress, the melody of her laugh, will soon become rare sounds to me! Within, around, beyond, all is dark, hopeless, solitary. Life stretches itself wearily before me, blind and desolate as I am! Mother, mother, well might your sweet spirit shrink when you contemplated this for your miserable son! How strange those last words! I thought of them to-day, while I made her wreath of roses, and when her sisters told me of the numbers who flock around her. Every flower brought its warning and its sting!"

"Edward, have I not made haste? I wished to keep you company for a little while, before we set out. You must be so sad! Your playing told me you were sad, Edward."

She was standing by him in all the pride of her youth and loveliness; her white dress falling in a cloud-like drapery around her graceful form, her sunny hair sweeping her shoulders. and the wreath surmounting a brow on which innocence and truth were impressed by Nature's hand.

The sense of her beauty, of an exquisite harmony about her, was clearly perceptible to the blind man; he reverently touched the flowing robe, and placed his hands upon the flowery wreath.

"Will you think of me, dearest, to-night? You will carry with you something to remind you of me. When you are courted, worshipped, envied, and hear on every side praises of your beauty, give a passing thought to Edward who lent his help to its adornment."

"Edward, how can you speak so mockingly! You know that in saying this you render me most miserable."

"Miserable! With roses blooming on your brow, and hope exulting in your heart; when life smiles so brightly on you, and angels seem to hover round your path!"

He spoke in a manner that was unusual to him; she leaned thoughtfully against the piano, and, as if unconscious of what she was doing, disengaged the garland from her hair.

"These poor flowers have no bloom, and this bright life of mine, as you think it, has no enjoyment when I think of you, sad, alone, unhappy, returning to your desolate home, Edward."

"Dearest," he returned, inexpressibly moved, "do not grieve for me. Remember, my mother left her blessing there!"

"Was it only for you, Edward?"

There is a moment's silence; he covers his face with his hands, his lofty self-denying spirit wrestles with

himself: when gently the wreath is laid upon his knee, her arm is passed around his neck, her head with its glory of golden locks is bowed upon his breast.

"Oh, Edward, take the wreath, and with it take myself if I deserve it! Tell me that you are not angry, that you do not despise me for this; I have been so unhappy, I have so long wished to speak to you."

"Mary, Mary, forbear! You try me beyond my strength; you are dearer to me than language can express, but you must not throw yourself away."

"Mary!" he cries wildly, "remember, I am blind, blind!"

"Not blind near me; not blind for me. Here, Edward, here my resting-place is found; nothing but death shall separate me from you. I am yours, your friend, your consoler, your wife. Oh, tell me you are glad."

Glad! His previous resolutions, his determination to owe nothing to her pitying love, all faded in the unequalled happiness of that hour, nor ever returned to cloud the life which Mary's devotion rendered henceforth blessed.

This is no fiction, reader, no exaggerated picture; some, who peruse this, will testify out of the depths of their hearts how, in respect and admiration, they have watched Mary fulfilling the promise of her beautiful sympathy and love. She has never wavered in the path she chose to tread; she has never cast one lingering look at all she resigned in giving herself to him. Joyous, tender, happy, devoted, she has seemed always to regard her husband as the source of all her happiness; and, when the music of children's voices has been heard within their dwelling, not even her motherly love for those dear faces whose sparkling eyes could meet and return her gaze, has ever been known to defraud their father of a thought, or a smile, or the lightest portion of her accustomed care.

No, dear Mary! Years have passed since she laid her wreath on his knee; the roses, so carefully preserved, have long withered; but the truth and love which accompanied the gift, are fresh and bright as then: rendering her, as her proud husband says, almost equal even while on earth, to those angels among whom, in heaven, he shall see her—SEE her, at last, no longer blind!

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPES.

ARTICLE V.

THE DONATION OF THE COUNTESS MATILDA.

THE history of the Church is teeming with narratives of the many heroes who have arisen to defend her rights by the sword, by their eloquence, and by their worldly influence, and who have contributed to her patrimony by their generous openhanded donations. Our hearts swell with an indescribable emotion as we read of the Pepins, the Charlemagnes, the Ottos, and the St. Henrys, who regarded it their greatest glory to draw their swords in defence of the Church, and who felt that in bestowing their wealth upon her they made the Lord their debtor. In our admiration of these giants of heroism and generosity, it is our delight to go back to the days of Juda, and compare them with the heroes of the Chosen People, with Joshua, and Gedeon, and the sainted

kings of Israel. Perhaps our comparisons might not bear the tests of a rigid criticism in every particular, inasmuch as we can find a discrepancy existing in some details, now to the disadvantage of the proximate term, and again, to that of the remote. But there is one particular, which will bear us out in our comparison. The heroes of the Old Law loved the Church of God which existed in figures, and the heroes of the New Law loved her as a reality, with a strong and manly love. In reading the history of the Church of the Old Law, a heroine rises up before our eyes in the person of the holy and brave Judith. Is our inclination to institute comparisons intemperate, if we refer the reader to the eleventh century in the history of God's Church, and ask him to contemplate the life and character of a Judith in the New Law, the Countess Matilda? The mission of Judith of Bethulia, among the Jewish people, was one of those extraordinary dispensations of Divine Providence, which necessarily bring with them special and miraculous interpositions from above. That of the Countess Matilda may be said to be a special dispensation of Providence, for the particular wants of the Church in those days, though in the accomplishment of her mission, she seems only to have used the means which were naturally at her disposal. But in doing so she displayed a courage and fortitude coupled with a strong affection for the Holy See, which justly entitle her to be ranked among the champions of the Church. In this she is not unlike Judith. She slew no Holofernes, but she devoted her life and means to the protection of the five Roman Pontiffs, who reigned in her time, and who were the victims of two proud and tyrannical German emperors, Henry IV and Henry V. But it was her great glory to have been the friend and comforter of the immortal Gregory VII, to whom she was the potent ally, in the celebrated "war of the investitures," which that saint waged against the Emperor Henry IV. As a benefactress of the Holy See, in point of temporal donations, she is placed side by side with Pepin and Charlemagne, by many contemporary and subsequent authors. We are far from disputing the honorable place assigned to her, for in her devotion to the Holy See, and in her desire to advance its cause in every possible way, her merit is indisputably great. Her own chaplain, Donnizo, who wrote her life in Latin verse, has the following lines on the donation which she made to Gregory VII.

"Propria Clavigero sua subdidit omnia Petro,
Janitor est cæli suus haeres, ipsaque Petri,
Accipiens scriptum de cunctis Papa benignus."

(She gave all her possessions to him who carrieth the keys, Peter. The Janitor of heaven is her heir, and she of Peter, while a blessed Pope receives the document for all.) To determine, therefore, the extent of Matilda's donation is the purpose of this paper. The question is more important than it would seem at first sight. Some authors assert that she gave nothing to the Holy See but a few isolated, allodial lands, scattered here and there in the Romagna, in Tuscany, and in the neighborhood of Ferrara; that she never possessed any territory over which she exercised sovereign and absolute authority, and hence, her donation of "Tuscany and Lyguria," as Peter the Deacon writes, was simply null, because "Nemo dat quod non habet."

Mr. Hare, in his *Walks in Rome*, unhesitatingly calls her the "Foundress of the Temporal Power of the Popes;" though on what authority we are at a loss even to conjecture. It is merely a guide-book assertion, and as such would merit no other refutation than a gratuitous negation. The Temporal Power was in a flourishing condition long years before the donation of Matilda, and continued to exist for centuries after the

territories of Matilda had been absorbed by the rising Duchies of Northern Italy. We will endeavor to reduce our examination of the donation of Matilda to two simple questions. What was comprised in the donation? What became of it afterwards? Petrus Diaconus writes, "Anno autem Incarnationis 1077, Mathilda, Comitissa Liguriæ et Tusciæ, iram Imperatoris Henrici sibi infesti metuens, Liguriam et Tusciam provincias Gregorio Papæ et Sanctæ Rom. Ecclesiæ devotissime obtulit." (In the year of Incarnation 1077, Matilda, Countess of Liguria and Tuscany, fearing the wrath of the Emperor Henry, who was hostile to her, devoutly bestowed the provinces of Liguria and Tuscany upon Pope Gregory and the Holy Roman Church.) This donation was made in the Castle of Canossa, whither the Countess had fled from her persecutor Henry, and in which she offered an asylum to Pope Gregory VII. Whether it was the work of the emperor, or simply a misfortune, history does not say; but the diploma disappeared from the archives of Canossa, and hence we find her renewing the donation twenty-five years after, to Pope Paschal II. Here is a translation of the diploma as it reads in the Codex Diplomaticus of Father Theiner, who transcribed it from the Codex of Cencius Camerarius:

"Charter of the donation of the Countess Matilda, made to Pope St. Gregory VII, and renewed to Pope Paschal II. In the name of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, in the year MCII, from the Incarnation of our Lord Jesus Christ, on the 14th day before the calends of December. In the tenth declaration, in the time of our Lord, Pope Gregory VII, in the Lateran Palace, in the Chapel of the Holy Cross, in the presence of Centius Frangiapane, Gratian Centius Franculinus and Albericus de Petro Leone, and his brother Berincassa, of Hubert of Tuscany, and many others. I, Matilda, Countess by the grace of God, for the weal of my soul and of my parents, did give to and bestow upon the Church of St. Peter, through the intervention of the Lord Pope Gregory VII, all my absolute possessions, as well all that I had owned previously as those which I would afterwards acquire, whether they belonged to me by right of succession or by any other right whatsoever; all that I possessed on this side of the mountains, as well as on the other side, as has been said, I gave and bestowed upon the Roman Church, by the hand of my Lord, Pope Gregory VII, and I begged that a charter should then be drawn up, but because the charter nowhere appears, and I fear lest my donation and offering be called into question, therefore, I, Countess Matilda, as above, from the present day, again donate and offer to the same Roman Church, by the hand of Cardinal Bernardus, Legate of the same Roman Church, as I gave at that time by the hand of the Lord Pope Gregory VII, all my possessions, as well those which I now have, as those which, God being propitious, I may acquire, as well what I have on the other side of the mountains as on this, together with what, God being propitious, I may acquire, by any right whatever, for the reward and welfare of my own soul, and of my parents, etc., etc. Done at Canossa. Matilda, by the grace of God, as in this charter, made by me, S.S. (Signed), ✠ I, Adderick the Judge was present, and did subscribe . . . I, Guido, Notary of the Palace, the writer of this charter of donation, after receiving it, did complete and consign it."

To establish what were the possessions of Matilda, which she gave unreservedly to the Church, we must go back to the days of her great-grandfather Atto, or Azzo. The chronicles of the tenth century, speaking of the coronation of Otto

the Great, by John XII (962), narrate that he bestowed several cities upon Atto, a powerful lord of Tuscany, who built the impregnable Castle of Canossa. Donnizo writes:

"Muneribus magnis Attonem ditat et altis,
Cui nonnullos comitatus contulit ultro."

(With great and precious gifts he enriches Atto, to whom he freely gave several signiories.) Atto was succeeded by Thedaldus,

"Qui post Attonem servavit honorem,
Amplificaris terras proprias divis nimis extans,
Regibus existit carus notissimus illis,
Romanus Papa quem sincere peramabat,
Et sibi concessit quod ei Ferraria servit."

(Who, after Atto, preserved his honor, extending his lands and growing exceeding rich; to those kings he was dear and well known. The Roman Pope (John XIII, 985) made a grant, that Ferrara should serve him.) This grant did not make Thedaldus the absolute lord of Ferrara, but simply constituted him its usufructuary, while the supreme dominion was exercised by the Holy See. Thedaldus died, leaving as his sole heir Bonifacius, whom the chronicles style as "Marquis of Tuscany." He received that title, together with the province of Tuscany, as a sort of a dependent fief from the Emperor, Conrad Salicus. Wippo narrates that, "Quemadmodum Raynerius, Tuciæ Marchio, Imperatoris, Conrado Salico parere noliut, quare post annum 1027, Raynerii loco Bonifacius Marchio invenitur." (When Rayneriius, the Marquis of Tuscany, refused to obey the Emperor, Salicus; hence, after the year 1027, the Marquis Bonifacius is found in his place.) The Marquis Bonifacius had for his second wife, Beatrice, the daughter of Frederick, Duke of Lorraine, from whom she received, as a dowry, the four cities of Parma, Mutina, Reggio, and Mantua, with the circumjacent provinces of which they were the capitals, together with some villas and towns on the other side of the Alps. The Countess Matilda was born of this marriage, and, on the death of her parents, succeeded to the dowry of her mother, Beatrice, and all the lands possessed by her father, either by an absolute right, or by tenure from the Emperors. To avoid confusion then, we would distinguish (though the charter of donation is in general terms) between her allodial possessions, and what has since been called feudal possessions, though, strictly speaking, feuds or fiefs had not as yet begun to exist. Her allodial lands comprised the four cities mentioned, with the surrounding districts, the villas and towns on the other side of the Alps, and a number of isolated castles, fortresses, and domains, scattered here and there in the provinces, especially in that of Ferrara, in which she possessed a number of towns, though the *dominium altum* was held by the Roman Pontiffs. She was also mistress of Tuscany and Liguria, but in this capacity she was dependent upon the Emperors of Germany. Notwithstanding this, she makes no distinction whatever in the charter, her words being: "*Omni bona mea jure proprietario, tam quæ tunc habueram, quam ea quæ in antea acquisitura eram, sine jure successionis, sine alio quocumque jure.*" (All my possessions by absolute right, as well those which I owned in the past, as those which I will acquire in the future, by any right whatever.) These words undoubtedly imply, that she not only made a grant of her allodial possessions, but also of all other territories, lands, towns, castles, which she possessed, "by any right whatever." Therefore, the territory of Tuscany and Liguria, which she held as a sort of tenure from the Emperors, was comprised in her donation, and hence, we may justly conclude, that she was absolute mistress of those two provinces, and that they could not have been feudal lands. On the other hand, if she were not absolute mistress of all, but only a feudatory of Henry IV, the war which the latter waged against her, the siege of

Mantua, which lasted for three years, and in which he was finally defeated by the Countess, and several other facts, which suppose that she exercised a sovereign authority, become inexplicable. This is the principal objection raised by modern critics against the donation of the Countess Matilda. But the party spirit which prompts the objection, utterly ignores the existence of another nation, whose origin is founded in a donation precisely similar to that of the Countess Matilda. We speak of Savoy. It is an historical fact, that the royal house of Savoy had its origin in the will of Adelaide, the Marchioness of Susa and Turin, who married Otho of Savoy. The territories which surrounded Turin and Susa were subject to Adelaide, in precisely the same manner as Tuscany and Liguria were under the jurisdiction of Matilda; and it was only by a concession in the last will and testament of Adelaide, that Turin and Susa, with the surrounding territory, passed to the house of Savoy. Yet no one has ever questioned the legitimacy of the house of Savoy in keeping possession of both territories, even against Henry himself, who, after the death of Adelaide, tried by force of arms to make himself master of the patrimony of Adelaide. To these considerations we may add the authority of Orsi, who frankly affirms, that Matilda could bestow all her possessions, be they hereditary or not, because she had no fief which was subordinate to the Emperors. The German historian Barre, an authority certainly above suspicion in this question, says that the Italian lords were as so many sovereigns, and that they had the unlimited faculty of selling or donating their possessions according to their own good will and pleasure. He would subjoin one more consideration in defence of the justice of the unqualified donation of Matilda, and it is this. The donation was made to a Pontiff whose whole pontificate was one protracted struggle in the defence of justice and right. His last words were: "I have loved justice and hated iniquity, therefore I die in exile." Is it possible that he would have accepted a donation in which the right of any individual would suffer? No one better than he could define what the rights of sovereigns were in those days, and no one was more willing to do so. For a proof of this, we have only to read the history of the "war of investitures." The very fact then of his accepting the donation, is an evidence of its justice. Hence we conclude with Peter the Deacon: "Tussiam et Liguriam provincias Gregoria Papæ, et Sanctæ Romanæ Ecclesiæ devotissime obtulit"—she devoutly bestowed the provinces of Tuscany and Liguria upon Pope Gregory and the Holy Roman Church. As is to be supposed, and as subsequent events prove, the donation would only take effect after her death. While she lived, she continued to exercise sovereign authority in Tuscany and Liguria, and over the four cities which she had received from her mother *jure hæreditario*. It may be objected that, notwithstanding the unlimited and unqualified grant which she made of all her possessions to the Holy See, she continued afterwards to make presents of lands to different monasteries throughout Italy. But the very formula of bestowal which she used only confirms the donation already made to the Roman Church. The charter of donation always contained this clause of reservation, "*In potestate Romanæ Ecclesiæ sicut olim concessi et dedi*" (in the power of the Roman Church, as I have already granted and given). And another formula is worded thus, "Sub jujum S. Petri, cujus est proprietas" (under the yoke of St. Peter, whose property it is). Such was the donation of Matilda, and the fault was not hers, that the Popes did not become the sovereigns of all Italy. For, what with the donations of

Pepin and Charlemagne, and the addition of Tuscany and Liguria, but little else of Italy was left. We may now pass to an examination of the second question, What became of the donation of Matilda? Why did not the Roman Pontiffs, on her death (1115), begin to exercise sovereign authority in their newly acquired dominions? Glancing over the history of the next two centuries, we encounter a few isolated examples of Pontifical authority over the provinces of Matilda; but if we except Ferrara, which was originally a Papal province, and which was only granted temporarily to Thedaldus, and the cities of Parma and Piasenza, the other cities passed out of their hands and became, either the capitals of independent little principalities, or were absorbed in some one or other of the duchies which sprang into existence in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries. After the death of Matilda, Henry IV, who seemed only to wait for that event that he might ravage Italy, once more descended upon the peninsula, and not only seized all the cities which were subject to Matilda, but also invaded the territory of the Church, and annexed Ravenna and the marks of Ancona. Then followed the schism, and the rebellion of the cities of Lombardy against the tyranny of Henry. He was succeeded on his death by his son Henry V, who gave the Church a short period of repose. During this time we read of Honorius II, the immediate successor of Paschal II, to whom Matilda had made the second donation, granting the investiture of Matilda's territories to Lothaire II and Rigetta, on condition that he would pay a tribute to St. Peter of one hundred pounds of silver yearly, and that on his death, they would revert to the Holy See. Henry V, inheriting to the full the rapacious spirit of his father, began to overrun the northern provinces of Italy, and especially the dominion of Matilda. He afterwards made peace with Pope Honorius, and swore to restore all the provinces of the Church which he had usurped: "The possessions and wealth of St. Peter, which, from the beginning of the struggle down to the present day, either in the time of my father, and also lately, have been taken away, what I hold of them, I restore to the Roman Church; what I do not, I will faithfully aid in restoring." He *did* restore what he held, but that was very little, only a few towns in the province of Ferrara. All the rest had passed out of his possession. In the struggle which ensued, after the death of Matilda, between the Empire and the Church, many of the northern cities asserted their own independence, and the four cities of Reggio, Mutina, Parma, and Mantua followed their example. Before the year 1245, we read of Innocent III granting the investiture of the city and province of Mantua to the bishop of that city. The time between the years 1245, and 1273 is called by German historians the "fatal interregnum."

Frederic II, son of Henry V, had been deposed by Innocent IV in the Council of Lyons, and Rudolph, the progenitor of the royal house of Hapsburg, was crowned as "King of the Romans." During the interregnum, Mantua became an independent principality, and elected Pinamons Bonacossius as its ruler. Mutina, after passing through a long series of intestine quarrels, chose a ruler in 1288. In 1290 Reggio elected the Marquis Opizzo, and of Parma we hear nothing definite until the year 1303, when it appears in history as a duchy, with Gisbert Corregiensis as its duke. There were epochs, before and after these events, when the Popes might have vindicated their rights, and reduced these cities, especially when, during the interegna of the empire, they exercised supreme authority, in the capacity of regents, who represented the imperial authority in Italy. But

although they displayed the greatest zeal in defending the interests of the empire, yet they never made an effort to recover one of the four cities mentioned, after they had declared their independence. Not to speak of the power which was vested in them during the vacancies in the empire, and of which we have an example in the pastoral letter of Clement V, "Nos, tam ex superioritate, quam ad Imperium non est dubium nos habere, quam ex potestate, in qua vacante Imperio succedimus" (we, as well by the superiority which there is no doubt we have over the empire, as by the power, to which we succeeded when the empire becomes vacant); their own power as temporal sovereigns would have been sufficient to stifle every insurrection in the provincial cities and bring them into subjection. This inactivity of the Holy See is attributable to that yielding spirit, which the Church has always manifested in temporal matters, and which is embodied in the words of Pius IX, pronounced a year ago: "*Ecclesia aliena jura non apetit, sed potius quæ sua sunt relinquit*"—the Church does not covet the rights of others, but rather relinquishes her own.

In saying that the cities and provinces comprised in the donation of Matilda passed out of the hands of the Popes, we made an exception of Parma and Piacenza. We have already seen that Parma elected its own duke in 1303. But in the history of the Duchy of Milan, we find mention made, after the year 1395, of Parma and Piacenza, now as belonging to the Holy See, now as being subject to the Duke of Milan, while later on, they are contended for by the French. Previous to the arrival of Ludwig of Bavaria in Italy, the city of Milan professed allegiance, during the vacancies in the empire, to the Popes of Rome. It was then that it became subject to the Viscounts of Milan, as of old. In the year 1395, John Gallatius, surnamed the "Virtuous Count," bought from Wenceslaus, the ignoble son of Charles IV, the title of duke, for several thousand florins. In the following year he received from the same prince, a gift of the Duchy of Pavia, with several other cities, and among these, Parma and Piacenza, which in former times had been Papal cities. This was the origin of the Duchy of Milan. In the beginning of the fifteenth century, Sforza, of Milan, obtained the command of the city, which he did not exercise very long, as the city fell into the hands of the French. Pope Julius II then formed an alliance with the Emperor Maximilian, of Germany, and the united forces of the Pope and the Emperor dislodged the French. Maximilian Maria Sforza was named Duke of Milan in 1512, and in the same year the two cities of Parma and Piacenza were ceded to Pope Julius II. On the death of Julius Sforza, seized both cities, but did not keep them long; for after the treaty of 1515, between Leo X and the Emperor, both cities were restored to the Holy See. Thus matters stood until the death of Louis XII of France. One of the first acts of his successor, Francis I, was the invasion of Milan, together with the seizure of the two Papal cities, Parma and Piacenza. Leo X then made a treaty with the Emperor Charles V, and uniting their forces against the French, these were again compelled to abandon Milan, and the Holy See again became the possessor of the two ill-fated cities.

Charles V, in a letter to the Cardinals of the Church, in the time of Clement VII, thus speaks of Parma and Piacenza: "Parmam et Placentiam a Romani Imperii feudo disjunctas, sedi Romanæ, nullo jure coacti, possidendas restituimus." Of our own free will we restore Parma and Piacenza, free from dependence on the Roman Empire, to the possession of the Roman Church.

This was in the year 1527. Afterwards when Pope Clement escaped from the Castle of St. Angelo, he made a promise to cede these two cities and several others to the Emperor, but we do not read of its fulfilment, and hear nothing more of them until the year 1545, when Paul III intrusted the government of them to Petrus Aloysius Farnesius. Farnesius was killed in 1547, and Charles, who in 1535 had been made heir of the Duchy of Milan, by Francis Sforza, annexed Piacenza and Parma, on the ground that they had originally formed an integral part of the Duchy of Milan. When he was on his death-bed he was smitten with remorse for his violation of the rights of the Holy See, and he made his son, Philip II, promise to restore the two cities, which he did. Both cities soon after became independent duchies, which had a flourishing existence down to our own times, when the Cavour movement overthrew them entirely, and now they form a part of United Italy. Upon the ruins of Matilda's donation in Tuscany, the "free cities of Etruria," as they were called, sprang up with astonishing vigor, and after the beginning of the fifteenth century we hear of nothing but wars between the rival cities of Pisa, Lucca, Sienna, and Florence. The latter soon asserted its supremacy over the neighboring cities, and in the time of Leo X and Clement VII, both Popes of the Medici family, the grand dukes of Tuscany became the most powerful lords in the peninsula. The Duchy of Ferrara, which had been established long before, absorbed all that was left of the donation of Matilda in that province. Excepting during the reign of Matilda herself, the donation was never of any use to the Holy See, but on the contrary, was the cause of continual discord between the Church and the Empire. Indeed it may be said, that the Church never came into actual possession of Matilda's donation, and the nominal possession itself only lasted one hundred and twenty-five years. After the Pontificate of Innocent III, who was a strenuous defender of the temporal domain of the Church, and who insisted on the restoration of Matilda's possessions, no effort was made by any of the Popes to incorporate Tuscany and Liguria with the possessions of the Holy See. It would seem as if providence itself had marked out the extent of Peter's patrimony, when Pepin wrote his diploma, and that beyond those limits it should not be extended, even as it should not be diminished. Matilda's power and wealth rendered eminent services to the Church while she lived to use them; but the strange rapidity with which they dwindled away after her death, and the unusual indifference with which the Popes witnessed the loss of both, confirm us in the conclusion which we established in our first paper, that the first establishment of the temporal power of the Popes was a *providential institution*, just powerful enough to render the vicars of Christ independent in their ministry, and weak enough to preclude too much reliance on human things, supposing that they so far forgot their dependency upon God. The donation of the Countess Matilda added nothing, in the ultimate effect, to the temporal domain of the Church. Its efficiency to aid the Church ceased to be when she died. But her memory still lives, and shall live in the annals of the Church, as that of a generous benefactress, and a Christian heroine.

SEDAINE, THE SCULPTOR.

ONE gloomy morning in the month of November, 1731, two children, one of whom might be about twelve years old and the other eight, were on their way to the Office of the *Diligence*, in the little town of F——. It was not quite winter, but the weather was cold and rough.

"Oh, brother," said the youngest weeping, "what will become of us? Our uncle and our father are both dead; what shall we do?"

"Be comforted, brother," replied the elder boy, whose thoughtful face and eyes full of tears betrayed his sorrow, in spite of the brave resolution which he strove to keep up, "be comforted; you are not quite forsaken; I am with you still."

"Michel, you will die and so shall I," replied Honoré.

In spite of the sorrow that shaded the charming face of the elder boy he could not but smile.

"Do not fear that," he said; "God will not permit what would be such a misfortune to you and our poor mother. He will preserve my life that I may be able to maintain you both."

"No," replied the little one innocently; "but I am quite ready to die, because, you see, brother, if I live, little as I am, I shall only be an expense to you and our mother."

Michel pressed his brother's hand; "Poor Honoré," he said.

A moment afterwards they entered the coach-office.

"Sir," said the elder boy, timidly approaching the grating, behind which an old man was turning over the pages of a register, "can you tell me when the *Diligence* for Paris will arrive."

"I ought to be able to tell you, my young friend," answered the old man, [illegible] looking manner. [illegible] kindness [illegible] as much by the answer as the manner in which it had been given.

"If the *Diligence* stops on the road," said the man of the register, with an air of importance, "it will not arrive till three o'clock."

"And if it does not stop?" asked Michel.

"Then—ah! that depends; no, my little friend, in any case it will not arrive till three o'clock."

"And what is the fare?" continued Michel, not much pleased with the rude manners of the man with green spectacles.

"That depends, my young friend."

"Well?"

"There is this difference—an inside place is thirty francs, one on the roof twenty."

Michel hesitated a moment.

"Pardon me, sir, if I am mistaken, but you see my brother and I are still very young—and I think that both together we shall not fill more than one place."

"Read the rules, my little friend," replied the clerk, as he gave him the table, upon which was printed: "Children under seven years pay half price."

"You and your brother are more than that," he said.

"Quite true," said Michel, sighing, as he placed his hand upon the packet which contained his small amount of treasure.

"Yes," sighed the little Honoré, looking at his brother, "I am eight years old, and my brother ten."

"Your brother! yes, that is plain enough," said the old man, measuring both the boys with his eyes, "but you—why, if you had told me that you were only six, I should have believed you."

Saying these words the clerk, who felt for the children's difficulty, made a sign to the little one, and continued, "But I lay a wager you are

mistaken, you are not eight years old, are you? You are hardly six. Am I not right?"

"Sir," answered Honoré, with frank candor, "I cannot say I am six. I am eight years old, and, indeed, eight and a half, for I shall be nine on the feast of St. Honoré."

"Well, it is nothing to me if you say you are fifteen," replied the clerk, vexed that the child had not understood his sign.

At this moment several persons entered the office, and Michel, who had timidly retired from the grating, seeing the travellers, after asking the fare, place the amount at once on the table, began to fear that if he did not make haste all the places would be taken.

He therefore went up to the table, plunged his hand into his pocket, and imitating the important tone of the other travellers asked for a place to Paris.

"There is only one outside place remaining, twenty francs," said the coach-master, without raising his eyes, but at the sight of the small hand that offered the money, he looked up and recognized Michel. "For yourself, or your brother?"

"For my brother," replied Michel.

"And you?" asked Honoré and the clerk at the same moment.

Without returning an answer to either of them Michel took the little paper which was given him in return for his money; the roll of wheels was heard, the guard entered, and taking up a large parcel, cried out, "Gentlemen, the *Diligence* for Paris!"

As Michel was going with his brother to the coach, little Honoré could not help saying, "And you, brother!"

"Do not trouble yourself about me, Honoré."

"But I will not go to Paris alone, Michel."

"You will not go alone."

"But how will you go, you have only taken a place for me?"

"That is not your concern, Honoré," he said sweetly. "Only take care when you are up there, not to look down into the street, you might be giddy and fall."

The cry of the guard: "Take your places, gentlemen," interrupted the children's parting words.

Honoré went up the steps of the ladder, and seated himself among the luggage, the guard took his place, the postilion cracked his whip, and the noise of the wheels on the pavement drowned the voice of Honoré as he called out, "And you, Michel?"

The *Diligence* left the town without any one remarking a child who followed it at full speed, endeavoring with all his might to keep up with it.

At last the postilion observed him.

"Ah, little one! what are you about; you do not regard your health then?"

The boy did not answer.

"Perhaps you are wishing to become one of his majesty's couriers?"

At these words Michel raised his eyes, but without relaxing in his wild course. The guard then observed him.

"I see what it is—he wishes to use his legs, which he thinks are too long. Is not that it?"

"If that were the case I think I should have chosen some better method," replied Michel, continuing his course.

The *Diligence* was approaching the place where they changed horses; the pace slackened a little and Michel could take breath. As he wiped the perspiration from his forehead, his first thought was to cast a look at his brother. He hoped by looking at one he so much loved, that he should get fresh strength to carry on his fatiguing journey. He saw him pale, cold, and shivering.

"Are you cold, Honoré?" he said.

A violent chattering of his teeth prevented Honoré from answering. Regardless of the consequence which might ensue, Michel took off his coat, and threw it to his brother.

"Put that on, Honoré, it will warm you."

The travellers had heard the boy's first question with indifference, but all were touched by this act, even the postilion, who regretted his late jokes.

"Poor child!" said a young lady as she called Michel to her.

He approached the coach, which went on more and more slowly, and politely saluted the lady.

"Why did you take off your coat and throw it to that child outside?" asked the lady in a kind voice.

"Madam, that child is my brother," replied Michel.

"And by what chance does it happen that you are making the journey on foot, while your brother is on the coach?"

"It is not by chance but on purpose that I do this," said Michel, smiling.

"It is singular," said the husband of the lady, "but I think I saw this child in the coach-office at F——."

"Yes, he was there," said another traveller, "he took a place for his brother."

"I have seen him running all the way from thence hither," said a fourth.

"Perhaps you were not able to get a place for yourself?" asked the lady.

"Pardon me, madam," he said, conquering his false shame, "I had not money enough to pay for a place."

"And he paid for his brother's?"

"Yes, madam, and seeing his brother shivering with cold he took off his coat to warm him," said the guard, who had got down from his seat to walk the rest of the way.

The first feeling of compassion was followed in the heart of the lady by the thought how she could help him, so she called Michel to her.

"How much would your place cost?"

"Twenty francs, madam, and I have only eighteen."

The look which the lady turned on her companions was so expressive that every one put his hand into his pocket, and in a moment there were several gold pieces in the lady's hand.

Then she addressed the guard, "Here is the fare, let the boy have a place on the coach."

The guard took the money; as he gave it to Michel he said, "Keep this, it may be useful to you elsewhere. You shall sit on the box at my side, and you need not pay for your place."

"Thank you," said Michel, as he mounted to the seat with a look of great satisfaction, "but permit me to tell you that if you had made me this offer sooner, it would have saved me a great deal of fatigue."

"Do you think then that I should have made you this offer if it had not been for your kindness to your brother?"

"Thanks then to my coat. But if you give me a place gratis, why should I keep the money of these good gentlemen and ladies?"

"You must be very rich if you will not accept these new coins."

"Ah, no!" cried Michel.

The lady had overheard this conversation, and when the dialogue stopped, she put her head out at the window.

"Are you and your brother orphans?" she asked Michel.

"No, thank God! we have still a mother."

"How then does it happen that at your age you are making this journey alone?"

"When my father died two years ago," answered Michel, "our mother being too poor to bring us up, sent us to a brother of hers at F——, who had written to her offering to bear the expense of our education. After many tears and kisses my mother made up her mind to this sad separation, and we went to our uncle's house. But he died a fortnight since. It seemed that he left more debts than could be paid, for his creditors

turned us out just as we are, and would not allow us to carry away a single thing. Luckily I had thirty-eight francs, of which they knew nothing, and with which I paid Honoré's fare."

"Poor children!" was the unanimous cry from the *Diligence*. But being once comfortably seated, and wanting nothing more, the poor children were forgotten by the travellers.

But the guard, who had not been able to give any help with his purse, began to think whether he could aid the boys in any other manner.

"What was your father?" he asked.

"He was an architect," replied Michel.

"And your mother, my little friend?"

"While my father was alive she had no particular occupation. I do not know what she does now."

"What do you mean to do when you get to Paris?"

"I shall do whatever I can to maintain my mother, and educate my little brother."

The guard thought for a minute, then he said: "Listen, I am very intimate with the cousin of the brother of the uncle of an architect's valet, and I will recommend you to him if you like."

"To whom?" said Michel who was lost in the list of relations.

"First to the cousin, who will introduce you to the brother, and he to the uncle, and the uncle to the nephew, who is, as I have told you, valet to M. Buron, and will recommend you to his master, the architect, who may give you employment."

Michel sighed.

"And he will employ me in cutting stone? After having got as far as philosophy in my studies, I am to become a stonecutter! Very well! Be it so," he said resolutely drawing up his head. "Provided I can keep my mother and brother from want, no kind of work shall come amiss."

No sooner said than done. The guard kept his word. By the aid of the long genealogy given above, Michel was soon employed in a workshop as a stonecutter.

Accustomed to a smooth and quiet life, the poor child needed great self-command to content himself with his new lot. His hands became covered with wounds which bore witness to his sufferings; but he was amply compensated when the day of payment arrived, and happy and proud he could take home to his mother the produce of his week's work. He, however, regretted extremely the forced cessation of his studies, and at the end of four weeks he procured some books, to the study of which he devoted the time which the other stone masons devoted to eating and drinking.

This way of employing his time drew on him the remarks of his companions. They made themselves merry at his expense, calling him the little pedant, the little professor, but when they saw that far from being annoyed at their jokes Michel only devoted himself to his studies with more ardor, they began to feel a degree of respect for a child whose patience and sweetness were unconquerable.

An illness brought on by hard work and study caused a change in his position. One day when M. Buron was overlooking some works, he was struck by the appearance of suffering united with a noble and sweet expression in a young stonecutter. At the workmen's dinner-hour he looked for the interesting child, and not finding him with the others, asked where he was.

"Who? The little savant," said one of the workmen; "he is no doubt seated in some corner not far off, eating his bread while he reads."

"Does not his salary allow him to eat with you?" said M. Buron.

"Oh! his salary," said another, "I do not know what he does with that, but certainly he neither eats nor drinks it."

M. Buron returned to the workshop where he now saw Michel.

The young workman was seated on a stone which served for a stool; before him was a larger stone, upon which was a piece of bread, a glass of water, the works of Horace, a copy-book, pens and ink; he was translating while he ate.

The architect looked at him with emotion.

"What are you doing?" he said at last.

Michel tried in vain to conceal his work. Then he said, "Pardon me, sir, I was trying to translate Horace."

"And it is very well done, on my honor!" said M. Buron, charmed as he read, and crying out with admiration. "Who is your tutor?"

"I have none," said Michel, modestly.

"But," continued the architect more surprised, "your parents must be educated people to have given you such a taste for study. Where is your father?"

"He is dead," said Michel, casting down his eyes.

"What was his name?"

"Sedaine."

"Sedaine!" repeated Buron, "he was a colleague of mine, an architect. How is it that you are among the stonecutters here?"

"I maintain my mother and brother."

"And so young! How old are you, my boy?"

"Fourteen."

The architect took the hand of the young stonecutter. "You must give up your apron and chisel, and be my pupil."

"Oh, sir!" cried the young Sedaine, his eyes sparkling with joy, "Oh, sir! but who will take care of my mother, and my brother while I study?"

"I will," said Buron. "A good son, a good brother cannot but become an estimable man. Come, the past answers for the future."

The only thanks Michel could return were a tear and a respectful kiss on the hand of his new protector. He followed M. Buron, and admitted among his pupils, he afterwards became the partner of his labors.

His renown as an architect did not prevent his continuing to devote himself to science and literature.

Several greatly esteemed dramatic works are proofs of his literary talent.

Jean Michel Sedaine, named a member of the French Academy at the age of sixty, died after a long illness in his seventy-eighth year.

PASSING.

THE lively colors of the spring
Soon, soon decay;
The birds that then so merrily sing
Soon fly away.

The rose that now so fairly blooms
Blooms but to-day;
The flowers that have most sweet perfumes
Have shortest stay.

Earth's greatest joys soonest depart,
Love nought too well,
Lest when it goes a bleeding heart
Thine anguish tell.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE 17th of June, this year, will be memorable not only as the anniversary of the election of our present gloriously reigning Supreme Pontiff, Pius IX, THE GREAT, but also as the day on which another forward step was taken of great importance in the organization of the Church in the United States. On that day two *palliums* were conferred, one upon the Most Rev. John Lamy, Archbishop of Santa Fe, of which we shall have more to say anon; and the other upon the Most Rev. James Frederick Wood, Archbishop of Philadelphia, and metropolitan of the ecclesiastical province of Pennsylvania. Of the importance of this latter event, it is difficult to speak in language which will not seem exaggerated to those who do not realize the wonderful, though silent and by most persons unobserved, growth of the Church in Pennsylvania. Truly, here as elsewhere, the kingdom of Christ has verified the parable of our divine Lord, who likened it to a grain of mustard seed.

At the commencement of the present century there were not more than a dozen priests, and not a single bishop within the whole State of Pennsylvania. In 1808, when the first bishop was appointed, there were but fourteen priests. In 1830, there were not more than thirty; in 1850, there were one hundred and fifty; in 1860, two hundred and sixty-three; and in 1874, five hundred and forty-one. The increase of laity, of churches, convents, asylums, and schools, has kept, we believe, even pace with the increase in the number of priests. This is truly wonderful, and in view of it, the significance of the action of the holy Roman See, and its wisdom in placing under one metropolitan head this portion of the flock of Christ, is manifest.

The ceremonial of conferring the *pallium* upon Archbishop Wood was most impressive. The readers of the RECORD are doubtless familiar with its details, as they have been published in full in the *Catholic Standard*, and in other papers, Catholic and non-Catholic. We will therefore merely say that, as regards exact observance of the ritual of the Church, the number of distinguished prelates and very reverend and reverend clergy present, and all the external details of the ceremony, it was one of the most splendid and impressive, as in its spiritual significance it was one of the most solemn religious acts which has ever taken place in the United States.

IN one of our city dailies, a statement appeared that at a recent trial it transpired, that both the parties to the trial and the witnesses had all been married and divorced. Commenting upon this, the editor suggested that Moody and Sankey should be requested to return to this country, with a view to preventing by their preaching the increasing disregard of the sanctity of the marriage tie.

The ideas of the writer are certainly strangely confused. They strike us as on a par with that of endeavoring to prevent dishonesty by preaching that stealing is no sin. Moody and Sankey are Protestants, and Protestantism denies that marriage is a sacrament. It makes it, in the end, nothing more or less than a contract, a bargain between a man and a woman. Inculcating this principle, it ignores and virtually denies the sanctity and indissolubility of the marriage relation; and where this is denied all the ranting of Moody and Sankey, and all the harangues of their less vulgar but not less inconsistent brother Protestant ministers will not prevent divorces and violation of the obligations of the marriage relation under other forms.

THE evidences of a salutary reaction against the tyranny and impiety of Liberalism are showing themselves more clearly. The general disapproval and indignation elicited by the suggestions of the German Minister at London, that England should pattern after Germany in her treatment of Catholics, is one proof. Others crop out in the sharp criticisms of the secular papers upon the brutalities of the German legislation. Recently the *Pall Mall Gazette* exposed the false pleas and specious pretexts of the authors of that legislation, and showed that its main design was to "destroy the Catholic religion," and the *London Post*, commenting upon the same subject, said: "No doubt England is very Protestant, but it can have no sympathy with a nation that seeks to promote Protestantism by violence and the repression of liberty. . . England does not approve of modern German policy and action;" and "while German policy, political and religious, is what it is, England can have neither sympathy nor alliance with Germany."

THE "St. Cecilia Society" has been lately established among the German Catholics with the view of introducing into churches the music of Palestrina and other composers. This music is not so monotonous as the Gregorian is considered to be, while it is

founded on it, and is religious and devotional in tone. Gregorian music requires really as much study and practice as the more florid kinds, but this study is not given to it in this country. Consequently, what is often called "Gregorian," is only "sing-song." The proper execution of the music of Handel, Haydn, and the other great composers, is beyond the ability of most choirs, and besides, is considered too florid by many persons. The proposed reform in church music is welcomed by most judges of harmony. A journal called the *St. Cecilia*, devoted to this reform, is published monthly in English and German at Dayton, Ohio.

THE education question forms the subject of conflict in France as elsewhere. Recently, the Liberals showed very plainly what their ideas of liberty were, and how much of freedom they were willing to allow to those who differed from them. In a discussion of a project for Universities and Colleges, they were willing to allow municipalities and secular corporations to found and endow universities and educational institutions. But when an amendment was proposed allowing religious corporations and Catholic Bishops to exercise the same rights, the Liberalists strenuously, though unsuccessfully, opposed it. In other words, the Liberalists were willing that all possible opportunities should be furnished for children obtaining a secular education without religion, but were opposed to even permitting similar opportunities to be provided by others who were willing to furnish them for educating children both in secular science and religion.

THE sad intelligence reaches us from Ireland that Father Thomas Burke, O.P., is seriously ill. He has been compelled to desist entirely from preaching and lecturing. The exact nature of the disease which is sapping his strength has not been clearly determined. The symptoms are somewhat obscure, but indicate cancer in the stomach. His visit to this country a few years ago and his magnificent lectures will not soon be forgotten. On his return to Ireland he labored there with the same unceasing energy, preaching or lecturing, frequently, several times a week. His fervor and zeal and splendid gifts of oratory caused his services to be there in as constant requisition as they were here. He knew not how to spare himself, and his fine constitution has at last given way under labors too great for human strength to endure.

THE reception of the American riflemen in Ireland has been something extraordinary. The popular enthusiasm has expressed itself in every possible manner, and the success of the Americans has been hailed with rejoicings. Belfast has equalled, if not exceeded, the Irish capital in its demonstration of welcome and rejoicing.

All this seems to us to have been an indirect mode of expressing disaffection towards England. America is loved in Ireland, because it has afforded a home for thousands of Irishmen, who have found here that prosperity and success which was denied them on their native soil; and also because it affords an instance of successful resistance to British domination. Every cheer raised for America in Ireland means a hiss for England in Ireland, and every welcome to Americans or laudation of our institutions means condemnation of English rule.

THE Queen of England will not reside in Ireland, or even visit the country, save at intervals of a quarter of a century; but let the people of Ireland be consoled, for news comes that the Duke of Connaught (Prince Arthur William Patrick) has purchased Rockingham Castle, in county Sligo, and will soon take up his residence in that fine old mansion. The Prince of Wales is also going to make a tour in India at an expense of $750,000, in order to astonish the Hindoos, and impress the native mind with an idea of the splendor of British royalty.

There is a considerable dexterity shown in these journeys. If England does not give her dependencies much solid pudding, she at least favors them with show, and what more can a starving Hindoo or evicted Irishman want than to gaze at a fat prince clad in gorgeous raiment?

THE *New York Times* published lately a pretended Papal Bull which, it is said, exists in Sicily, by which pardon is granted for crimes on payment of money, the sums for the forgiveness of each sin being specified. There is no such bull; but there was a bull of composition granted to subjects of the King of Spain, which permitted persons to retain badly acquired possessions, *provided, restitution was impossible*, on devoting a certain sum to pious uses.

This is a very different thing. Nowadays, when men cheat or steal, they keep all, devote no part of their possessions to religion, are never troubled in conscience, and die peacefully in bed, thinking that a few pious aspirations will secure them pardon and a seat in heaven!

THE present season of commencements has again brought up the question of classical education, and what authors are to be

studied in schools. This question was agitated in France thirty years ago, and his present Holiness Pius IX, in sundry Encyclicals and Briefs, both at the commencement of his Pontificate as well as lately, has recommended that St. Augustine and St. Gregory should be studied in connection with Cicero and Virgil, and that the works of St. Athanasius and St. John Chrysostom should be combined with those of Xenophon and Plato. In other words, he recommends that education should be rendered "more Christian."

ON the 17th June, the pallium was conferred on Archbishop Lamy, of Santa Fe, by Bishop Salpointe, Vicar Apostolic of Arizona. The Right Rev. J. P. Macheboeuf, Vicar Apostolic of Colorado, was also present. A peculiarly gratifying feature of the day was the active co-operation of many leading Protestants of Santa Fe in making arrangements for the festivities. Archbishop Lamy has been in Santa Fe for twenty-five years, and has labored unceasingly to improve the condition and ameliorate the manners and morals of the Mexicans. He has founded schools, elevated the character of the priesthood, and done much to advance the material interests of the territory.

THE Festival of Corpus Christi was observed last month in forty-nine London churches and fifty-two country ones, churches belonging to the Protestant establishment!

Over one hundred churches in England have "Confraternities of the Blessed Sacrament," and the members of these confraternities, headed by their pastors, believe in the real presence of Jesus Christ, under the appearance of bread and wine, are not ashamed to profess this belief, and have become convinced of the truth of the doctrine, not by the preaching of Catholic priests, but by their own studies and researches. Say what we may, this is a wonderful act.

THE "religion of gush," as it has been well designated, whose chief preacher is Beecher, whose chief stronghold is Plymouth Church, and whose latest development has been the raising of $100,000, to reward a man who is suspected by four-fifths of the community of adultery, and only lately has barely escaped conviction by a disagreement of his jury; this religion is discredited: this "religion of gush" can do nothing for the world, and will be "under a cloud" for some time to come, to the advancement of real religion and true morality.

ON the 1st of October last year, it will be remembered, that the bi-centenary of the oldest Episcopal See in America—that of Quebec—was celebrated. It is now hoped that the Most Rev. E. A. Taschereau, D.D., the Archbishop, may be created a Cardinal; and there seems some probability that this honor will be conferred on him. Hitherto, we believe, a Cardinal has never been appointed in the Colonial dependencies of any nation, but this objection, if it be one, may be overruled.

IN Halifax, Nova Scotia, as in other places, there are people who do not believe in the eternal punishment of the wicked. So, after considerable controversy had taken place with those who professed to believe it, the matter was submitted to—six aldermen! Of all strange methods of deciding a religious controversy, this is certainly the strangest. These Protestants would hoot at the idea of a Council, even an Œcumenical one, yet think that six men ordinarily informed can settle dogmas!

ARCHBISHOP PURCELL has published a card, in which he states that the subject of creating an American cardinal was discussed at Rome in 1851, and considered inopportune, and that Cardinal McCloskey opposed the opportuneness of defining Papal Infallibility in Rome in the Council of the Vatican, yet has been created a cardinal notwithstanding—a striking proof of the freedom of the discussion there.

THE Jubilee exercises of the year seem to have commenced with much spirit. In New Orleans, large processions take place, several thousands of persons visiting the churches in regular order. These manifestations of religion in the Crescent City seem to be received with great respect.

GERMANY'S loss is America's gain. Ninety exiles for conscience sake, priests, students, and sisters, arrived at New York in one day last month from the Fatherland, and were welcomed by the German Catholics of that city. They left for the West, to spread the Catholic faith in that section. In Quincy, Ill., preparations are being made for the reception of two hundred Jesuit fathers from Germany.

IN Catholic countries the reaction displays itself in another form. Lax and worldly Catholics, tainted with the leprosy of Liberalism, are beginning to comprehend that Cæsar now claims to reign in the place of God, and to subject both souls and bodies to his arbitrary will. They are beginning to see that if Cæsar could succeed in this, there would be an end both of religion and of liberty.

IN MEMORIAM.

VERY REV. P. E. MORIARTY, D.D., O.S.A.

As we go to press with this number of the RECORD, the mournful intelligence reaches us of the decease of our venerable and valued contributor, Very Rev. P. E. Moriarty, D.D., O.S.A. To the readers of this magazine, whose pages have been enriched so lavishly by the effusions from his gifted pen, we make this announcement with inexpressible sorrow. Yet with our grief is mingled the strong hope and belief that his departure from earth is to him a happy release from sufferings, often amounting to the most intense agony, yet endured with most exemplary Christian patience and the heroism of a martyr.

Dr. Moriarty was born in the city of Dublin, on the 4th July, 1804, and at an early age evinced a disposition for a religious life. Under the direction of his friend and preceptor, the celebrated Dr. Doyle, his preparatory studies were pursued at Carlow College and at the noviciate of the Augustinian Order at Callan, in his native land.

He was afterwards sent to the Augustinian College in Rome, where, in 1827, he was ordained priest. Shortly afterwards he returned to Ireland, spending several years in Dublin, and, on the elevation to the episcopacy of the Very Rev. Dr. O'Connor, Dr. Moriarty accompanied that prelate to India, where, in the capacity of Vicar-General, he assisted in the management of the Diocese of Madras.

After ten years of zealous and toilsome labor in India, Dr. Moriarty returned to Rome, where, at the personal request of His Holiness Pope Gregory XVI, the title of *Doctor Divinitatis* was conferred upon him by the College of the Propaganda; and as a reward for his signal services to religion and humanity while in India, Dr. Moriarty was at this time proffered episcopal dignities and honors, all of which he declined through a sense of loyalty to his Order.

In 1839 Dr. Moriarty was sent to America, to take charge of the interests of the Augustinian Order in this country, which at that time were represented by a single church, St. Augustine's, in Philadelphia.

Dr. Moriarty's life, since his arrival in Philadelphia, in 1839, is a matter of history, and needs no recounting here. The results of his giant labors in the cause of Catholicity are made manifest in monuments that will endure for ages to come. They are to be found in the Augustinian College at Villanova, of which Dr. Moriarty was the founder, in churches erected, in converts from Protestantism brought into the true fold, in widows and orphans assisted and relieved from want, and in innumerable other acts of charity.

For a number of years the ravages of disease rendered it necessary for Dr. Moriarty to relinquish the more active duties of the preisthood, and to seek rest in the seclusion of the "Hermitage," as he loved to call it, at St. Mary's at Chestnut Hill. A short time ago, when the shadow of approaching dissolution began visibly to impend over him, he removed to Villanova, and there calmly and devoutly employed himself in preparation for a good death, towards which his many and great good works and zealous labors, during a long lifetime, had already done so much. Death did not come to him unexpectedly, so we may also feel sure it came not unprovided. Fortified by all the Sacraments of the Church he calmly met our great enemy on Saturday, July 10th, and at the ripe age of seventy-one passed from time to eternity.

To the readers of the RECORD, as to all who knew Dr. Moriarty, or who, not having enjoyed that privilege, knew of him as he stood in public estimation, it is unnecessary to say that he was endowed with rare intellectual gifts, that he was a life-long student, even

in the midst of labors which would have rendered study an impossibility to most men, that he possessed a memory of such tenacious grasp that nothing that he read in books, or learned from men, or observed in nature, was ever forgotten. He had a rich and fertile imagination, and was a born orator, having as regards voice, delivery, power of expression, extensive knowledge, and ready command both of ideas and words, all the gifts which make up the orator. To these natural gifts were united the zeal of an apostle and the courage of a martyr, joined to a charity which knew no bounds. Nature and divine grace, therefore, combined to qualify him eminently for his labors as a missionary and an evangelist, as well as for the work in which he subsequently engaged, as a lecturer and a writer.

Probably no priest or bishop has ever stood more prominently before the public than Dr. Moriarty. None had more bitter opponents during the time when the fires of the Know-Nothing persecution were raging, yet even then, notwithstanding their bitter hatred, his enemies were constrained to admire his manly Christian courage, his manifest candor, and regard for truth. And now that time has softened those prejudices, and a better acquaintance with the Church has induced a more correct estimation of her priesthood, there is not a man, woman, or child where Dr. Moriarty is known who does not venerate his name and deplore his loss.

He will long be mourned and remembered as a faithful friend, a generous benefactor, a learned and eloquent divine, and a most consistent, devout, and self-sacrificing priest, from the story of whose life will never cease to be drawn lessons of Christian charity, of religious zeal, of patriotic devotion, of heroic courage, and of manly honor.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PRACTICAL MEDITATIONS FOR EVERY DAY IN THE YEAR ON THE LIFE OF OUR LORD JESUS CHRIST. Chiefly intended for the Use of Religious Communities. By the Rev. Fr. Bruno Vercruysse, S. J. The only complete English Translation. Published with the approbation and under the direction of the Author. In two volumes. New York and Cincinnati: Benziger & Bros., Printers to the Holy Apostolic See, 1875. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

Before touching upon the merits of this work, we will add here an extract from the title-page which will more fully exhibit the large amount of devotional matter with which, over and above the Meditations, the work is enriched: "*Several novenas and octaves, meditations for the first Friday of every month and for the days of Communion; Exercises, preparatory to the renewal of the vows, and for a retreat of eight days; A new method of hearing Mass; and practical remarks on the different parts of meditations; A plan of Jerusalem, with a map of Palestine, showing the different localities mentioned throughout the work; and an alphabetical table of contents and of meditations on the gospels of the Sundays.*" The first volume comprises the days and festivals from January to July; the second from July to December, inclusive. The work is published with the approbation of their Eminences, the Cardinal Archbishops of New York and Mechlin, and is handsomely bound in black cloth with burnished red edges. Having devoted this much space to the material qualities of these volumes, it behooves us to say something of their true value, which is the spiritual character of the contents. We say, in all sincerity, that, from what we have seen of the Benzigers' publications, we do not believe they would allow any work to go forth from their press which was not *peculiarly meritorious;* we do not mean by this assertion to draw any invidious comparisons with other Catholic publishers, but simply to say that the Messrs. Benzigers seem to aspire only to the highest order of publications—not, indeed, to a monopoly, but to an exclusiveness in this regard; and these Meditations fully sustain this characteristic of the great Cincinnati house. Then, again, there are on the introductory pages no less than three notes of recommendation from his paternity, the father-general of the Jesuits, and the infallibility of "the Black

Pope," though not *de fide*, like that of the white-robed occupant of the Vatican, is nevertheless a matter of *devotional* credence with a great majority of Catholics. To these recommendations we would presume to suggest two qualities which render these Meditations peculiarly excellent in our own eyes, viz., their brevity in words, but richness in holy suggestion; secondly, the strong vein of practicability which runs through them, the meditative essence of which is, however, so delicately flavored with the tincture of poesy as to render them appetizing to even the thoughtless mind. Neither would we have our readers be frightened with the notice on the title-page: "*Chiefly intended for the use of religious communities*," for there will be found nothing in these books distasteful or unprofitable to the secular or the laic.

LINGARD'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND. Abridged, with a Continuation from 1688 to 1854, by James Burke, Esq., A.B.; and an Appendix to 1873; the whole preceded by a Memoir of Dr. Lingard, and Marginal Notes by M. J. Kerney, A.M. Third revised and enlarged edition. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co., 1875. Received through Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

We heartily welcome the new edition of this abridgment, which, we believe, was originally intended as a class-book. It was, however, always too large for that purpose; yet we would like to see the individual who would dare to exclaim: "May its shadow ever be less!" To the contrary, it keeps on increasing in worth and beauty, till, as we look at its present fair proportions, we feel like crying out, with the bewildered admirers of little David Copperfield, "Aint he *growed!*" said Mr. Pegotty; "*Aint* he growed!" said Ham. It would seem almost a case of carrying coals to Newcastle, to say anything in praise of the sainted author or his immortal work. How the pigmies, Froude & Co., dwindle before the man whom the best-poised darts of prejudice and malice dare not assail. The veracity of this *only* history of England is a *fixed* star in the historical firmament, to which its literary merits are as a setting of bluest sky. Mr. Burke's continuation and abridgment were also intended for those readers to whom the magnitude of the original volumes rendered the whole a sealed book. Burke is Lingard minified, and the compendium is worthy of the original. The great charm of Lingard is in the fact that he is so thoroughly Catholic without appearing it. Even Miss Strickland could not compare with him in an expression of unbiassed judgment and unprejudiced in-[redacted]tion.

MARY, STAR OF THE SEA; or, A Garland of Living Flowers, culled from the Divine Scriptures and Woven to the Honor of the Holy Mother of God. A story of Catholic devotion. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1875. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

All works that tend to incite devotion to our Blessed Mother are eagerly accepted by Catholic readers. To many of them, however, this old standard and valuable book, which was so highly prized by Catholics of one or two generations back, has been an unknown mine of richest devotion. The Catholic Publication Society has, therefore, done a laudable work in reprinting it. Indeed, we are greatly gratified at the large number of new editions of standard works which are coming in upon us from all our Catholic publishers. It is an appreciative compliment and recognition of the valuable sources from which our ancestors, near or remote, drew that astonishingly vivid faith in which many of their descendants are, with so many newer opportunities, so sadly deficient. This turning again to the old founts of piety, while it by no means disparages the more modern methods and means of devotion, looks almost like an inspired attempt to instruct us by ancient examples as well as modern precepts. Reverence for the past is not a virtue peculiar to these days of "fastness," self-will, and false progress. Why should we not, as Catholics, in acquiring spiritual knowledge, do what all who aim at worldly perfection in secular pursuits ever seek—*the study of the old masters?* Let their teaching be the foundation of our spirituality; that of the moderns will serve better as an ornate superstructure. *Mary, Star of the Sea*, was once a very popular book. May it become so again. In its pages the form of a story has been adopted simply as a vehicle for the introduction of a series of dialogues, illustrative of the historical types of our dearest Lady, and an exposition of the doctrinal teachings of the Church regarding her, and the devotion paid to her by all sincere Catholics.

THE following books have been received and will receive notice in our next issue:—"Notes on the Rubrics of the Roman Ritual;" New York: P. O'Shea. "Madame de Lavalle's Bequest;" Philadelphia: P. F. Cunningham & Son. "The Orphan Sisters;" N.Y.: Sadlier & Co. "Hubert's Wife;" Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. "The Lives of the Saints;" N. Y.: P. O'Shea. "Mrs. Gerald's Niece;" N. Y.: Sadlier & Co. "Rosemary;" Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co. "The Young Doctor;" Baltimore: John Murphy & Co. "The Catholic Premium Library," first series; New York: Benzinger Bros.

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TENNYSON'S "QUEEN MARY."*

In its enthusiastic announcement of the new poem by Mr. Tennyson, the leading journal of Great Britain declared that *Queen Mary* possessed more dramatic fire than anything which has appeared since Shakspeare's day; and, inferentially, ranked the Poet-Laureate's drama with Shakspeare's historical plays. Such commendation, issuing from a tribunal believed to apply, in literature, at least, only the purest tests, and to exercise, in æsthetics, a calmness of judgment which national prejudice would be incapable of weakening, naturally raised very high expectations of the artistic qualities of the dramatic poem which called it forth. We say "dramatic poem," for, although the author and his most distinguished eulogist agree in naming *Queen Mary* a drama, it will be shown, we think, that it is not a drama, in the practical sense, nor yet a very good historical poem, but only a medley of history and poetry in a crude and impracticable dramatic form.

Mr. Tennyson has written so many pleasing things, of a very flimsy texture, to be sure, but still pleasing, that his understood departure from a graceful and effeminate habit of thought into a dramatic school whose principal characteristics are breadth and robustness, raised an agreeable anticipation of the fruit of his journey, for it was natural to suppose that he would carry there his ability to clothe emotion in the utmost tenderness, and his skill as a workman in the exquisite polish of rhythm. To assure us that the author of *In Memoriam* and *Enoch Arden* had written a drama worthy of association with the historical masterpieces of Shakspeare, was to arouse the delightful hope that we were to discover in one

* Queen Mary: A Drama. By Alfred Tennyson. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. Chicago: Hadley Brothers & Co. 12mo., pp. 284.

product of human endeavor the vigor, the boldness, the nobility, the truthfulness, the majesty of the greatest of playwrights, combined with, and probably softened by, the womanly grace, the delicacy of fancy, the mellowness of color, which constitute the uniqueness of the Laureate's work, and are the chief merits of *The Princess* and *The Idyls of the King*.

It would have been better, perhaps, for Mr. Tennyson never to have abandoned his remarkable mannerism of imagination and nicety of diction to try on the armor of a great genius, for he has not the mental stature requisite for ease in the intellectual apparel, nor strength enough to use readily or with effect the materials and the weapons of a giant. When Mr. Tennyson deliberately shut himself out of the library from which he has given to the world the multitude of sometimes obscure, but always pretty, constructions of fancy and labor,—in thanks for which the world has awarded him, in return, a highly respectable place in the second class of poets,—he assuredly committed a hazard whose courage we instinctively admire; but when we find him on Shakspeare's stage, measuring the pigmy proportions of his dim and distant heroes, his consumptive swains, and well-bred, melancholy, and dyspeptic women, with the full-blooded living creations of muscle, brain, heart, and nerve which the author of an Othello, a Lady Macbeth, a Wolsey, a Richard III has left in immortal existence, the Laureate's courage assumes a new aspect, in harmony with which our admiration changes to wonderment and pity. In striving to be less of himself, Tennyson has not been able to become more of Shakspeare. To undertake to establish the contrary will be found to have been a waste of very arduous labor. Time is the only absolutely correct test; and—so vast is the height of Shakspeare above Tennyson—we venture to predict that *Queen Mary*, as Tennyson wrote it, will never be enacted upon any stage; and that, as a poem, the deliberate verdict of the Laureate's most indulgent friends will place it below *In Memoriam*.

As an historical drama, its truthfulness to individual character and its fidelity to fact are the first essentials. Mankind are spiteful and malignant to contemporaries; but we all demand that historians shall be judicial, and the fairness of human nature is most candidly exercised toward those of past generations who no longer furnish quarrels even for the worms. *Nil nisi bonum* is a maxim for the funeral hour; but to speak nothing of the dead that is not true is an obligation resting upon the historical dramatist quite as clearly as upon the historian. Mr. Tennyson appears to have attempted to transcribe one turbulent portion of English history, as a dramatist, in the same spirit of unfrankness which Mr. Froude applied—with what results we are all aware—to another. Of the two, Tennyson is the less blamable; he does not become counsel for each of his favorites, and prosecuting attorney toward every one who is on the other side. That is what Mr. Froude did. Now the booksellers cannot dispose of Mr. Froude's volumes, and the stock can only be gotten rid of, we suspect, by changing its name from "history," which it is not, to romance, under which it would classify better. Mr. Tennyson has not sinned so deeply as his fellow-countryman, but that he has erred, and erred to such an extent as will prevent *Queen Mary* from being unanimously accepted as historical, will readily be admitted by even his partisans, after comparing, for instance, his Cranmer with the Cranmer of fact and truth. This is the Cranmer of the poem:

CRANMER.

Step after step,
Thro' many voices crying, right and left,

Have I climb'd back into the primal church,
And stand within the porch, and Christ with me:
My flight were such a scandal to the faith,
The downfall of so many simple souls,
I dare not leave my post.

PETER MARTYR.

But you divorced
Queen Catharine and her father; hence, her hate
Will burn till you are burned.

CRANMER.

I cannot help it.
The Canonists and Schoolmen were with me.
"Thou shalt not wed thy brother's wife."—'Tis written,
"They shall be childless." True, Mary was born,
But France would not accept her for a bride
As being born from incest; and this wrought
Upon the king; and child by child, you know,
Were momentary sparkles, out as quick
Almost as kindled; and he brought his doubts
And fears to me. Peter, I'll swear for him
He *did* believe the bond incestuous.

* * * * * * *

Enter OLD SERVANT.

O, kind and gentle master, the Queen's officers
Are here in force to take you to the Tower.

CRANMER.

Ay, gentle friend, admit them. I will go.
I thank my God it is too late to fly. [*Exeunt.*

This is an upright, sincere, devoted churchman, clearly understanding the doctrine which he preaches, abiding by its dogmas with the persistence of a hero, and rejoicing that the martyr's palms are soon to be passed into his grasp. No such man was the Cranmer who, sacrificing everything,—honor, religion, theology, even personal decency,—in order to remain an office-holder of the king, proved the stumbling-block of England and the Judas of the English Catholic Church. The Cranmer who connived at the marriage of Henry VIII and Anne Boleyn was a cowardly, avaricious hypocrite, whom even Macaulay characterizes as an "unscrupulous time-server." Had he possessed the physical, to say nothing of the moral, courage of Sir Thomas More and Bishop Fisher, he would have shared their glorious fate, and the king would have had to look for another chaplain. His hypocrisy and cowardice merely postponed his fate, unjust as it may have been, horrible as it certainly was. When Tennyson puts into his canting mouth,

"The Canonists and Schoolmen were with me,"

he is again historically wrong, for he knows they were not, and no man knew that better than Cranmer. The hypocrisy of the latter began with his consecration, and ended only in his death. On the very day of his investiture "he withdrew into a corner, and there made a protest against what he was going publicly to swear in regard of his obedience to the See of Rome." After this perjury, he asks Henry to give him authority to divorce the king from his lawful wife; and when this burlesque had been carried out, he confirmed Henry's marriage with Anne, which had taken place four months before the divorce. As for the universities and schoolmen, not one of the latter who was respectable placed himself on the king's side, notwithstanding the unabashed bribery which the royal agents employed all over Europe; and, after a bribe of two millions of crowns to the King of France, the pretended assent of the University of Paris was secured by barefaced fraud, and the answers of the dissenting universities were suppressed. Cranmer's cowardice and hypocrisy, as well as the inaccuracy of Mr. Tennyson, are further shown by the conduct of the archbishop at the time of and after his arrest. The poet intends that the reader shall believe Cranmer is sent to the Tower for his religion. The undisputed fact is that he was sent there for signing the patent which settled the crown on Lady Jane Grey, a political offence which would constitute high treason in any monarchy then or now. When sentenced to death, the coward and hypocrite were both so strong in him that, to save his life, he expressed a willingness to renounce the doctrines of the Reformation. Tennyson, later in the poem, makes a partial attempt to exhibit Cranmer's vacillation, but

only for the purpose of strengthening the man in the final scene.

It is true that Cranmer was executed nominally for heresy and not for treason, but the change was made in order to subject him to the same barbarity which, under the previous reign, he had been the means of visiting upon others. We do not excuse the manner of his death, nor defend the cruelties of Mary's reign; these are without defence. But it is assuredly obligatory to remember that Mary only copied the example left by her father, whose conduct Cranmer always approved; and that the savage penalties inflicted under her administration were not of her invention. They had been chiefly patented by her Protestant father, and whatever additional ones were contributed in her name were deliberately enacted by a Parliament of Englishmen, and carried out by ministers, who were inspired by their hates, revenges, greed, and ambition, not by love for God or anxiety to advance the interests of the Church which their conduct disgraced. Tennyson is again disingenuous when he misrepresents Mary as solicitous for the death of Lady Jane Grey for heresy. Lady Jane, with a bravery of which Cranmer was incapable, mounted the scaffold on account of having accepted the offer of the crown of England while the diadem rested on a legitimate head. The responsibility of her death rests upon her father, her husband, and their co-conspirators.

The character of Mary, as outlined by Mr. Tennyson, is unkindly, if not viciously, overdone. It is a fashion in England now, set by Mr. Gladstone, to paint in as hideous hues as possible everything and everybody, past or present, accusable of friendly leaning toward Rome; and Mr. Tennyson, while giving us a piece of portraiture dubbed "Elizabeth," which quite surpasses the flattering presentment of that royal woman so laboriously accomplished by Mr. Froude, is at great pains to make Mary a little better than a brute in certain respects, and merely brutal in many others. The unimpassioned truth is that Mary possessed more of her father's good traits than Elizabeth did; she was far more womanly in domestic affairs, and her worst enemies never found cause for staining with slander her unimpeached name. She loved one man profoundly and purely, and she loved him to the day of her death, notwithstanding his indifference, neglect, and actual desertion. Elizabeth, on the contrary, loved no man truly, and we do not propose to discuss here the quality of affection which conflicting historians predicate of her friendship toward a large number of different men. Elizabeth was Mary's superior in masculine executiveness; she had better counsellors; the people were more united; there was less horror among the masses over the constant application of monstrous penalties for religious offences; the relations of England with foreign powers were more advantageous; and her long reign enabled her, under so favoring circumstances, to make up a record of administrative success, beside which Mary's brief reign appears insignificant. But in making a parallel between the personal characters of the two queens, Mr. Tennyson commits, subjectively, the curious fault of anticipating the summed-up results of the respective reigns, and then applies them, with the discrimination of a partisan, to the differentiation of their individual characters. The fact is that, as women and as queens, they had many excellent and many coarse traits in common, and they drew them from the same Tudor well. Both women were the natural products of the age in which they lived. Both participated in a barbarous code of life-taking for political and creed offences. But of the two, Mary's character is the more amiable. In cruelty she was far outdone by Elizabeth. The death of Lady

Jane Grey was unavoidable under the law; but Elizabeth defied and outraged law in the slaughter of Mary Queen of Scots.

Neither is to be held wholly responsible for the excesses committed under royal approval, for neither equalled their father in ingenuity or heartlessness of cruelty, but Elizabeth certainly came the nearer to him. Nevertheless the poet insists that Queen Mary was capable of everything devilish; and that Elizabeth was a paragon of beauty, studiousness, sincerity, and virtue. We protest that mankind are too disinterested to tolerate upon the stage, or to read without disgust and indignation, so manifest an injustice as that which, for mere bigotry and the clapping of bigot's hands, makes of one cruel but successful queen a heroine and a saint, and of another queen, far less cruel and utterly unfortunate, an imbecile and a fiend.

We have not space to follow Mr. Tennyson's prejudices into their tortuous byways of minor personages. Enough to say that he rarely misses an opportunity to exalt the Protestant and defame the "Papist."

We have already ventured to affirm that *Queen Mary* cannot be successful, in its present form, as a drama. There are dozens of better dramatic poems lying dusty on library shelves, which the generous craft of the most skilful playwrights has failed to get upon the stage, or to keep there after a first public attempt. The plays which the people go to see and hear, are those which, no matter when they were written or by whom, are adapted, in truthfulness of conception and practical construction, for stage enactment. Had Shakspeare been merely a poet, he would no doubt have written great poems, and possibly dramas; but his Hamlet and his Shylock would have been read, not acted. The unequalled talent of the playwright was an integral part of his splendid genius as a poet; and it was this extraordinary mental combination which has kept his plays green and fresh upon the stage, while, on the one hand, the poems of a Milton, and, on the other, the plays of even so admirable dramatists, as Ben Jonson, and Beaumont and Fletcher, are alike only read, and the number of their readers does not increase. Nobody would think of ranking Tennyson with Milton as a poet; still less is he entitled to be placed on a par with Jonson as a dramatist. He is a better poet than Bulwer; and yet Richelieu will always stride the boards; and a more successful *litterateur* than Lalor Sheil; but Evadne will be listened to and gazed upon with delight, even after the name of its gallant young author shall alone survive his other literary toil. In fact, *Queen Mary* possesses very few essentially histrionic properties.

"The real object of the drama," as Macaulay says, "is the exhibition of human character," and Mr. Tennyson fails in this, because his prejudices and interest have misled him into misrepresentation and favoritism. After committing this fundamental falsity, he thrusts so large a crowd of persons upon the stage that the bewildered spectator is at once fatigued, and a play which produces fatigue furnishes its own death. *Queen Mary* contains no less than forty-five distinct personages, besides troops, retainers, lords, members of the privy council, aldermen, peasants, ushers, pages, and members of Parliament. This excess is best appreciated by comparison: *Hamlet* contains less than half as many; the *Merchant of Venice*, the same as *Hamlet; Macbeth* employs twenty-two persons; *Much Ado about Nothing* eighteen; *All's Well that Ends Well* fourteen; *As You Like It* twenty-one; *Lear* nineteen; *Othello* thirteen; while of Shakspeare's longest plays, *King John* contains twenty-two, *Richard the Third* twenty-eight, *Julius Cæsar* thirty-

one, *Henry VIII* twenty-eight; and all of these are invariably and, indeed, necessarily, "cut." Mr. Tennyson commits another fatal blunder in requiring the stage-manager to shift the scenes too often. *Queen Mary* is composed of five acts. The first is diluted into five scenes, the second into four, the third into six, the fourth into three, and the fifth into five—in all, twenty-three.

The best drama which poetic genius can contrive, could not triumphantly withstand such dilution, unless it abound in climaxes of the most sensational sort, and *Queen Mary* is quite as free from "sensations" as is all the rest of Mr. Tennyson's writing, except *Enoch Arden*. It contains no "situations;" never raises expectation; and while it is not Greek in its plan, its details possess none of the telling "points" of the modern drama, whether represented by Shakspeare or Boucicault.

There are, indeed, stirring passages, which, in the hands of clever players, would thoroughly interest a sympathetic audience. For instance, Scene V of the first act, in which Mary, at the outset, discusses Philip of Spain successively with her waiting-maid Alice, with Gardiner, Noailles, the French ambassador, Renard, the ambassador from Spain, and, at the close, wins from her council a reluctant consent to her marriage. This is the strongest scene in the drama; it is long, but the temper is evenly maintained. The third scene of the third act, in which the Papal absolution is read, is impressive, and will probably prove picturesque if put on the boards; but its termination is weak. The final scene of the last act represents the Queen's death. She writes to her absent husband, whom she has never ceased to love with a fervor to which he was incapable of response:

"I am dying, Philip; come to me."

She points to his picture on the wall:

MARY.

"Doth he not look noble!
I had heard of him in battle over seas,
And I would have my warriors all in arms.
He said, it was not courtly to stand helmeted
Before the queen. He had his gracious moments,
Altho' you'll not believe me. How he smiles
As if he loved me yet!"

In a paroxysm of rage, remembering his infidelities, she cuts out the picture, casts it, with a taunt, upon the floor, and then wails:

"O God, I have killed my Philip!"

She hears a cry of "Elizabeth!" on the street, and exclaims:

"What's that? Elizabeth? Revolt?
A new Northumberland? Another Wyatt?
I'll fight it on the threshold of the grave!"

She departs from the stage to die, and the natural climax is aborted, in order—strange incongruity—to permit the proclamation of Elizabeth as queen.

As to the literary merits of *Queen Mary*, aside from its historical truth, or its effectiveness as a drama, there will be a diversity of opinion. Detached portions of the poem display a manlier sweep than that which characterizes Mr. Tennyson's usual work; there are passages of angry dispute, as between Gardiner and Pole, for instance, which are marked by a sustained vigor that closely resembles what the *London Times* meant by dramatic fire. The polish of style and daintiness of phrasing, which render *Enoch Arden* a perfect piece of verbiage, is lacking; and one misses the tiny lyrics which are so enticing a feature of *The Princess*. Two little songs are introduced, that of the Milkmaid, in the third act, which is Tennysonian in its musical lack of meaning; and this tender plaint by the Queen, in the second scene of the last act—

MARY (sings):

"Hapless doom of woman happy in betrothing!
Beauty passes like a breath, and love is lost in loathing:

Low, my lute; speak low, my lute, but say the world is nothing—
Low, lute, low!
Love will hover round the flowers when they first awaken;
Love will fly the fallen leaf, and not be overtaken;
Low, my lute; oh, low, my lute! we fade and are forsaken—
Low, dear lute, low!"

Taken as a whole, the dramatic poem of *Queen Mary* will scarcely change, one way or the other, the rank which Mr. Tennyson has already been accorded.

IN ETERNAL PEACE.

VERY REV. DR. MORIARTY, O.S.A.

JULY 10TH, 1875.

I.

I LOOKED from my lattice when twilight was falling,
And saw in the heavens one beautiful star,
That hung, like a tear from the eye of an angel,
Alone in the blue of the zenith afar.
But e'en as I hailed it, and blessed its pure light,
The clouds closing 'round it obscured it from sight.

II.

Serene thro' my chamber a whisper was wafted:
"Beyond its dark curtain the star shines the same;
Tho' mortals behold not the light of its lustre,
The angels rejoice in its radiant flame.
So shineth behind the dark curtain of Death,
The soul of the saint who hath triumphed in faith!"

III.

Oh! blest be that symbol of grandeur departed,
That type of a glory untouched by the tomb!
Tho' clouds close around thee, O great Moriarty!
Thy soul is the star that surmounteth the gloom.
And far o'er the shadows that curtain thy dust,
Thou livest, thou shinest with God and the just!

ELEANOR C. DONNELLY.

"A SORROW'S CROWN OF SORROW."

I.

RELIGION can touch even the deepest sorrow, for God sees and comprehends all; but it is rare for human sympathy to reach below the surface griefs of life. Who is there that has not had a sorrow—dumb to his fellow-men—crying out in agony to God? Love, friendship, may solace; but he alone can understand the hearts he has made. You may hear the story of others' sorrow, and call it an idle tale, because, forsooth, there are no mock heroics, no passions torn in tatters: as if the silence of a Stylites were not immeasurably more expressive than all the words a great poet has put into his mouth.

I do not imply that these two people, between whose life-paths a great gulf opened, are silent saints. No; I only mean to say that the real depths of their sorrow could be fathomed only by themselves and God.

Charles Wernly was the great man of Glenborough. Indeed, a proposition to make the name of the town Wernly City had been rejected only by the steadfast opposition of the man whom the Glenboroughites delighted to honor. He had spent the prime of his life in building the prosperity of the place, and now, in his declining years, it was just that he should be rewarded. He had changed the little village, with its slow and sure population of Pennsylvania Dutch, into a thriving, smoky town, with thousands of hurrying workmen. The voice of the energetic little stream was drowned amid the ceaseless clang of machinery, and the silver and gold of the field-daisies had long ago been crushed under piles of rubbish. Well, it was all for the best; the little country village had had its day, and the toilers of Glenborough would have soon been conscious of an aching void, if the Wernly Iron Works were replaced by wild flowers and stream murmurs.

Charles Wernly was rich—so rich, people said, that he knew but half his riches. That was nonsense, however, for Charles Wernly was not a man to be content with half knowledge of anything that interested him. His pride and his perseverance were unlimited. He was proud of himself first, of his wealth, of his daughter. His pride was not meant to be vulgar and ostentatious, but he showed it, in a gentlemanly kind of way—not like self-made pride generally—in every inflection of his voice, every movement of his body. His wife had died in giving birth to his only child, Mary, who had just passed her seventeenth year when she completed her education at the Convent of the Sacred Heart, Riverside.

He was not a Catholic. He did not trouble himself much about religion, he admitted. He had no prejudices; his father had been a Quaker, his mother a Presbyterian, and he was nothing. Somehow or other, he had always got along well enough without religion. He thought though, that convent-educated girls were better than girls taught in secular boarding-schools. And if Mary wanted to be a Catholic, he didn't care; a woman without religion seemed to want ballast. He guessed Catholics were as good as other people.

And though he "guessed"—as even the best of us poor, unenlightened Pennsylvanians will do sometimes—he was not an uneducated man. He read most of the popular works of the day. He liked Herbert Spencer, and Mill, and Tyndal; detested Swinburne and Joaquin Miller; admired Longfellow and William Morris; and had "skimmed" the

Gladstone-Manning pamphlets, not because he felt much interest in the subject, but because people talked about it.

When Mary wrote to him for permission to embrace the faith, he readily gave it, and, at the same time, a munificent donation to the little Catholic church in Glenborough. And the men and women toilers who frequented the little church, breathed many a prayer for the girl whose influence had brought them this good.

If you are one of those—too numerous now—who reverence physical beauty as if it were a virtue, you would not find your ideal of womanhood in Mary Wernly. She was not beautiful, not even pretty. She was rather small and slight. Her features were not regular, and her cheeks were rarely flushed with color; but the expression of her face would have redeemed worse faults. The brow, which shone beneath the plainly parted brown hair, was serene and unruffled; her gray, clear eyes seemed to show a soul pure and true, and a sweet gentleness, that was almost humility, tempered all. Her quiet movements were singularly graceful, and even the motion of her small hands expressed something of the firm gentleness that characterized her.

When she came home from school "for good," all Glenborough, from the "best" people, who lived in *maisons ornées* and boasted of "grounds," to the others who existed in hovels near the railroad bridge, and had nothing of which to boast, were on tiptoe to see the heiress of old Wernly's wealth.

Charles Wernly was a prouder man than ever, when his daughter laid her school-trophies of flower-crowns and gilded books at his feet; and prouder still when he drove her in her new phaeton through admiring Glenborough; through the long street, past the massive workshops, glittering stores, and rows of dwellings which he called his own, out into the open country, through the sunny air, and under the fleece-flecked sky, past the fields where clover and daisies still grew unmolested, singing all these, of hope and pleasure to him; but the words set to this summer melody, if he could have heard them, spoke of other things.

Mary was full of the girlish gossip of her convent-home. Her father's brow relaxed, and a smile played around his lips while she told him of Sister Paul's stately manner and common sense, of her "pet" sister's wonderful perfections, and her own attempts at teaching. Matters simple enough in themselves, but inexpressibly refreshing to this world-worn old man.

The phaeton stopped near the edge of a deep ravine crossed by one of the railroad bridges. Wernly dropped the reins, and enjoyed the influence of the time. A wood, thick with damp undergrowth and sweet-smelling fern, cast its cool shade over them. They could see the glitter of the stream as it curved through a meadow, and settled into a lakelet where the grave cows loved to stand knee-deep. The water-lilies, having drawn into their golden hearts all the scent of the new-mown hay, languidly opened their eyes to the noonday sun, and Mary watched them rising and falling with the faint pulsation of the tide. The rest of the landscape was level and green; but the blue sky and the sun-painted air gave it that charm, which in a different way, youth seldom fails to give to the plainest of human beings.

In the wood, hidden from view by a tangled hedge of wild grape-vines and blackberry-bushes, sat, or rather lounged, a young man. A fishing-rod lay by his side, a book, face downward, upon his breast. He was too idle to read, too idle even to think or to dream. It was the perfection of *dolce far niente*. Verily, Gerald O'Conor was thoroughly enjoying his time of rest, after long

months of monotonous work in Charles Wernly's counting-house.

A spider ran down its airy stairway, to investigate the cover of his book; a bee buzzed within an inch of his nose, yet he never moved, but only murmured sleepily,

"'I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows.'

"'Grows,' drowsily, 'faith, I believe, that's bad grammar for Shakspeare! But, never mind,'

"'Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.'"

Here he paused from sheer laziness, and half-closed his eyes, as if he expected the fairy queen, Titania, to appear from the waving fern.

The face of Gerald O'Conor, even in its repose, expressed more strength and power than are usually seen in one so young—he had just entered his twenty-third year. The strength was latent, the power undeveloped; but both were there. When he spoke, there was a richness in his tones and a music in his accent very different from the thin, discordant American enunciation. He had been born and educated in Ireland; but the characteristics of some remote Italian or Spanish ancestor seemed to have reappeared in him. His skin was as dark as that of Wernly's book-keeper, Firandola, who was a Cuban. His hair was black and curling, and his eyes were so dark in hue that they seemed black. The short, thin upper lip had a somewhat supercilious curl at times, and his expression was often scornful and defiant; and yet he should not be judged harshly, for the world seemed against him; he was young, and scorn and defiance seemed his best defences.

He had been left an orphan in care of his father's brother, who was only too glad to take charge of the boy's wealth. No expense was spared in Gerald's education, but before it was quite completed the uncle died, and it was found that Gerald's inheritance had taken itself off on the wings of speculation.

Preferring to work for himself rather than to apply for aid to his relatives, he started for the United States, on whose sacred soil we have found him.

Suddenly he started from his reclining posture. A clear, sweet sound rippled through the air. What bird's note was it? Again he heard it, and pushing aside the shrubby screen he saw the phaeton standing under an arch made by two oaks.

"Old Wernly! and that's his daughter, I suppose."

Gerald softly swept away the undergrowth, and crept nearer. He had often heard of Mary Wernly, and had caught occasional glimpses of her during her vacations. According to Glenborough belief, she was a paragon of goodness, and a protectress-regnant of the poor.

"Sure, it's many a poor man's wages she's had raised! Heaven be her bed!"

Exclamations like this Gerald had heard many times, and was naturally curious about their object. Again Mary laughed, and the pony pricking up his ears seemed to enjoy it.

"I wonder if angels do not laugh in that way—if angels ever laugh," thought Gerald, and then his lip curled in scorn not so genuine as the thought.

"Yes, Mary, we will go to Europe, you and I," Charles Wernly was saying, though Gerald could not hear him. "We will see all the wonders of the Old World together, and when we are tired of each other," Mary laughed incredulously, "you shall marry some foreign grandee with a hundred orders. I am ready to go at once. I can trust Firandola with everything."

"Firandola?"

"Narcisso Firandola, my book-keeper and confidential clerk; you remember him?"

"Oh, yes!"

"That man is worth his weight in gold. He possesses more versatility, greater capabilities than anybody I

ever saw. You never know what he can do until he does it."

Mary turned her face away, and made no reply.

She could not praise Firandola, for she involuntarily distrusted him, so she was silent.

"Yes," said Wernly, with a sigh of satisfaction, "the world is very pleasant just now, the future very bright."

"The train is coming," said Mary, as the whistle sounded. "Will not the pony take fright?"

"Oh, I can trust Bob," returned her father.

The whistle again shrieked piercingly, rudely shattering the noonday stillness.

Bob raised his ears, trembled, and then snorting and struggling, backed obstinately. Before the old man could grasp the reins, the hind wheels of the carriage were over the edge of the ravine. Neither voice nor hand could control the frightened animal. Behind the occupants of the phaeton was an almost perpendicular descent of two hundred feet —jagged rocks and matted roots. Mary knew this; she did not scream. While her father endeavored to make use of the tangled reins she spoke soothingly to the pony, and her voice, controlled by a great effort, was very plaintive and pitiful.

From his place in the wood Gerald O'Conor saw the dilemma. He saw, too, that three lives depended, under God, on his coolness, nerve, and courage. The train passed swiftly. The pony's struggles grew wilder. Wernly, who had arisen, lost his balance and fell sideways. The pony still backed. In another instant—

Gerald crossed the road like a flash, and caught the head of the furious little beast.

Events sometimes annihilate time. When Mary stepped from the phaeton, and Gerald stood in the middle of the road holding the panting pony, an age or an instant, neither could have told which, seemed to have passed.

"Oh, father—father! He is dead!"

Charles Wernly lay pale and motionless at the foot of an oak. The only sign of life about him was the movement of the mocking breeze in his steel-gray hair.

"He has only fainted," Gerald answered.

"No, no! here is—blood! Oh, father, father!"

His head had struck against a projecting root of the tree. Gerald brought water and soaked moss from the stream. He did not revive.

"Wait, I will go for a doctor—"

"And a priest! Do you know where?"

"I know him well."

Without another word he sprang into the phaeton, and forced Bob to dash at a break-neck pace towards Glenborough.

The priest and the doctor soon reached the scene of the accident. Wernly breathed easily, but he was still unconscious.

The doctor shook his head, and aided in lifting him into the comfortable carriage which Gerald had thoughtfully secured.

"These shocks often prove fatal to men of his age," whispered the doctor to Father Moran.

"Hush!" returned the priest, for Mary was watching the doctor's face intently.

A week of tearless agony and torturing suspense fell to Mary Wernly's lot—the first thorn of the crown of sorrow which she was to wear for many days. And during this week Charles Wernly's mansion was like the vestibule of a tomb. Silent footfalls, hushed voices, and foreboding thoughts filled it.

At last he spoke; at last he opened his eyes. Mary's petition, uttered from hour to hour, before the Blessed Sacrament, was answered. Her father had regained his senses.

"He will never be himself again," said the doctor; "I doubt that he will ever leave that room."

He asked for Gerald O'Conor when Mary had told him how she had been saved. Gerald came in the evening, and saw Mary in the twilight, by her father's bedside. Wernly would have offered him money, but Mary, with womanly tact divining his intention, checked it by a look. Gerald saw it, and thanked her in his heart.

"I am very grateful to you, O'Conor. You are one of the junior clerks in my office, aren't you?"

"Yes; I have been there a year."

"I don't remember you; but Firandola always arranges the office business. By the way, I appoint you Firandola's assistant, with an increase of salary, and you can bring any letters and papers that may require my attention here every afternoon until I get better."

He paused and sighed. Gerald thanked him, and arose.

"As proud as Lucifer," said the invalid under his breath; "I must keep my eye on h[illegible] I actually believe that he would have the presumption to fall in love with *you*, Mary." And he laughed at the absurdity of the idea.

Gerald, who had barely crossed the threshold, heard the words, and his face flushed. Presumption! Would it be presumption? and then he called himself a fool.

Firandola looked at O'Conor with his penetrating black eyes, showed his perfect teeth, gave him some letters to write, and said, "It is well," when he received notice that he was to have a new aid.

Firandola was a Cuban about thirty years of age. He had left his own country for political reasons, it was said. He was tall, slender, with a drooping mustache that hid his mouth. His face, to an observer, would have been of no use as an index to his thoughts. It was always calm and smooth.

A month passed. Charles Wernly had not risen from his bed, and Gerald visited him every evening with the important letters of the day. Wernly began to like him; his frankness, fearlessness, and fancied knowledge of the world amused him.

Mary enjoyed his talks with her father, and sometimes joined in them. "If all men were like him how different the world would be," she thought. Unconsciously she thought of him while reading of her favorite heroes of history and romance.

"Mr. O'Conor," she said, meeting him one afternoon, with an unusual flush on her cheeks. "See! Is not my father the kindest man in the world?"

She held towards him a casket. The lid sprang up, and revealed a nest of dazzling gems—an elaborate necklace of diamonds and emeralds. "And this?" she showed him a rosary of pearls, with a heavy gold cross. "Is it not kind—and yet papa is not a Catholic, you know."

He expressed his admiration; his hand trembled as he returned the casket, and looked into her smiling face.

"O'Conor," said her father, when he had finished the letters, "take those fol-de-rols of Mary's to Firandola, and tell him to lock them in the safe. Nice things for a poor man like me to buy."

Gerald smiled as he was expected to do, and sighed. "What is the matter with him," thought Mary. "I wonder what can be the matter with him."

Late in the afternoon of the next day Narcisso Firandola was ushered into his employer's room. His suit of spotless white linen fitted him perfectly. He managed to pass the mirror as he entered, and twirled his mustache with his left hand, for all his rings were on that hand.

"I have brought the letters myself," he began. "O'Conor has not been near the office to-day."

"What?—did he not give you the jewels?"

Firandola looked at the invalid in surprise, and then turned to Mary, who sat in the vine-curtained bay window. Wernly explained. Firandola showed his teeth, and shrugged his shoulders.

"Car-r-r-amba! He has gone off with the spoil."

"It is a lie! It is untrue!" cried Mary, rising from her chair; "Gerald O'Conor is a gentleman and a Catholic! I will not hear—" Remembering herself, she burst into tears and left the room.

"I wish I could hang the rascal!" savagely exclaimed her father, when he had recovered from his amazement.

II.

"THEY were worth five thousand dollars—not a cent less!" This was the burden of Charles Wernly's complaint, for neither Gerald O'Conor nor Mary's jewels returned.

"Father," Mary said, "he saved my life. Write the value of my life against that of the jewels, and try to forget the loss if the account does not balance."

This suggestion made her father irritable, and then struck him as supremely ridiculous. The idea was too good to be lost. He sent for Firandola.

"I am glad that you have repented of your unladylike outburst," he said. "You have come to the conclusion that your favorite is guilty, then?"

"No," she said, slowly; "I believe that those jewels brought him death. He has been murdered."

Firandola entered, jauntily.

"Do you think that O'Conor can have met with foul play?"

"I wish I could think so," answered the Cuban, with a strange light in his eyes; "that is, I mean, for the sake of his reputation, and," with a glance at Mary, "his soul; but, unfortunately, he was seen to enter the 12 M. train last night, for New York, the ticket agent says."

"Are you sure?" asked Mary, hastily turning away, to hide her face.

"Rogers and Arkright, two of our clerks, saw and hailed him."

A cry of anguish went up from Mary's heart.

"He were better dead—dead!" she thought.

"He is a base, ungrateful scoundrel!" cried Wernly. "You have set the detectives on his track, Firandola?"

The Cuban nodded, and then said, in a low tone, intended more for Mary's ear than her father's,

"Do not think too hardly of the poor boy. It may be, as one of your poets says, that heaven has permitted him to fall that he may rise, and take a firmer stand,—

"'Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.'"

Wernly, in amazement, raised himself on his elbow. Mary abruptly left the room.

"Saul among the prophets! You are a hypocrite, Firandola. I thought you did not believe in heaven or hell."

Firandola showed his teeth. "I am liberal," he said, "except where the Jesuits are concerned, and women have prejudices that must be conciliated."

Wernly knit his brows, and fixed his eyes on Firandola.

"You will gain nothing by conciliating my daughter's prejudices. Do you understand?"

"What should I gain?"

"Nothing. Unearth O'Conor, if possible, Firandola."

Outside the door, Firandola ground his teeth, and muttered, "Fool!"

The most poignant thorns of sorrow generally press more cruelly into the heart of the one who waits. The woman, watching with straining eyes the last flutter of the sail that bears her fisher-husband away, suffers more than he who breasts the waves. The reason is plain.

Mary Wernly, pure-hearted maiden that she was, felt her face flame and blush when she thought of the defence she had made of Gerald O'Conor before her father and Firandola. But for worlds she would not have unsaid her words. Suddenly she had become aware that she regarded Gerald with a deeper feeling than gratitude. And now he was gone! gone! leaving a trail of guilt and infamy.

She had felt that her affection for him would always remain in her heart a closed blossom. She never thought that it could become a perfect flower. In her eyes he was a true knight—a Sir Galahad. She would love him as a sister, and help him, and he should never know it. This had been her brief dream.

But where was her Sir Galahad now? A thief? a felon? She *would* not believe it, and yet—

Perfect love casteth out fear. But what human love is perfect? And Mary Wernly was perplexed and tortured with doubts and fears. It was grievously sad to feel that she would never see her hero again,—most bitter to know that he had left her with a stain on his escutcheon. It was the crown of her sorrow. When she remembered him, candid, sincere, true, sitting in the twilight by her father's bedside, and read and heard what people said of him now, her heart seemed as if it would burst. In her grief and perplexity, her only resource was to kneel before her whose sorrow was like to no other. She, the Mother of Sorrows, could understand all.

Of course the Wernly jewel robbery made a sensation in Glenborough. The two rival newspapers metaphorically smacked their lips over it, and waxed rich by capturing Gerald O'Conor in one edition, and setting him free in the next. Reporters tried hard to interview Mr. Wernly and Mary. Narcisso Firandola was an easy victim; he liked it. Even the "hands" in the foundries were pounced upon by the enterprising agents of the press. Cuts, which had done duty as authentic portraits of Lincoln, Marshal MacMahon, and the last murderer, were re-presented as counterfeit presentments of the defaulting clerk. Glenborough, you perceive, was not unprogressive.

Time flew. Six months passed. The man so often a prisoner on paper was still at large. The detectives had found no trace of the jewels.

This question often occurred to Mary, Was he dead, that he did not appear to clear himself? And then followed another question, Was he guilty, hiding his shame? The girl could not answer either. It tore her heart to think of him; she could only pray that he might be proven innocent in the end.

"If he should prove himself stainless," she thought, "I would resign myself to his absence without a sigh."

As years went by, Mary came "out" under the chaperonage of one of her aunts. Many were the eligible and ineligible young men that old Wernly's daughter refused. And old Wernly, still bedridden, congratulated himself on having such a devoted daughter. *Hélas, pauvre homme!* If Gerald O'Conor could only have presented himself among the eligibles!

But Mary would never have deserted her father, that is certain. As it was, everybody agreed that she had a right to be fastidious. An heiress! and such a modest, amiable heiress. Some people thought her pretty, for time had improved her, though her smile was slow and infrequent, and there was a sad look in her eyes; when inspired by beautiful thoughts or words, she was lovely.

Scarcely anybody in Glenborough chanced to think of Gerald O'Conor now, except Mary Wernly. In her memory, his image grew fresher every year, and his name was never unmentioned in her prayers.

The Glenboroughites were grumbling at the dearth of news. There hadn't been a murder or anything for over eighteen months. The oldest inhabitants shook their heads. Glenborough was getting behind the times. The rival newspapers were dying for lack of a new sensation; and it came.

One morning all Glenborough heard that Charles Wernly had failed. This announcement was a shock that shook the place to its centre. Workmen and their wives talked over the rumor with anxious minds. Failed! Wernly — the strong—the impregnable—the man of iron! It seemed impossible. It was true, however. In a few days the foundries were closed, and laborers stood idle.

Narcisso Firandola came to the surface, as usual; the newspapers declared that he was free from all blame, and depicted his manful struggle against ruin in glowing terms. The failure had come of old Wernly's careless indifference. Wernly himself knew that it had come of his implicit trust in his bookkeeper.

Firandola listened to all his employer's furious reproaches with a martyr-like smile, and, taking a respectful leave of Mary, withdrew from Glenborough.

"I will not stay here!" cried Wernly. "I will leave this place in spite of all the doctors in creation. 'There is Wernly,' they will say, 'who was once a millionaire, and now is a beggar.'"

His indomitable pride and will enabled him to do what no other stimulants could. He went to New York with Mary. There, in three small rooms, they took up their abode. Wernly would accept no help from any one; he determined to live within the small income allowed him by his creditors, at the same time laying by something for Mary's future. Poor Mary, unused to economy, found it hard to make both ends meet; but her convent training had not been wasted, her talents as a cook and nurse shone brilliantly in the morning; in the afternoon she went out, to give French and music lessons to three little girls.

"Don't talk to me about religion," her father had often said; "if I wanted to be a Catholic, your example would do more towards converting me than all your arguments; so don't argue, Mary."

Now, in his affliction—for loss of wealth and power were the greatest afflictions that could befall a man like Charles Wernly—he began to feel the emptiness of earthly things. In the evenings he and Mary held long and earnest conversations; and one afternoon she went rejoicing for a priest. Mary was almost happy; one of the thorns had been plucked from the crown of sorrow.

Mary had not forgotten Gerald O'Conor. Often, in the crowded thoroughfares, she saw a face that resembled his, and her heart gave a great bound. She believed that he was innocent. If Narcisso Firandola had been wicked enough to rob her father, he certainly would not have hesitated to murder and rob Gerald. Like most girls, she jumped at conclusions.

On a certain evening Mary was detained much later than usual at the house of her small pupils. One of them being sick would not condescend to go to sleep unless her gentle teacher remained with her, and Mary stayed with the little tyrant until dusk. Then she started homeward. It was not a long distance, but dusk became gloom before she had accomplished it.

Was it the quiet repose of the hour that made Mary's thoughts travel into the past, with all its hopes and fears? Never before had the face and form of Gerald O'Conor arose so vividly before her. A footstep behind her made her turn. In

the half light, not three yards from her, was the same face and form. Was it Gerald O'Conor? If it was he did not see her, for his attention was fixed on a group on the opposite side of the street.

In front of a saloon, made painfully glittering by rows of colored gaslights, two men were standing, engaged in a low, though passionate, conversation. Mary, from the other side of the street, observed them. One of them seemed familiar to her. His white vest and bosom glittered with jewelled pins and chains.

There was a loud oath, the report of a pistol, a low groan. The man in the white vest staggered, and fell at the foot of the lamp-post. The other fled rapidly.

Instantly Mary was at the side of the wounded man. Timid and gentle though she was, the suffering of another always aroused the courage of her nature. The man so like Gerald followed her.

"You—and *you!*" murmured the wounded man, Narcisso Firandola.

"He wants air—keep back," said a rich, full voice, which made Mary raise her head suddenly. The rapidly increasing crowd obeyed. "And now half a dozen of you run for as many doctors,"

"Car-r-r-amba!" muttered the wounded man; "you shall not move me. I will die where I am. Ask me no questions. I will not tell his name. It was an old grudge."

He paused, panting. Mary wiped his forehead with her handkerchief. Gerald O'Conor raised him in his arms while she held a glass of cold water to his lips.

"O'Conor," he gasped, "keep everybody away! I am dying; I will not be troubled with a doctor. O'Conor, the casket you gave me one night five years ago—water!—water!—you will find all the jewels in a belt around my body. Miss Wernly, tell your father, that his money has gone to help the cause of Cuban lib—"

The pallor of death showed on his face; he sunk into Gerald's arms.

"Pray for him; pray for him!" cried Mary, turning to Gerald. "Oh, Blessed Mother, save him!"

Gerald murmured the Our Father. Loud and sweet, Mary's voice rose above the chattering of the crowd.

"Oh, my God, I am heartily sorry for all my sins"—

Firandola's livid lips moved slowly, as if repeating the words. Mary went on. His lips ceased to move.

"He is dead," said Gerald, for the weight grew heavier.

The crowd fell back in reverence.

Five days later. Scene: the little sitting-room of a cottage near the sea. Personages: Charles Wernly, sarcastically benignant; Mary, radiant with happiness; Gerald O'Conor, calmly content, and without a trace of superciliousness about him.

"I suppose Firandola did not dispose of the stones, because they would have easily been traced to him," Charles Wernly is saying, "but what an awful fool you were, to go off so suddenly without a word. Didn't you hear about the loss of the jewels?"

"I started at once for Ireland, where it was not likely that I would hear Glenborough news. Do you know, Mary, that I have been in Glenborough twice within this year; but nobody knew whither you had gone. God directed my steps through that street the other night."

"God is very good," murmurs Mary.

"I say, O'Conor," exclaims Wernly, with a gleam of fun in his eyes, "why did you leave us so suddenly! Had you really the presumption"—

Gerald interrupted him, "I have concluded to adopt your suggestion, sir. With the money I recovered from my father's estate in Ireland, I will lease the foundries in Glenborough, if you will come."

"I have no alternative," responds Wernly, smiling; "if Mary goes with

you, I will have to go with Mary. Tell me, why did you leave us so sud— Jove! they are out on the porch!"

Mary finished the question.

"Because," he answered, watching the rippled light on the waves, "I was afraid of loving you too much."

"And now"—

"I can love you as much as I please!"

There are no happier people in Glenborough than Gerald O'Conor and his wife—his wife, who no longer wears her "sorrow's crown of sorrow."

MY OWN CROSS.

I've borne full many a sorrow, I've suffered many a loss,—
But now, with a strange new anguish, I carry this last dread cross;
For of this be sure, my dearest, whatever thy life befall,
The cross that our own hands fashion is the heaviest cross of all.

Heavy and hard I made it in the days of my fair strong youth,
Veiling mine eyes from the blessed light, and closing my heart to truth.
Pity me, Lord, whose mercy passeth my wildest thought,
For I never dreamed of the bitter end of the work my hands had wrought!

In the sweet morn's flush and fragrance I wandered o'er dewy meadows,
And I hid from the fervid noontide glow in the cool, green, woodland shadows;
And I never recked as I sang aloud in my weird and wilful glee,
Of the mighty woe that was drawing near to darken the world for me.

But it came at last, my dearest,—what need to tell thee how?
Mayst never know of the wild, wild woe that my heart is bearing now!
Over my summer's glory crept a damp and chilling shade,
And I staggered under the heavy cross that my sinful hands had made.

I go where the shadows deepen, and the end seems far off yet—
God keep thee safe from the sharing of this woful late regret!
For of this be sure, my dearest, whatever thy life befall,
The crosses we make for ourselves, alas! are the heaviest ones of all!

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPES.

ARTICLE VI.

GOVERNMENT.

LET the reader not suppose that we are going to enter on a long explanation, full of juridical terms and distinctions. Neither let him lay down our paper in the apprehension of being bored by quotations from the statutes, constitutions, and laws of the Pontifical government. As for statutes and constitutions, in the modern acceptation of the term, there were none. Our purpose in this paper is simple and easy of understanding. While the temporal sovereignty of the Popes flourished, it was customary among people who were actuated by a party spirit more than the "spirit of understanding" to call it "despotic," "absolute," while those who made pretensions of discrimination and learning, called it "theocratic." But even this title, though bearing a good and a noble construction in itself, was bestowed upon the government of the Popes in a bad sense, inasmuch as they were regarded in the same light as the pagan priests of ancient Egypt, whose every whim was received as oracular, as a revelation from the gods, and hence, they governed the land more really and effectually than the kings themselves, in whom the sovereign power was vested. From its very nature, and from the sacred and peaceful character of him who wielded the supreme power, the Pontifical government could not have been despotic; and if certain acts which are imputed to it, as being intolerably despotic and arbitrary, be examined more closely and more impartially than they are accustomed to be, it will be found that they are not chargeable so much to the government, as to the character and excesses of individuals employed by the government. The Pontifical government had its faults, but they were not unpardonable. It may have been imperfect, but it was far from being despotic. Were it a despotic government in form and principle and administration, we do not hesitate to say that it would still exist. Its faults in the main were on the merciful side, and to its own detriment. Supposing that they were otherwise, that they were deserving of general reprobation, let us add in extenuation of them, that they were not without parallels, even in governments of loftier pretensions; and to these we would say, as was once said to a body of Pharisaical fault-finders, "Let him that is without fault among you cast the first stone." We freely admit that the Pontifical government was theocratic, but not in an obnoxious sense. It was theocratic, because the governing power centred in a priest, the great High Priest of the New Law. In this it was like the Jewish government before the first king was chosen. But there was this difference between them,—Moses and the judges of Israel governed the people by a legislation, which was the object of a direct divine revelation. The Popes governed the people according to laws, framed by human wisdom, yet founded in the principles of eternal justice. Setting aside, for the nonce, the technical parlance, we may say that the Pontifical government, from first to last, was patriarchal. The sovereign regarded his people as his children rather than as his subjects, and these looked up to their ruler as to a father. The idea of father and sovereign was inseparable in the Popes. To this,

and to an over-indulgent spirit, the effect of their priestly character, is attributable that fatal leniency in the Popes as sovereigns, which, in the present century, was not the least among the remote causes of the downfall of their temporal power.

To be technical, the form of government from the beginning was monarchial. But the manner of administration changed according to the exigencies of the times. The government of the provinces was committed to cardinal delegates. The municipal administration of the towns in the provinces was almost entirely independent of the Popes. It may be said indeed, that each province was an independent principality. The Pope was aided in governing by a congregation of cardinals, who were bound to aid him, and even oppose him (where his action would be detrimental to the state), not only from a sense of duty and love of the common weal, but by a solemn oath which they took on their elevation to the purple. This made it impossible for the Pope to be a despot, and limited his power as effectually as if the country were ruled by a constitution of the most liberal framing. He was bound to follow a positive rule in the government of his states, from which it was as impossible for him to deviate as for the queen of England to annul the constitution of Great Britain. Cardinal Bellarmine, who is certainly an authority of no ordinary weight in this matter, in his treatise *De Romano Pontifice*, proposes the following query: "Licet resistere Pontifici invadenti animas, vel turbanti Rempublicam, et multo magis si Ecclesiam destruere videretur?" Is it lawful to resist the Pope were he to attack the people or disturb the country, and above all if he seemed to aim at the destruction of the Church? The learned prelate answers: "Licet ei resistere, non facendo quod jubet, et impediendo ne exequatur voluntatem suam; non tamen eum judicare vel punire, vel deponere, quod non est nisi superioris." It is lawful to resist him by not doing that which he commands, and by hindering him from putting his will into execution; but it is not lawful to try, punish, or depose him, which office only belongs to a superior. These words of Bellarmine are to be applied more especially to the spiritual jurisdiction of the Roman Pontiffs over the Church. Still they are applicable *a majori ad minus* to their temporal sovereignty. If it be lawful to oppose the Popes in the exercise of an authority, than which there is none greater, and in which no power on earth is qualified to try them, punish them, or depose them, *a fortiori*, it must have been lawful for, nay, incumbent upon their council to oppose them in the abuse of a power which of itself must be limited, inasmuch as it only exists in a proper administration. This is the principle. In practice, however, we know that they were always guided by the advice of the sacred college and the council of state, which was called "La Consulta." Down to the days of Pius IX this council was composed exclusively of ecclesiastics, or, to speak with more precision, of ecclesiastics and lay prelates. These lay prelates had nothing of the ecclesiastic about them but the habit and the tonsure. They were instituted especially to obviate the possible clashing together in the same individual of the ecclesiastical and secular element. Pius IX, however, on his accession to the pontifical throne, threw down all the barriers which excluded seculars from holding offices of state, so that the ecclesiastical officials, in the latter years of the Papal *régime*, were in an insignificant minority. The system of centralizing the administrative power was only introduced into the Papal States after the French invasion. But after the restoration of Pius IX in 1849, the commonwealths became almost independent of the

supreme power, and only a sort of moral supervision was exercised by the civil authorities. This was the case even with the municipality of Rome itself. The civil code of laws was the code of the Emperor Justinian, with some slight modifications, which were introduced from canon law. The criminal code was likewise founded on the Justinian code, and as in England decisions were given on the strength of precedents which had established a custom, the Popes never interfered in the administration of civil or criminal justice; that belonged entirely to the secular element.

The council of state was composed of men elected from the body of the heaviest taxpayers. The council of finance was composed of members nominated by the Pope, after a free election by the municipal bodies. This council, however, was only deliberative or consultative in the discussion of primary budgets. In this alone did it differ from a chamber of deputies. In respect, however, of past accounts, when the matter was to verify the exact application of regulations established beforehand by the budget, the decisions of this council had the force of law. The council of state, spoken of above, by a consultative vote regulated the levying of taxes, and the Pope generally sanctioned their deliberations. The taxes were the lowest in Europe, while there was no conscription at all. The necessity of a standing army was the consequence of the revolution of the nineteenth century. In former times civil and criminal justice were enforced by a body of civil officials or constables chosen from among the people themselves.

These general remarks are intended to give a notion of the form of the Papal government as it always existed. After the accession of Pius IX the Papal government became in effect a constitutional government, though it lacked the title. From the very day when he mounted the throne, he made continuous efforts to remove every legitimate cause of complaint against the public administration of affairs. He began his reign by giving the people a constitution, fashioned on the most liberal basis. But in this he was betrayed and deserted by the very men, seculars, who had sworn to support him; and the assassination of his prime minister, Count Rossi, will ever remain as a shameful blot in the history of Italy, while it proves palpably that the antipathy to the Papal government was not directed against the form, but against its very existence. We will reason on this point further on.

On his return from Gaeta, Pius IX, still bent upon his project of liberal reforms, proclaimed the principle of the right of admission of secular persons to every office of state, with the single exception of that of secretary of state. We will here quote from the faithful report of Count de Rayneval to the minister of foreign affairs in Paris: "Already had civil and criminal law been the object of complete revision. Different codes of procedure in civil and in criminal cases, as well as a code relating to commerce, all founded on our own, enriched by lessons derived from experience, had been promulgated. I have studied these carefully. They are above criticism. The Code des Hypotheques has been examined by French jurisconsultists, and has been cited by them as a model document. The different powers of the state were carefully separated and defined. Distinct ministerial boards, differing in authority, were created, each operating within the special circle of its duties. A council of ministers, under the presidency of the secretary of state, was appointed, and business was always subjected to the test of discussion. At the same time the greatest respect for the independence of the judiciary power was proclaimed and practiced. A council of state, comprised of men the most

intimately versed in administrative matters, was appointed for the purpose of enlightening the government, by previously investigating all projects prepared in the ministerial boards. Municipal organization has been, at the same time, the object of a complete reform. The most highly taxed of the commune, together with those who have acquired high degrees in the university, form together an electoral body which have the direct nomination of the municipal councillors. The latter in their turn prepare by election a list of candidates from which the government chooses the members of the provincial council. The latter, in the same way, make a list of persons from which the Holy Father selects members of the council of state for finance. A great latitude, both in the creation and expenditure of resources, is left, both to the communal and to the provincial councils. It is not the representatives of the government who are charged with the administration of the funds of the commune or of the province. This trust is confided to an executive commission, elected by the council which it represents, and which remains permanently during the whole of the interval between one session and another. The delegates or prefect have only the power of supervision, and take no direct part in the management of provincial or communal business." Speaking of the taxes he says: "The taxes remain still much below the mean rate of the different states of Europe. A Roman pays (he wrote in 1856; he would have startling figures to chronicle in 1875) the state 22 francs (little more than four dollars) annually, 68,000,000 (francs) being levied on a population of three millions. A Frenchman pays the French government 45 francs, 1,600,000,000 being levied on a population of thirty-five millions. These figures show demonstratively that the Pontifical States, with regard to so important a point, must be reckoned amongst the most favored nations."

It is not then to the form of government, or to the administration, that the discontent of the people was to be traced. The Count enlarges very aptly on this point: "If the Roman people were capable of helping themselves, or even if they were eager for work; if their ambition was not limited to the attainment of a restricted income, just sufficient to satisfy the primary wants of nature, without the expenditure of much fatigue; if they were to profit, as is the case elsewhere, by the facilities offered to them for the employment of their energies and pecuniary resources, the country might spring up rapidly to prosperity." And in another place he remarks very justly, "To make progress in the direction alluded to, the government cannot, it is clear, substitute its own action for private industry." But it is in its charities that the patriarchal character of the government shines forth with a peculiar lustre. The hospitals and prisons of Rome were the admiration of the most unsparing enemies of the Papal administration. They were administered with charity and prudence, aided by all the important ameliorations of modern progress. It was eminently a providential government. Thus, whenever the harvest was plentiful throughout the States, it bought up large quantities of corn and wheat, and stowed them away in the public granaries against a year of dearth, when they would be thrown open, and seed given gratis, or at a trifling figure, to the husbandmen. As for the poor within the city of Rome, they always received the penny-loaf for a hapenny, the government paying the other half.

We shall sum up our remarks on the form of government by quoting Rayneval on the judiciary system, civil and criminal law, as administered in the reign of Pius IX. He says: "The imperfections of the

judiciary system are often cited. I have examined all closely, and have found it impossible to discover any serious cause of complaint. Those who lose their causes complain more loudly and continuously than is the custom in other places, but without any more reason. Most of the important civil cases are decided in the tribunal of the Rota. Now, in spite of the habitual license of the Italian criticism, no one has dared to express a doubt of the profound knowledge and exalted integrity of the tribunal of the Rota. If the lawyers are incredibly fertile in raising objections and exceptions, if they lengthen out lawsuits, to what is this fault to be attributed, except to the peculiarity of the national genius? Lastly, civil law is well administered. I do not know a single sentence the justice of which would not be recognized by the best tribunal in Europe. Criminal justice is administered in a manner equally unassailable. I have watched some trials throughout their whole detail. I was obliged to confess that all necessary precautions for the verification of facts, all possible guarantees for the free defence of the accused, including the publication of the proceedings, were taken. The sentences are occasionally delayed, the processes are prolonged. These, however, are inconveniences, not unpardonable crimes. When Italian witnesses shall learn to give their evidence without being intimidated by the presence of the accused, and the fear of his vengeance, the delays will be less." The Pontifical government was not without its faults. This we admitted in the beginning. But they were faults which could not and have not been remedied by a change of government. They are faults which spring from the Italian character. The Pontifical government was composed of Romans, slow, lumbering, mistrustful, hesitating, accommodating, novelty-abhorring Romans. They would never meet a difficulty in the face if it were possible to accommodate, or turn around the corner, to avoid it. They regarded improvements as great bores, and cared very little for posterity. To the untiring energy of Pius IX, seconded by that inimitable and indefatigible genius, the lamented Mgr. de Merode, are due the principal improvements effected in Rome before the occupation.

In this age of enlightenment and progress and free institutions, a government of priests, or "priestlings," was regarded as an insult to humanity. We are merely quoting a stereotyped phrase of objection against the Papal government. Let us continue on in the same strain. How is it possible for a priest, who is supposed to have no sympathies for, and much less any interest in the men and things of earth, to govern with wisdom and efficiency? And again, this priest arrogates to himself infallibility in matters of faith and morals. Who is to hinder him from bringing the same uncompromising and "odious" principle to bear upon his governmental acts? He is surrounded by an army of priests, even in civil administration, by men who know nothing of liberty, of liberal institutions, and the like, and who take an oath of obedience to the Pope and the bishops of the Church, thus selling that birthright, which is inseparable from a noble existence, the liberty of the will. The first objection, that the Papal government was a government of priests, was very adroitly drawn up and captiously set forth in the beginning. The revolutionists of five-and-twenty years ago would not have dreamed of saying, "Away with the temporal power of the Popes." No, Europe, Catholic Europe, was not quite ready for that blow yet. The cry was, "Secularize the Papal government; we will tolerate the Pope as our sovereign, but we want the lay element introduced into the administration." If our remembrance of the opening years of the reign of

Pius IX does not deceive us, no one wished more ardently for the secularization of the administration than he himself. Hence, just at the very period when the objection to the majority of priests in the administration of the government was at a premium among foreigners, especially from beyond the Channel, who suffered dreadfully from a disease quite common in that country, yclept culpable ignorance, the ecclesiastical element had almost disappeared entirely from the administration of public affairs. Waiving the question whether an ecclesiastic is not as well qualified, both by his education and his love of country, to rule as any other man, who takes unto himself a wife, we will simply say that the objection to the contrary has about as much weight as that of certain divines, who hold practically that no one can preach the gospel unless he be assisted by a wife. Once more we acknowledge our indebtedness to the report of the French Envoy to Rome, Le Compte de Rayneval. He writes: "I have often asked ardent opposers of the Roman rule what was their valuation of the number of priests employed in the administration. In answer to my question, the number was generally stated to be about 3000. No credit was given to me when I showed, with proofs in my hand, that putting them all together, the number did not exceed a hundred, and that the half of these pretended priests were not in orders. It is, nevertheless, upon data of such falsity that are founded grave charges, which are accepted by the public as undeniable. . . . Out of Rome, that is, throughout the whole extent of the Pontifical States, with the exception of the capital, in the Legations, the Marshes, Umbria, and all the provinces to the number of eighteen, how many ecclesiastics do you think are employed? Their number does not exceed fifteen, one for each province, except three, where there is not one at all. They are delegates, or, as we should say, prefects. The councils, the tribunals, and offices of all sorts are filled with laymen. The number of these latter amounts to 2313 in the civil service, and 620 holding judicial employments, in the whole 2935, so that for one ecclesiastic in office we have 195 laymen. Is it possible for the most prejudiced intellect not to recognize that an ecclesiastical power, which had reduced to so low a figure the number of the men of its order, who are the depositaries of power throughout the whole extent of its territory, has already reached its lowest limits? Who will believe that this is an intolerable abuse, and that the danger will cease when this small number of prelates shall disappear from the scene?" In the city of Rome the number of prelates employed in civil affairs was, as may be supposed, greater than in the provinces. Still they were in the minority. The Count continues: "The office of the secretary of state for foreign affairs, not reckoning those employed abroad, is composed of 5 ecclesiastics and 19 laymen. The principal of these ecclesiastics, such as the Cardinal Secretary of State* and his substitute, are not priests, any more than the greater number of the prefects, who are marked here as ecclesiastics. The Council of State reckons 3 ecclesiastics and 5 laymen. The Ministry of the Interior comprises 22 ecclesiastics, including among them the 15 presidents of provinces, of whom I have already spoken, and 1411 laymen. The Ministry of Finance reckons 3 ecclesiastics against 2017 laymen. The Ministry of Commerce and Public Works reckons 2 ecclesiastics to 161 laymen. The Ministry of Police, 2 ecclesiastics to 404 laymen. The Ministry of War has not a single ecclesiastical functionary. (Mgr. de Merode became Minister of War after the compilation of these

* Cardinal Antonelli has received the Order of Deaconship since the above was written.

statistics.) The Ministry of Justice, including the superior tribunals, which are of a mixed nature, reckons 59 ecclesiastics to 927 laymen. This number of 59 ecclesiastics is divided in the following manner: In the ministry, 1 ecclesiastic, 18 laymen; in the Tribunal of the Segnatura (Cour de Cassation), 9 ecclesiastics, 8 laymen; in the Tribunal of the Rota (the Superior Court of criminal jurisdiction), 14 ecclesiastics and 37 laymen; in the Criminal Tribunal, no ecclesiastics and 58 laymen; in the Tribunal of the Bishop, 9 ecclesiastics, 17 laymen; in the Tribunal of the Apostolic Chamber, 9 ecclesiastics, 16 laymen; in the provincial Tribunals of First and Second Instances, both criminal and civil, 620 laymen, no ecclesiastics; in the Archives, Chamber of Notaries, etc.. 16 laymen and no ecclesiastics; in different offices, 1 ecclesiastic, 6 laymen. The total number of ecclesiastics employed in the interior of the Pontifical States does not exceed the number of 98. Against this we find there are 5059 laymen in office. This gives 52 laymen to one ecclesiastic." The author has since added the following note: "Since the date of the official summary from which I obtained all these details, the development in all the ministerial departments has been such that the number of laymen, either actively employed or at the disposal of the government, has risen to about 8560. The Consulta is occupied with the task of reducing it to 6000. The number of ecclesiastics remains the same. The proportion in favor of the laics is now as 80 to 1."

We appeal now to any impartial reader, and ask him if the Pontifical government could, with any regard for facts, be called a government of priests. It has been objected that a priest is incapacitated, both by his education and the lack of sympathy for the civil welfare of his country, to take upon himself the administration of public affairs. The objection has no foundation either in principle or in fact. Laying aside the fact that the priest's mission is among men and for men, we ask if, at his ordination, the impression of the sacerdotal character annihilates every human sympathy, every sentiment of affection—and we speak of an honest human affection—for his fellow man? Does the sacerdotal character exclude those noble patriotic sentiments from his breast, which are so sacred, so holy in the breast of every man? Impossible. His affections are guarded, it is true, but only in so far as they might become inordinate. For this very reason, we affirm that all those sentiments which are legitimate and honest, such as love of country, the desire of the material prosperity of the people, and the like, are and ought to be the more intense in him. Add to all this, that that very education, which is objected to as unfitting a man for government, eminently qualifies him for such an office. It is an old maxim, that no one knows better how to rule than he who has been taught to obey. The priest's life is one of obedience, rational and practical. The Pope himself, though placed above every superior, is well schooled in obedience years before he dons the tiara. One more consideration on this point and we shall have done.

The education of the priest in the spiritual order is directed to giving him a thorough knowledge of right and wrong. The principles of justice in every particular are studied by him, meditated upon, embodied in his own daily life. That man who is intimately imbued with the knowledge of justice as it is observed, first between man and his God, and then between man and man, has certainly a practical knowledge of justice as administered by authority for the good of society. Again, the man who is taught practically that all authority is from God, cannot, as a

rule, be supposed to regard it as something innate in himself, belonging to himself, and, therefore, to be used or abused at his own pleasure. No, he regards it as a deposit, a sacred trust, the abuse of which is a crime for which a rigorous atonement will be exacted.

We have not adduced these considerations to establish the conclusion that priests should be temporal rulers. We simply hold that they are fitted for the office, and whatever may be said by the blatant fault-finders of the present age to the contrary, the administration of the priests in this particular spot of the earth was as perfect as that of their lay neighbors, to whom they might well say, "Look at our acts, and condemn us if you dare." If their administration was faulty in any respect, it must be attributed, not to their priestly character, but to their national character and peculiar disposition. We estimate the administration of public affairs by the effects produced in the prosperity of the people, peace, and internal security of life and property.

A glance at the criminal statistics is also indispensable. The Romans under the Papal government were, without doubt, a prosperous people. Fabulous fortunes were not amassed, but the government cannot be charged with that which depends upon the character of the people themselves. All that is required of the government, in the accumulation of individual wealth, is, not to throw any unjust obstacles in the way, such as exorbitant taxes and fiscal imposts. The Papal government did not fall short of this reasonable expectation. Of the internal security of life and property, we will merely remark, in passing, that if exception be made to the depredations of the revolutionary emissaries from the neighboring provinces, it was as perfect as could be expected.

This brings us to the examination of a point in which the Papal government seemed to have been vulnerable. In latter years it was supported, either entirely by foreign troops, or later on, the ranks of its own little army were filled up considerably by volunteers from abroad. Every independent state ought to suffice in itself for its own support, and the maintenance of internal security. The court of Rome is accused of not accomplishing this, but a very serious mistake is made in assigning the cause. It was the fashion to lay the blame on a defective administration. It was much easier for the enemies of the Papal States to do this than to enter more deeply into an examination of the history, character, and tendencies of the Italian people. It cannot be denied that God has lavished his gifts abundantly on this race. They are highly intelligent, quick in grasping at conclusions, comprehensive. But they are deficient in that which makes a nation great and powerful. They have no strength of character, generally speaking, and do not seem to know what is civil courage. They are suspicious, not only of foreigners, but also of one another; hence they are not united. That phrase, *United Italy*, is a misnomer. There is no mutual confidence. Every one remains isolated, and this is apparent in the absence of all those associations, commercial, manufacturing, insurance, and banking, which bear testimony to public and mutual confidence in other countries. You will say Italy is overrun with such associations at present. We answer, true enough, but they are not Italian. The *Piedmontese* element is the organizing and ruling spirit of them all, and every one knows that a Piedmontese has but one part Italian in him, against two parts French and Swiss. In the want of this mutual confidence and sympathy, an army, in the true sense of the term, is impossible. The soldiers mistrust each other; they have no confidence in their leaders, and these are fearful of their men. If there be a powerful

army in Italy to-day, it is due, not to the patriotism and military courage of the Italian people, but to that sweeping and overruling importation of the Piedmontese spirit, not devoid of valor, and even loyalty (among themselves), which uses the argument of force in lieu of patriotism, to make an Italian soldier. With these considerations in view, it ceases to be a wonder that the Pope was beholden to foreigners for the support of his power. He abhorred military conscription, though circumstances and the example of other nations would have fully justified him in enforcing it. To this fundamental reason add another, which is of paramount importance. If the character of the people were in itself loyal, confiding, and self-sufficient, the efforts of the revolution alone would have rendered a standing native army an impossibility. The emissaries of the sects were continually tampering with the little loyalty the people possessed, rousing them to regard the Popes as intolerable tyrants, and teaching them to consider a government of priests as a monstrous anomaly. Thus the people became more and more discontented with their lot, and so suspicious of one another that even families were divided. Notwithstanding all this Pius IX succeeded in raising a little army of twelve thousand native troops. They were not rocks of fidelity, it is true, but here again the government must not be blamed. The government can give the musket and the uniform, but it cannot impart fidelity and courage. In short, there is not a single complaint made against the Papal government which cannot find an explanation in the character of the people themselves. This is evident from facts. At first the number of priests in the administration of public matters was objected to. Their ranks were reduced to a mere shadow, but still the people, urged on by the demagogues of the revolution, clamored loudly, they hardly knew for what. They asked Pius IX for a constitution, and he gave it to them. They murdered the man who was chosen to put it into effect. Concessions were heaped upon concessions, yet the nation was not contented with its lot. If the population of the Papal States had a real cause of complaint against the administration, and if their so-called wrongs were founded upon this single cause, the receipt was ready and was excellent. A sovereign never mounted his throne with a greater desire to make reforms and insure the happiness of his people than Pius IX. Fundamentally, it was the very principle of government which was objected to, and not the mode of putting it into operation. It was not a question of form, but of reality.

We have endeavored to show that the form was as perfect as circumstances, with the character of the people combined, would permit. Without the high-sounding title of a constitution the people were prosperous and happy. They themselves will tell you so, now that the reality has been abolished. There is more discontent manifest now, in United Italy, than when it was divided into several principalities. The anomaly of a priestly government has been removed, but neither the people nor the world abroad is satisfied. But the real anomaly was neither the form of the Papal government nor even its existence. We must look for it in the character of the people, which develops itself into conflicting parties, continually wrangling with each other. Count de Rayneval's remarks on these parties were written twenty years ago, but they are a faithful picture of the present: "Between these parties there is a numerous crowd, very indifferent to everything else but their own prosperity; fond, certainly, of grumbling, but friends of good order, and living on good terms with the Pontifical government. Anywhere else such a party would

furnish the government with a good *point d'appui*, but in a country in which the spirit of enterprise and the energy necessary for any resistance whatever are absolutely unknown, where the only universal rule is *laissez faire*, with the reservation of the right of complaining when the thing is done, instead of beforehand, how can such friends be trusted, and how can the destinies of the state be placed solely in such hands? Here is the grand difficulty. No government can dispense with material assistance, and this condition cannot be fulfilled in the Roman States. Whichever of the whole number of parties has the luck to triumph, it is an indubitable fact that it will see forming around it, as has already been proved, the same assemblage of complaints which is directed against the present government. The same difficulty which the actual government experiences in finding *points d'appui*, in a land which is not able to furnish them, *will be experienced by every party which gains power*. The party which limits its wishes to reforms, when incapable of defending itself, on account of no one being willing to compromise himself in its defence, will give place to the constitutional party; this will, in turn, yield to the Mazzinians, who, thanks to measures of violence on their part, and carelessness on the part of others, will remain definitively masters of the situation. This will represent accurately the inevitable march of events whenever the present equilibrium is destroyed." He spoke like a prophet.

ABOUT A DIAMOND.

WERE you ever at Luna Springs? If you were, you are aware that there, in the valley inclosed by mountains towering in their mists of green to the more dazzling mists of the summer clouds, there is a long, very straight, appallingly regular pile, with gingerbread porches and sugar-work trellises, not interfered with by vine or foliage, and this is a "summer resort." The building is pink, and the porches and trellises white, adding very much to the general wedding-confectionery air of the whole. In the evenings, when on these porches sit, or walk, or attitudinize, "girls of the period," arrayed in gorgeous raiment, whereof the predominating effect is mist, skilfully caught and fitted to the feminine form, this air of candy-work is much heightened, and even further carried out to suggestions of live cupids, by the presence of children, who, in lieu of wings—which do not happen to be the mode—are gotten up in suits of wondrous tints, fluted, and puffed, and ruffled, and embroidered to perfection. Disposed appropriately amongst groups of these are "glasses of fashion and moulds of form" masculine. Their raiment is light, their conduct lighter; they quite naturally go to form part of the airy fabric of condensed sugar, which you can imagine to be the work of some confectionery genius, and made to grace some envied wedding-board, but to be demolished for the delight of admiring wedding guests.

If you have been a regulation visitor at Luna Springs, you know that there is just enough mountain, just enough stream, and just enough "springs" to give effect to this graceful centrepiece, no more nor no less. And, indeed, if you have

been a skilled summer tourist, you are quite aware by this time that to any summer haven of repose, from the city portion of the cares and trials of fashionable life, Nature's works are but the foils for works of toilet-art and *modiste* creations. For instance, an overhanging rock, covered with moss and inimitably festooned with ivy, is quite an effective background to a young lady attired in elaborate morning suit, with slippered foot put forward, and daintily gloved hand pointing to its frowning beauty, and pouting lips saying, "Isn't it grand? But, then, how perfectly awful if it would fall." But it can only be utilized as such background; after all, what would it be without the young lady? Then a stream, giant trees overhanging its depths of unrivalled clearness; banks of velvet-green, creeping entranced to meet the silver plashing of its waves; water-lilies rising snowily out of its crystal bosom. It forms a really passable foreground to a handsome young man, in the latest style of linen fatigue suit, angling at its edge. A difficult and zigzag path up the mountain is a good place for lovers to take a walk for sanitary reasons, and the depths of a leafy forest a pleasant spot to linger for the sake of fresh air. But I need not go on; I will take it for granted you have been at Luna Springs, or one of its many prototypes, and that you know the state of affairs. In case you have not, and that you have consequently labored under delusive belief, that Nature's magnificence ranks first in the estimation of "tired denizens" of town, who seek calm rest for eye and heart in neighborhood of chalybeate or sulphur spring, I hope I have hinted sufficiently of the true state of things to correct your mistake.

Well, it was the "height of the season" at Luna Springs; which means that all the "visitors" had arrived, and in the pink structure not an available spot of room was left for any new arrival, and the weather was as hot as weather can dare to be in the depths of a cool valley containing a deliciously plashing stream and springs of peerless clearness.

It was morning, at Luna Springs, and no diamond on dainty fingers bent on gathering ferns and wild blossoms could compare with the dew sparkling on grass, and leaf, and spray of wandering vine. It was soft, and misty, and peaceful at Luna Springs, and Fashion was as yet asleep and Nature triumphant in her lovely reign, when a carriage drove up to the entrance of that haven of rest, pronounced in landlord parlance "full." It was not the hour for the fashionable train—for Fashion has its own trains on which to come and go as well as all its other perquisites—and so this carriage was quite a curiosity. For any one to arrive at Luna Springs on the morning train almost argued that that person had mistaken his or her destination, and Fashion, reposing in the various cells of the pink house, called by courtesy bedrooms, opened its eyes at the sound of this carriage's presumptuous wheels, and furtively peeped through muslin curtains to see what could come of such unwonted circumstance as their presence. In reward for which equally unwonted exertion Fashion's eyes were greeted by the sight of a graceful figure, alighting with airy spring and then turning to the carriage-door and holding out a dainty hand, which, in Fashion's estimation, lost all its attribute of daintiness, for it was ungloved. This hand was met by another, white and wasted and tremulous, and clasped with the strength of youth, while a queenly figure feebly made its way out of the carriage, and in a moment the two stood side by side on the gravel walk in front of the door. Here Fashion was enabled to get a good view of them. The first, in perfectly plain black travelling suit, was very young;

a beautiful girl, with a profusion of shining brown hair rippling out from under the shadow of her sable hat, in flashes of gold-tipped brightness. Her face was more expressive than perfect, however, and the expressiveness too unconscious for the requirements of style. The other, figure, face, presence, was statuesque; as perfect in its outline and its beauty as any statue, and almost as lifeless; a woman in her prime, with blight of ill-health, in white presence, where bloom had been, but her striking beauty only the more proudly asserting its presence for that. Her dress, too, was black, and even more plain than that of the young girl; in fact, but one circumstance of the whole of their appearance suggested wealth. That was on the third finger of the elder lady's right hand, held up authoritatively to the servant who accompanied them, in giving some order about the disposal of the carriage, gleamed, astonished, dazzled Fashion's eyes. A diamond, only one, but of such size that it represented a fortune, not to be muffled up, as Fashion penetratingly remarked to itself, by plain black dresses and—no gloves. This was all Fashion saw, at least that portion of it peeping furtively through muslin curtains; for the younger lady hastened to assist the elder to a seat, and both disappeared in the shadow of the porch. Another spectator, however, who had been watching from the beginning, and *not* furtively but rather openly than otherwise, saw the end of the scene. This was a gentleman verging towards thirty, to judge by his well-developed figure reposing in the capacious embrace of a rustic chair near the door, and his face marked with thought, and owning an air of manhood which experience of life alone can bring. The richly clustering beard, setting off the decided but pleasant face, also gave evidence of years not belonging to early youth, and the whole man impressed one as being "every inch a man." This impression, as is seldom the case with hasty ones, gave the keynote to the unequalled harmony of Courtenay Brooke's entire character. You were never disabused of it by subsequent knowledge of him. In keeping with the instincts which rule such a nature as his, and which no woman ever fails to recognize, or ever, when its courtesy is proffered her, even for a moment misconstrues, he rose, and wheeling forward his chair said, with easy and well-bred air of deference—

"Excuse me, madam, but you are weak, and if you will sit here for a few moments, in the air, will find it much less trying to ascend the stairs. There," placing a footstool before her and handing her a fan, "can I do anything else? Have you any orders about your baggage or horses?"

The elder lady sunk back in the chair, apparently too overcome to speak, and the younger one said, with a bright smile,

"Thank you, no. The coachman knows what to do with the horses, and Aunt Veva only needs rest."

Then appeared the landlord, who said,

"I am very sorry, ladies, but we have not a room vacant. If you had telegraphed I would have let you known."

"Why, we sent a message yesterday," said the younger lady, "and receiving no reply took it for granted a room would be ready. We came in our own carriage, as you see, sir, and though on that account it is easy for us to leave, I fear it will be impossible on this one," and she pointed to the elder lady, now ghastly pale, and more like one about to faint than one able to make exertion of any kind. While she then bent over her, fanned her, and wiped her brow, Courtenay Brooke called the landlord aside.

"The lady is more dangerously affected than she appears," he said. "An old bachelor like me can rough

it, so take her to my room. I doubt if she can ever leave it alive; and the pathos of the young girl's situation is crowned by the fact of her unconsciousness of this danger for her relative. Come, we will carry her in that chair; I have been up so long I know the room is ready."

They carried her up, and Fashion arose to learn that the new arrivals were lodged in that envied room of Courtenay Brooke's, for which hints had been given in vain, and the occupation of which by a single man was voted an imposition, when ladies with irrepressible billows of finery surging over tiny apartments and inundating them could hardly find a spot whereon to rest their fairy feet. For the room was large and bright, a miracle in a pink and white house of the confectionery order. Its walls held clusters of roses, and its carpet green moss with brown ivy scattered over it. Its windows eschewed muslin curtains, and instead, sheltered hanging-baskets, whose wealth of foliage shaded them instead. Pictures spoke from out the roses on the walls, and books with titles relished by literary connoisseur were piled on table and shelf. In the recess of a vine-draped window stood a writing-table, with inkstand and paper-weight of cut glass, that gleamed there like huge diamonds, the rainbow's colors held captive for the fortunate owner's delight. So light, and cheer, and beauty greeted you at the entrance to the old "bachelor's room." Vainly had landlord and coming visitor tempted him to give it up; vainly had belles admired its situation, its beauty, its owner! He had taken it long before "the season" commenced, had occupied it fully a month before any visitor arrived, had arranged it exactly according to his own fancy, and had avowed his determination of remaining in it long after "the season" was over. And now, Fashion bit its lip; the thought was mortification itself. Courtenay Brooke, who had up to this been perfectly insensible to the charms of the feminine galaxy which formed the light of Luna Springs, must have fallen a victim to those, such as they were, of that girl without gloves. Nothing less could have induced him to the length of giving up his cherished room. Well, your talented, secluded men, your geniuses, are always so obtuse about women, always taken in in the end! Then Fashion made up its mind to see what "these people" were like. So it went up and tapped many times with proffered sympathy at the closed white door, in the shape of dainty light-robed figures, with slippered feet put out just ready to enter, which were arrested in their onward course by the appearance at said door of Courtenay Brooke, with finger uplifted, and admonitory gesture of silence. That was all.

As the day advanced Fashion was informed, by fitful rumors, that into the pink and white shelter of Luna Springs was stalking a visitor, who could force entrance, no matter how "full" its space of accommodation; that the lady registered on the books as "Miss Genevieve Neil" was fast passing from earthly registration, except on one white, mournful list; that Courtenay Brooke, hitherto voted barbarous for his devotion to nature, and his want of devotion to art, as displayed in fashion's handiwork, now shared the watch of the young stranger, by what had become a bed of death.

"Dreadful! Why did the woman come here to die? And why does that horrid Courtenay Brooke stay in there too?" And Fashion turned away to plan the "business" of the day for killing time, which you must know hung heavy on the hands of the sojourners at Luna Springs, and had to be killed in order to make less the burden.

Ah! yes. *Why* did Courtenay Brooke stay in the bright room so surely shadowed? Into the answer

for which Fashion waited in vain, comes the perfect unfolding of the present story. So you shall have it to the full.

Placing his, by this time, completely unconscious burden on the bed, when he gained the shelter provided for it, by a simple impulse of kindness, only a part of his nature, though construed by Fashion to another motive, he took the white and motionless hand in his, for the purpose of feeling the pulse. In the act his eyes encountered the blaze of the diamond before mentioned. At sight of it he grew transformed; a look almost of guilt crept over his face, a ghastly, shuddering look; he trembled, fell on his knees, and for the moment seemed to forget the presence of any one but the insensible creature wearing it, and her he regarded with the gaze of one who saw the dead resuscitated. All this the young girl did not notice; with a mortal fear at her heart she was watching for a sign of life, striving to induce one, but the landlord said, "Are you sick, Mr. Brooke? I will call some one else."

"No," he said, evidently conquering himself, "but I will go for the doctor. Other skill than ours is needed here, sadly, sadly," he added, looking with an indescribable expression on the young girl, an expression half pitying, half deprecating, unmistakably admiring.

His sole question, when the doctor gave the decision promptly that the lady could not live, and if she had friends they must be summoned, was:

"Will she be conscious again? Can she speak once more?"

"Doubtful, sir; she might though. You can never tell with certainty in these cases."

Then he turned to the young lady, kneeling silent and tearless, but with a stricken look all the more woful for the absence of tears.

"My dear," said he, in a fatherly sort of way, "you are very young to be placed in such an extremity. Is there any, any older relative for whom I can send?"

But before she could answer, said Courtenay Brooke, "I happen to know, doctor, she has no one. This lady is the only person to whom she can look for direction or support, and, as the son of a very old friend of Miss Neil, I venture to offer any service which, in this emergency, might be the privilege of a relative."

The young girl looked at him in wonder, which she made no effort of concealing, and simply said,

"Thank you; I have, indeed, no friend but this, and I cannot believe God will take her from me!"

When the doctor and the landlord retired, he approached her, and with a trembling voice said:

"I know your history and your name; I know *why* you lose all in losing her." He pointed to the diamond, "I know the history of that beautiful fatal legacy. It is but proper that I should tell you *how* I know all this. I—I—am Miss Neil's missing nephew."

No wonder he had hesitated about the announcement, if he foresaw its result! She turned from him with a look of horror upon her face impossible to be described in words; she retreated some steps, as if to be near him were contamination; she clasped her hands, and looked up to heaven, as if by prayer she would avert the spell of his presence.

"I have never seen my aunt," he pursued in the same tremulous tone, "till to-day. I only know her through that," pointing to the diamond, "but it, alas! I know too well. I am aware that you regard me with feelings of horror, and that to be left alone with me, in such an hour as this, must add to your sorrow, more than any other circumstance that could have befallen you. But I beg of you to suspend your judgment till later; permit me to fill my true place to her and to you, that place, in this hour, fit for a near re-

lation alone, and let the future prove what I am confident it will, that in the sad and irrevocable past I was mistaken but not guilty."

The evident honesty of the plea seemed to touch her, but still she stood with averted face, so that this seeming only showed itself in her gentleness of tone, as she answered,

"God knows I could wish you were not guilty, and I have no right to send you from here."

The eyes of the sick lady opened, fell upon the two standing thus—she with face averted still, and he with imploring one—they dilated with horror. She strove to speak. He fell on his knees beside the bed, and kissed her hand. "Oh!" he said, with very agony of pleading in his tone, "do not look on me so! I see you know my face from my father's. I am, indeed, your brother Courtenay's son. I am *not guilty*, and I call on Heaven to witness my truth!"

The tone could have pierced even dying ears, with its clarion tone of proud earnestness.

"I knew you alone through that," and he pointed to the diamond. "If I were what you suppose, would I acknowledge this at all? I never saw you before; never saw your dear ward; does it look like guilt to recognize you now?"

An expression of peace settled upon her pallid face; a smile stole out of the depths of her beautiful eyes, beautiful even with death's shadow settling there. She held out her hand—that with the diamond sparkling on it—and he placed his in its clasp, then she looked towards the young girl, who, at the look, came to her side. She took the hand she held and offered it to her, with a vain attempt to speak.

"You want us to be friends, Aunt Veva," sobbed the girl.

She bowed assent.

This was why he stayed.

Together they watched through long hours, when Fashion wondered and whimpered and gossiped outside, in all the halls and rooms and porches of the pink-and-white house. The presence of Death was entering very gently into the worn frame; there were no struggles, no pain, and unconsciousness even of life marked the ebb of time for her they watched. Twice during those long hours she strove to speak, but in vain. Once they brought her pencil and paper, and she strove to write—thought she had written, and handed it to them to read. Ah! the poor fingers had only traced illegible characters—no word could, by the most skilled decipherer, be made out of those rambling lines. She was dying, with some weight upon her mind, and could make no sign.

Fashion tripped gaily about; for now evening had fallen, and wondered if a match would come of this, and if Courtenay Brooke was caught at last, and other surmises of the like ilk. And it hoped to-morrow would be a good day for the coming picnic, and declared *he* would never be missed, etc., etc. And just as it was wound up to a pitch of baffled curiosity and wounded pride beyond all telling, the announcement was made that Miss Neil had found speech at last, and had called for a Catholic priest!

Fashion sat down to recover itself, and awaited the issue.

(To be concluded.)

MARIE ANTOINETTE IN THE TEMPLE.

THE literature of the French Revolution seems to be inexhaustible. We are continually receiving fresh additions to our stock of minute information concerning it, and it seems likely that the accumulation of memoirs and documents, which is ever on the increase, will gradually make us acquainted with more personal histories connected with it than with any other catastrophe of the kind that the world has ever seen. Foremost, of course, in interest among the tragic features of that terrible drama must be placed all that relates to Louis XVI and his unfortunate family. The king himself is well enough known to us all—good, honest, somewhat commonplace, if it were not for the passive virtues brought out in him by his sufferings, pious, weak, too diffident in himself, too credulous in the intentions and assurances of others. Marie Antoinette is becoming more known than she was: her letters have been published, and her character vindicated from the stains which had been cast upon it; Madame Elizabeth is a clearly drawn figure by the side of her brother and his wife; and M. de Beauchesne, in his *Life of Louis XVII*, has brought together all that can possibly be desired about the history of the Dauphin. This book is, indeed, one of the most perfect works of its kind that it has ever been our lot to meet with. No history of the French Revolution is, in certain respects, equal to this, in which the central figure is a child, born "in the purple" only, as it were, to have a title to the crown of a martyr rather than of a monarch, and to be the single victim of all those who perished in that dreadful visitation who was at once the most innocent and the most helpless, and whose slow agony touches us the most deeply. The book reads like one of the most solemn and pathetic of the Greek tragedies—only that we see the chastisement broken by a thousand gleams of mercy and tenderness, and the sufferings of the devoted family elevated, soothed, and gilded by Christian faith, resignation, and the charity which forgives and prays for its murderers.

We hope to return ere long to this fascinating book, which tells the tale we have so often heard without being weary of it, in a way which makes us feel as if it had never been told before. At present we have room but for a single scene —which illustrates, indeed, no very remarkable feature in the character of Marie Antoinette—for it can hardly be called remarkable that a mother should refuse to quit her children under the circumstances in which the royal family found themselves after the execution of the king. Still, when we draw for ourselves the picture of the noble and haughty daughter of Maria Teresa, and mourn over her tragic end at the guillotine, we do not always remember that but for her own choice she might have been freed from the Temple before the time when there was no longer a chance that her life might be spared. After the murder of her husband, the queen never deceived herself as to the fate reserved for her by her enemies; and she might easily have foreseen, during the few months which passed before her son was torn from her, that they would not long be allowed to share their captivity one with another, and her presence elsewhere, animating the Vendean revolt, or even in the armies of the emigrants, might have served powerfully to advance the cause of her son.

This, indeed, strikes us throughout the whole of the story of Louis XVI

and his family. It is less the history of a king, queen, prince, and princess, than that of husband and wife, parents and children. Louis, as it seems, was not at first passionately fond of his wife; his nature, perhaps, was not of the most expansive or impressible character. Nevertheless, when adversities begin, and the clouds gather ever darker and thicker over the devoted house, the life of its members is the simple happy existence of a most affectionate family. Their first and only thought seems to be to keep together. Indeed the king's domestic character stood seriously in the way of the only hope that dawned on him of escaping the fate that was prepared for him. The flight towards Montmédy, which was stopped at Varennes, failed almost entirely on this account. It would have been perfectly easy for the king to have got away from Paris alone, or for the queen and the Dauphin to have been placed, as De Bouillé proposed, in security. But it was an indispensable condition that the family should be kept together, and so the celebrated *berline* was built on purpose—very much as if Louis Philippe had had a man-of-war built to cross the Channel in. The amount of preparation required for the journey made it a matter of public conversation before the attempt was made, and yet it almost seems as if a little more punctuality and a little more resolution in the endurance of hardships might have brought the royal family safe to their destination. We can imagine how very differently a Bonaparte would have managed his business under the same circumstances. So again, when we read the account of the quiet domestic life led by the royal family in the Temple, the hours arranged for reading and devotion, the king himself undertaking the education of the children, the queen and Madame Elizabeth sitting up at night to mend the clothes, we are struck with the thought how very little more would have been requisite to make them perfectly happy as they were, and what a contrast Louis XVI, with his book in his little room in the turret, dignified by the name of *cabinet de lecture*, presents to the uneasy Prometheus of the Empire, chained to his rock in the centre of the Atlantic.

Our increasing knowledge of the details of the Revolution confirms those anticipations we might naturally have formed as to the great admixture of good elements in what looks at first sight as a boiling sea of vice, crime, and barbarity. More than half the people were dragged into the vortex against their will, and acted unwillingly and from fear alone in the scenes of violence which have become historic. We can never be sure of any one. We might have supposed, for instance, that the barber who dressed the hair of the head of the Princesse de Lamballe, when it was to be carried on a pike and presented at the window of the Temple for Marie Antoinette to recognize, must have been almost as great a barbarian as the men who exposed her body to insult, tore out her heart, and ate it. On the contrary, the barber was a royalist, and probably saved the life of a friend of the princess, who had taken refuge in his shop, and fainted at the news of her death, by standing before her and pushing her into a back room while he conversed coolly with the murderers. Thus we find that, even among the *commissaires* of the Commune appointed to keep up the vexatious inspection to which the royal family was exposed, men were found who not only sympathized with them, but were ready to risk their own lives in their service. Two of these commissioners, Lepitre and Toulan, had been won over to the royal cause, even before the trial and death of Louis XVI, by the patience and resignation which they

witnessed in the prisoners of 'emple. They managed to be uard together, by arranging, ut apparent concert, to take turns which their colleagues ally avoided, the Saturdays Sundays; and they also con- l that their single companion oever he might be—(for there always three commissioners on watch)—should have the day e, and leave them the night, there was less difficulty in lly communications with the ı and Madame Elizabeth, who thus supplied with papers and igence, and able to send mes- to their friends. Toulan had great fortune to be able to get Marie Antoinette what were in yes the most precious of treas- the king's ring and seal, and locks of hair—her own, his sis- and his children's—which he carried about him till the very and committed to the charge of aithful Cléry just before his ex- on. They had been sealed up placed in the room which he occupied; but Toulan managed btract them and leave counter- in their place. Toulan was the d who conceived the plan for escape of the queen, Madame ıbeth, and the children, which almost successful in the course ıe March of 1793. Marie An- tte placed him in communica- with the Chevalier de Jarjayes, rfectly devoted royalist officer, Lepitre was also admitted to confidence. The two ladies to be dressed as men, and to pass-cards furnished them, h it was perfectly easy for Le- to procure. The difficulty was t the children; but this was not mountable. It so happened there was a lamplighter who the charge of the lights in the ple, and so entered and left it evening, just about the time change of the guard; and this had two children who often accompanied and helped him, and who were about the age and height of the young prince and his sister. So it was arranged that a friend of M. de Jarjayes should dress himself in the same way and come to the tower after the guard had been relieved. The real lamplighter would have gone before this had taken place; then the disguised gentleman was to be severely reprimanded by Toulan for sending his children to do his work for him, and to be dismissed amid a storm of reproaches with Louis XVII and his sister under his charge. M. de Jarjayes undertook to provide for their safety when they were once out of the Temple. There was no fear about passports, for Lepitre himself was president of the committee by whom they were ordinarily issued.

The plan might easily have been executed, at least as far as concerned Marie Antoinette and Madame Elizabeth; but unfortunately it was conceived a few days too late. It had been determined to try it on the 8th of March. Before that day came, the successes of the Austrians at Aix-la-Chapelle, Maestricht, and Liége caused great disturbance in Paris, and a clamor was raised to close the gates of the city against persons desirous of leaving it. The last struggle between the Girondists and the Mountain was beginning—and the general alarm and excitement forced the men in power to be unusually vigilant over their important captives in the Temple, especially over the young king. Dumouriez was denounced in the convention on the 12th of March; La Vendée rose at last the day after. The friends of the royal family gave up in despair their hopes of rescuing Louis XVII; but they plied his mother with every possible argument and entreaty to induce her to save her life for his sake and her own, by a timely flight. They informed her of what was now a matter of current talk in Paris, the intention to bring her to trial and execution. Madame

Elizabeth, with noble self-forgetfulness, joined her prayers to those of Toulan. At length the queen yielded —or appeared to yield—and the day was appointed. That night Madame Royale—the girl who was afterwards Duchesse d'Angoulême, the only one of the prisoners of the Temple who was to survive her captivity—lay awake in her bed, and as her door was half open, she heard what passed between her mother and her aunt as they sat by the bedside of the sleeping boy. "God grant," said Marie Antoinette, "that this child may be happy!" "He will be happy," said Madame Elizabeth, and she pointed to his face,—bright, sweet, and noble. "Youth is short, as joy is short: happiness, like everything else, comes to an end. And you, my sister, when and how shall I see you again?—no, it cannot be, it cannot be." Marie Antoinette had given up her plan of escape: nothing could induce her to leave her children. When Toulan came the next day, full of his great enterprise, he found her changed. He would reproach her, she said, but she had reflected. "Here there is nothing to be feared but danger; death is better than remorse." She told him afterwards that she should die unhappy if she had not proved to him her gratitude. "I shall die very unhappy, madame," he answered, "if I have not been able to prove to you my devotion." He was to perish on the guillotine in little more than a year. The queen gave him a letter to M. de Jarjayes, in which she thanked him for his faithfulness, and committed to his charge the relics which Toulan had procured for her, and which she too well knew that she would not live long to keep herself. The seal and the locks of hair were to be sent to the Comte de Provence (afterwards Louis XVIII), and the ring, with the hair of the king, to the Comte d'Artois.

Two months later, another plan was devised for the rescue of the royal family. Toulan and Lepitre, with some others like them, had been removed from the list of commissioners on account of the denunciations of Tison, though the plot which they had contrived was never discovered. Things were getting worse and worse in Paris: the Girondists had been sacrificed, the Mountain and Robespierre were victorious. Marie Antoinette had still a friend among the commissioners—Michonis. He saw too plainly that the danger to her life was increasing, and he entered into communication with the Baron de Batz, a most determined and intrepid royalist, who stayed in Paris at the risk of his head solely for the purpose of serving the royal cause. He had almost organized a rescue for Louis XVI himself on his way to the scaffold, and he now arranged a singularly bold plan for the deliverance of his family. He kept himself hid, chiefly, in the house of Cortey, a grocer, a captain of the National Guard of the terrible "Section Lepelletier," who was his sworn friend, and he had also gained Chrétien, one of the jury of the Revolutionary Tribunal. This man managed to get Cortey appointed as one of the commanders of the guard of the Temple; and with Michonis the commissioner within the tower, and Cortey the commanding officer of the guard without, at his disposal, De Batz seemed likely to have every chance for accomplishing his purpose. The plan was very simple and daring, for it supposed the faithfulness of a great number of persons. The whole number of men—about thirty—on guard during two hours—from midnight till two in the morning—were in the secret; uniforms were to be introduced into the tower, which the queen and Madame Elizabeth were to put on. The sentinels were to say nothing when Cortey, as commander, ordered the opening of the gates, and a whole patrol was to march out, in the middle of which the children were to be placed. This plot, again, was never detected; but

warning was given in a mysterious way to Simon, a personal enemy of Michonis, and, like him, one of the commissioners of the Commune, that treachery was intended, and half an hour before midnight, when everything was prepared, Simon appeared with an order that the command of the tower was to be placed in his own hands. De Batz, who had managed to be enrolled under a false name in the company under the command of Cortey, had the presence of mind to escape undetected: Michonis gave up his command with the most perfect self-possession, and was able the next day to persuade his colleagues that the alarm had been a false one, got up out of spite by Simon. But the opportunity was lost forever. A few weeks after, the poor young prince was torn from his mother and the other captives, and put under the charge of the hateful Simon; and in the January of the next year, almost exactly twelve months after the death of her husband, Marie Antoinette herself fell under the guillotine,—which she might have escaped if she could have parted from her children.

BABEAU, THE QUEEN OF THE HALLE.

A SKETCH, COMPILED FROM THE LIFE OF THE REV. PERE BARELLE, S. J.

Part I.

The picturesque, busy, trading, noisy town of Marseilles, famous as one of the principal, if not the principal, seaports on the Mediterranean; famous also for its sunny skies, its magnificent villas, its grand sanctuary of Notre Dame de la Garde, and the talented, turbulent, active character of its inhabitants, who inherit, the women especially, the classical beauty of the Grecian race from which they spring—was the native city of Madame Sabatier, commonly called Babeau, the Provencal abbreviation of Elizabeth. Some thirty years ago she reigned supreme in the immense halle, or market-place, of the old Phocian city, where tradition says that Lazarus, the friend of our Blessed Lord, became the first Christian Bishop; and near which St. Mary Magdalene spent the last years of her life in prayer and penance, at a place called La Beaume, where the cave in a rock which was her abode, has ever been the resort of pilgrims and an object of continued veneration.

Babeau was a woman of immense size, great beauty, and prodigious strength, and extraordinary boldness. Everybody in Marseilles knew by name, if not by sight, the handsome and formidable Babeau, whom even the police were afraid of. It was difficult to find a *sergent-de-ville* who would venture to interfere with this muscular heroine, and her sovereignty over the market-place was absolute. Her stall was famous for its beautiful fruits; her peaches, her pomegranates, and her grapes were superior to those of any other seller; but woe betide the unhappy person who would have ventured in any instance to question their merits or dispute their price! A volley of abuse instantly overwhelmed such rash individuals, who were fortunate if they escaped without having something thrown at their heads, or a great spattering of mud on their clothes, which were the usual means

by which Babeau backed her eloquence. If a quarrel or a fight arose amongst her subjects, she did not stop to consider on what side justice might happen to be, but fell mercilessly on the strongest party, and always came off victorious. She used to declare "that there was no fun in making a woman go down on her knees; but that to knock down a man, throw him into the gutter, and give him a good drubbing, was something worth speaking of." These sort of exploits, accompanied by fearful oaths and loud vociferations, were daily occurrences; and all the market-sellers were so afraid of Babeau, that nobody ventured to do anything against her will, or even without her permission. She went by the name of the Queen of the Halle (market).

Besides her violence and outrageous acts, her conduct was in other respects scandalous. Though married to a cab-driver called Joseph Sabatier, she was not in reality his wife. Nobody ventured to remonstrate with her, except a quiet gentle neighbor, who now and then said a few words on the subject, bore with patience the bursts of anger and abuse which ensued, and was always praying for Babeau's conversion, and quietly hoping for the day when grace would touch her soul. Many would have said this was hoping against hope. One day, however, this good woman met her terrible friend, and said to her:

"I say, there is a famous Jesuit preaching at Trinity Church. You ought to come and hear him; his sermons are quite a treat."

"I go to church?" Babeau exclaimed; "what next, I wonder? I should like to hear of any one converting *me!* You might as soon think of converting the devil. As sure as I am alive, I shall go to hell. But as you say it is a Jew" (she had never heard of Jesuits) "who is preaching at Trinity Church, I shall just go and hear what he has to say."

Great was the surprise of the congregation when Babeau was seen stalking up the church, where nobody had ever seen her before, and taking up her position exactly opposite the pulpit.

It was the Rev. Father Barrelle, one of those wholly religious who speak like apostles and live like saints, who was at that moment giving a Retreat. The meditation that day was on the parable of the Prodigal Son. He threw himself into the subject with all the ardor of a soul devoured with zeal and consumed by the burning desire of drawing sinners to the feet of our Blessed Lord. He was himself a native of the south of France, and gifted with the passionate eloquence which his countrymen so often possess; a man of pure and spotless life, of great austerity, and of boundless charity. Babeau has never in her life heard anything like Father Barrelle's preaching. She kept every minute bounding from her chair, and exclaiming, in an undervoice:

"It is for me he is preaching. This sermon is on purpose for me. It is all about me (Es per you que si fa lou sermoun. Tout au mi regardo)." And as she came out of the church, she cried out in a sort of transport, "That father's words have pierced my heart; I have heard a sermon that has gone through and through me!" and tears were streaming from her eyes.

She spent the interval between this discourse and the following one in a state of great agitation. She was pining to hear the Père Barrelle again. At last he mounted the pulpit, and began his sermon. As he went on, divine love took such impetuous possession of his soul, that he gave utterance to a cry which rose from the very depths of his heart:

"O my Jesus, my Jesus! I must have a soul! I want it—I must have it! You must not deny me!"

And after a pause, he again addressed our Lord, repeating the same

words, as if almost beside himself with the intensity of his desire.

Babeau's emotion was indescribable. She thought it was her soul the father was claiming with that intense vehemence, and she was about to exclaim several times, "Here it is—here is my soul!" Grace was working a stupendous change in that ardent and passionate nature. She was afraid that the preacher would die of the violence of his desire to win her soul to God, and that she should be the cause of his death. Entirely subdued by these new feelings, forgetting all human respect, absorbed by the power of divine grace, she rushed out of the church the moment the sermon was over, crying out, to the great surprise of the crowd:

"That father has caught me! Oh, that father has quite caught me! I must go to confession."

It was late in the evening. Father Barrelle was exhausted with heat and fatigue; but no sooner had he reached the community. house than he was told that a woman insisted upon seeing him immediately, in order to go to confession. He went directly to the parlor, and found Babeau, who fell at his feet, crying bitterly. He encouraged and soothed the poor penitent, and appointed an hour to meet her in the church on the following day. Very early in the morning she was at the feet of the good priest, made her confession with the deepest signs of contrition, and consented to every sacrifice he required. It was necessary that she should separate from Joseph, and that condition she also courageously accepted.

Like the Samaritan woman, who hastened to tell all her neighbors that she had found a Saviour, she went about everywhere, relating by what means she had been converted, and what fatherly advice she had received from the holy servant of God. All the ladies of Marseilles wished to see her, and to hear from her own lips her extraordinary history, which, told in her forcible picturesque language, with more than the ordinary poetry and eloquence of a southern imagination, powerfully moved the hearts of those who heard it.

From the memorable day of her conversion, Babeau's life was a constant and generous act of reparation for her former sins. The first thing she did was to go to the market-place, publicly to declare her sorrow for her past conduct, and ask forgiveness for the scandal she had given and the acts of violence she had committed.

"You have been the ruin of many souls," her spiritual father had said; "now you must try and save as many as you can."

From that hour this true penitent devoted herself to an apostolate amongst her companions. One by one she humbled herself before them, acknowledging her wickedness, and begging them to forgive all her ill-usage; and then went on to entreat them to follow her example, and to go and seek from the servant of God absolution from their sins.

Every day regularly she was seen coming to Father Barrelle's confessional with a train of at least five or six women, and sometimes a much greater number. Sometimes her persuasions partook a little of the character of her former methods of compulsion; but if the penitents were dragged slightly against their will into the confessional, they all came out of it very happy, and proceeded in their turn to act the part of missionaries, and bring new recruits to the good father.

The effect of these conversions soon began to be perceptible, and the market, which had been the habitual scene of constant quarrels, became by degrees quite peaceful. As soon as a contention arose, Babeau was on the spot, and almost always managed to settle the matter. The tone of the place was gradually changed. Business began to be carried on quietly; the coarse abuse,

the oaths, and all that dreadful slang made up of curses and blasphemy, for which the market-place at Marseilles had been famous, by degrees ceased to be heard.

Part II.

The name of Father Barrelle was in general veneration. They all called him their "father" or their "good father." His first care was to secure the continuance of this work of conversion, by giving to these women, full of good impulses, and most of them warm-hearted, sufficient instruction and such habits of piety as would enable them to persevere in their ardent but too often weak resolutions.

He united all these recent converts in a Christian association, to which he gave the name of St. Anne's Congregation. In the course of the two years during which he directed it, this confraternity increased rapidly, and many hundred members were enrolled in it before he left Marseilles. He organized the work, wrote the rules, and made the plan for the weekly meetings. Every Thursday he came himself to give an instruction to his dear children, adapting all his discourses to their habits of mind and of life, interesting them by stories which pleased their lively fancy, and illustrated the doctrines he wished to teach and the precepts he enforced. Often he mixed in his addresses some words of his and their native Provencal, a language familiar once to kings and bards, and that even on the lips of illiterate persons has a strange poetic power.

The children of St. Anne had an unbounded affection for and confidence in their holy director; but they often put his patience to a severe test by their indiscreet and turbulent zeal, and the endless flow of their inexhaustible loquacity. He used to be seen surrounded as by a swarm of bees buzzing around him, with his head gently bowed down on his breast, and a smile of the sweetest kindness on his lips, trying gently to stay this torrent of words, but never by an impatient look or word distancing the good fish-women and fruit-sellers who composed his audience, or rather, who compelled him to listen to them. By dint of humility and perseverance he brought at last under control the vehemence of this characteristic impetuosity.

He was explaining one day the necessity every soul is under of daily repairing the spiritual injuries it sustains. Comparing it to a ship sailing to its eternal home, he said that they had often occasion to notice how the poor battered hulks of the vessels that came into port had to be carefully repaired, and if this was neglected, and they went to sea again with their leaks unstopped and their sails torn to pieces, how certainly they would come to grief.

Now it happens that the French word for the hulk of a ship is sometimes used in common parlance as a term of contempt. The fiery ladies of the Halle, taking no heed of the figurative use the preacher had made of it, were frantic at the supposed insult. Some of them burst into tears, others flew into a passion; and they all declared that they should never get over the contemptuous way in which the father had spoken of their souls, and his bad opinion of them.

As soon as the report of this burst of outraged feelings reached him, Father Barrelle hastened to gather them together, and addressed them in these words:

"Is it possible that my children, my dear daughters of St. Anne, can suppose for a moment that I intended to insult them—I, their father, who have been so long devoted to them, and who would willingly give my life to save their souls? How could I give you a stronger proof of my regard than by my constant efforts to improve and console you? But since I have involuntarily hurt and offended my dear children, I humbly entreat them to forgive me."

No sooner had he uttered the words than the whole congregation began to weep; and from that day forward the love and confidence towards their spiritual father was unbounded.

In 1845 Father Barrelle gave a Retreat to the congregation of St. Anne. At the close of the exercises, a statue of their holy patroness was placed in the church where their meetings took place, and it is now always carried by the guild in their processions on great festivals, and in their pilgrimages to Notre Dame de la Garde.

In 1845, when in the chamber of deputies at Paris the Society of Jesus was violently attacked, and a report gained ground that all its houses were about to be suppressed, the market-sellers of Marseilles rose, may we say, like one woman, in defence of their father and their friend. They organized themselves into bands, and agreed to watch day and night by turns the abode of their benefactors, and declared that nothing should induce them to let an enemy approach it. The authorities had to be reassured by Father Barrelle, who went to assure them that he answered for his children's keeping the peace at his request. Perhaps it was a member of Père Barrelle's flock who, at a Red Republican meeting at Marseilles a short time ago, lifted up her voice when the Jesuits were denounced, and, bolder than most men dare to be in our days, exclaimed, "And what harm, in God's name, have they ever done to you?"

Another kind of aggression was met with a similar manifestation. It reached their ears that the provincial had appointed Father Barrelle to another post. There was a general outcry and complaints, and no mild epithets applied to the unhappy superior. But when it became actually known that the father was starting that day, a rush was made to the place whence the coach was to start, and the equipage at once surrounded and detained. No efforts of the driver or of the police could avail. At last the father was requested to get out, that the other passengers might not be detained. A deputation was instantly formed from the guild of St. Anne, which set off at once for Lyons; and they managed so well—they must have been eloquent indeed to touch the heart of a Jesuit Provincial—that he actually relented, and Father Barrelle was allowed to remain at Marseilles. Later on, when he was withdrawn from his devoted children, care was taken to observe an absolute secrecy as to his removal, and he stole away like a thief in the night.

Babeau was for many years president of St. Anne's guild. Now and then the natural violence of her character broke out. Grace had changed but not completely subdued it. It may be easily imagined what fierce struggles with her passions this poor woman must have gone through, especially in the earlier days of her conversion.

Once she heard a woman sneer at Father Barrelle's sermon. She remained silent a moment; then, ready to burst, she darted off, and pushed her way into the holy man's confessional.

"Father, father!" she gasped, "for once—just for this once—let me off my promise. Just once, for the last time!"

The father tried to calm her, and asked what permission she wanted. When he found it was to be allowed to give a box on the ear to the abovementioned offender, and that Babeau was in such a towering passion that it would be in vain to propose to her an act of pure virtue, he said,

"Well, my child, will you do something for my sake—something to please me?"

"O yes, father; I'd die for you if I could."

"Well, my child, instead of giving that woman a box on the ear, you will go and buy something at her stall, and you will speak to her very civilly."

Babeau made a violent effort, conquered herself, and did exactly what the father told her.

She always spoke of him as if he were her own particular property. "*My* father, *my* good father," were the words constantly on her lips. She had no idea this could displease him or be considered unbecoming; and indeed the ardent gratitude of her heart, as well as the frank and demonstrative way of speaking natural to the inhabitants of Provence, made it less singular than it might otherwise have seemed. She knew that the fathers had no fixed resources, and relied on Providence for their daily support. So she went every morning round the market, begging provisions for the good father; and if he were leaving Marseilles on some apostolic mission, Babeau was sure to be found standing near the door of the diligence with a well-stored basket, which, to the great annoyance of the good father, she insisted on thrusting into the vehicle. But neither rebukes, scoldings, nor refusals could check these troublesome tokens of Babeau's gratitude. "He has taken the badness out of my heart," she used to say. "I must give him good things in return."

After Father Barrelle had left Marseilles, she managed to save enough money to go and see him at Avignon, and from time to time wrote to tell him how she was going on. He was kind enough to write to her in return, and his letters were read by all Marseilles; for when Babeau had heard from her good father, everybody was to share in her happiness, and she used to stop the bishop's carriage in the street, in order to show monseigneur what the holy man had written to her. Monseigneur Marevol never complained of this proceeding, and congratulated her on having such a good father.

This great servant of God came once after his removal from the house at Marseilles to give a Retreat to the confraternity of St. Anne; and in 1847 he preached the Lenten sermons at the Mission de France. Once or twice only in the intervals he passed through the town, and maintained a strict incognito, in order to avoid the noisy marks of attachment with which the market-women would have greeted him. On one of these occasions he met Babeau in the street as he was going to the diligence. She made an exclamation; but seeing in her dear father's countenance that he did not wish to be spoken to, she went and seated herself in silence on a door-step at a little distance from the carriage. The tears were streaming down her face, and Père Barrelle, turning to a friend who was with him, said, "There are few hearts like that woman's."

She co-operated actively in another of the good works of this indefatigable missioner. After the guild of St. Anne had been some time established, he said to her one day, "You have brought me plenty of women. Now, my child, I want men to lead the way, and give a good example to others." Babeau demurred a little at this proposal, but soon complied with the father's wish, and in the first instance brought her husband to him. Since her conversion she had married Joseph, who was a well-disposed man, and proved in time quite an apostle in his way. He and his friends were the first members of the guild of St. Joseph, which has now 2000 associates. Some years afterwards Father Barrelle was passing through Marseilles, and accidentally heard that Joseph was dying. He hurried to his house, where Babeau was tearing her hair, and crying out for her good father. He pacified the poor woman, assisted her husband in his last moments, and left her resigned to the will of God.

Babeau had many trials before her death. She was unboundedly charitable, and never hesitated to lend or give away what she possessed. Having generously but incautiously as-

sisted a person with a sum which was necessary to the support of her own little business, it was never repaid to her, and she fell into great poverty. Her mind became affected, and it was Father Barrelle's friends who ministered to her wants during the remainder of her life. In his letters he often reminded them to look after his poor Babeau, and expressed the kindest interest in her welfare. Perhaps his prayers obtained for this true penitent the grace of suffering on earth, of atoning for the sins of her youth in this world, and of reaping in heaven the reward of those who turn many unto righteousness. Her story is full of useful lessons. It shows that we should not despair of any one's conversion—that the greatest sinner may become an instrument of mercy to others—that there is an apostolate which can be carried on in the market-places and in the work-rooms of great cities—and that the strong will and quick impetuous feelings which when undisciplined tend to crime and misery, if turned by the grace of God into the right channel, may effect results which gladden the angels of God, and add, as our Lord has emphatically told us, to the very joy of heaven. O, that many in our courts and alleys—many of those warm passionate loving souls that to-day give scandal to their neighbors, but have in them the elements of so much good, and the faith that works miracles—would do like the fruit-seller of Marseilles, and become apostles to their country-people, and a joy to the Heart of our Divine Lord!

NAMELESS GRAVES.

A WILDERNESS of humble mounds
They seem a sight the heart to stab,
With bitter thought, that soldiers' lives
Bought not their names the simplest slab;

And in the shadow of such thought,
They seem to speak a bitter tale
Of noble strivings lost and vain—
Sad echo of each life's death-wail.

But ah! with clasp of proudest love,
Close to her broad and tender heart,
Our country folds them, feeling them,
Of her great life, a sacred part.

Majestic life! and they, its pulse,
The unnamed dead that slumber there!
The world hath crowned her Empress. She
With each pale brow the crown doth share.

And though on marble slab or shaft,
Their honored names cannot be graved
In writing that no blot can touch,
Are they from dark oblivion saved?

For on some mourning woman's heart,
Each nameless grave can find its name,
With love and tears so proudly traced,
The world could give them no such fame!

JAPANESE SOCIAL LIFE.

THERE is a general air of resemblance between social life in Japan and social life in the Western kingdoms. The Japanese meet to talk, to sing, to dance, to play; they make water parties and drink tea together; they hunt and hawk; they ask riddles, and they play at forfeits; they act charades, and no doubt they sometimes gossip about friends and acquaintances.

But here we come to a point of divergence; and as their prayers are executed by the revolutions of a wheel, and as a fervent spirit stands no chance against a vigorous arm, so we find another anomaly in regard to scandal. It is done by a professor, who makes a business of it; gets up his innuendoes and facts and incidents, and recites them in public at so much an hour. But the strangest part of the thing is, that this professional scandalmonger is a polished gentleman. He is looked up to as a model of politeness and high breeding, and is expected to raise the tone of the society which he enlivens by his anecdotes. In fact, the general air of resemblance fades away when we look into some of the details of the three great events of life, birth, death, and marriage, and find how strangely they are conducted by the inhabitants of the Eastern kingdom.

Take, for example, a marriage. A Japanese "gentleman about to marry" may be influenced in his choice by any or all of the many motives which influence gentlemen in Europe. By way of making known his intentions to the family of the lady whom he has chosen, however, he affixes the branch of a certain shrub to her father's house. If it is accepted, so is the lover; if no notice is taken of it, he withdraws his suit.

If affection has drawn him to the maiden, and she wishes to show that she reciprocates his feelings, she blackens her teeth, and they will remain black for the rest of her life. At a later stage of the proceedings, she will pluck out her eyebrows. We must suppose that the gentlemen appreciate these marks of devotion; but only imagine an Englishwoman slitting her nose or cutting off her ears, in order to gain favor in the eyes of the man she loves?

When the branch is accepted, that terrible routine of ceremonies is commenced, which, in Japan, demand the study of a lifetime to comprehend, and the patience and long-suffering of a martyr to perform. There is a ceremonious appointment of male friends of the bridegroom and female friends of the bride, and a ceremonious meeting between them to arrange the terms of the marriage-contract, and select two auspicious days, one for a ceremonious interview between the affianced pair, and the other for the crowning ceremony, the wedding.

Let not the uninitiated suppose that crowning is synonymous with concluding. It is rather the grand inaugural ceremony, and signifies that from henceforth until the time when the poor worn-out frame is carried to its last home, in a coffin shaped like a washing-tub, no event of life, important or unimportant, shall be passed over without its appropriate ceremony.

A Japanese lady is not exactly purchased of her father. Still very costly presents are expected for a handsome daughter, and the best the bridegroom can afford in any case. These presents, which are sent to the lady, are at once made over by her to her parents, and are kept by them. They, in return, send some articles of trifling value to the bridegroom. Next comes the ceremony of burning the childish toys of the bride; then that of preparing her trousseau,—

which includes articles of household furniture, all the requisites for the kitchen, a spinning-wheel, and a loom.

Some authors maintain that marriage in Japan is a civil contract only, and is unaccompanied by any religious solemnization. Others say that there is a religious ceremony, and that the marriage must be registered in the temple to which the young couple belong. Prayers and benedictions are there pronounced by the priest, and there is a formal kindling of bridal torches, the bride's from the altar, and the bridegroom's from the bride's; after this they are proclaimed to be man and wife.

Now begins the business of the day. The unhappy lady with her black teeth is dressed in white, and when she leaves her father's house she is covered from head to foot in the garment which is to be her shroud. In this plight she is seated in a norimon, or palanquin, and carried forth to parade the greater part of the town, escorted by her family and friends. When she reaches the bridegroom's house, two of her youthful friends accompany her to the state-room. These friends, instead of bridesmaids, are called the male and female butterfly. In this state-room sits the bridegroom in the seat of honor, with his parents and nearest relations; and there are two tables in the apartment very elaborately arranged. On one there is a miniature representation of a fir tree, emblematic of man's strength; of a plum tree in blossom, the emblem of woman's beauty; and of cranes and tortoises for long life and happiness. On the second table stands all the apparatus for drinking saki, the national beer. By this, the bride in her shroud and the attendant butterflies take their place; and here they commence pouring out, presenting, and drinking saki, amidst formalities which Pet-singh says are numerous and minute beyond description or conception. When the drinking bout is over the wedding guests appear, and the evening is spent in eating and drinking saki. In deference to the frugality and simplicity of the early Japanese, the wedding feast consists of very simple fare.

Three days after this, the bride and bridegroom pay a visit to the lady's family; the bride plucks out her eyebrows, and the wedding forms are over.

It constantly happens that fathers in Japan, worn out by the vexations, burdens, and restrictions attached to the condition of head of a family, resign this dignity to the son; either as soon as he is of age to assume the position, or at his marriage. Thenceforward the father with his wife and younger children become dependants on the eldest son.

Infants in Japan, with the exception of one day, are absolutely free; wearing no clothing that can impede the growth and development of body and limb, and being victimized by no ceremonious observances.

The exceptional day is that on which the child receives a name; for a girl the thirtieth, and for a boy the thirty-first day after birth. The baby is carried to the family temple, accompanied by its wardrobe,—by the abundance of which the wealth and dignity of the father are estimated—and by a large procession of friends and servants. Last of all walks a maid-servant carrying a box, which contains money for the priestess and three names on a slip of paper. These names are submitted by the priestess to the god to whom the temple is dedicated; she announces which has been selected, and names the child, which she sprinkles with water.

The new member of society is then carried to several other temples—for religious exclusiveness is unknown in Japan, and the members of different sects deem it an act of courtesy to visit each other's gods and do them reverence. Lastly, it

is carried to the house of the father's nearest kinsman. He gives it a bundle of hemp to spin it a long life, and various charms and relics; to these, if it is a boy, he adds two fans—to represent swords, and if a girl, a shell of paint—typical of beauty. The baby then remains free and unconfined for three years; at the expiration of that time, whether boy or girl, the clothes are confined at its waist by a girdle, and it is taught to pray.

The boy receives a mantle of ceremony at seven years old, and—with appropriate religious observances—a new name. This change of name must be one of the most perplexing of Japanese customs. The boy changes his name again when he is of age; and this third name is in its turn laid by for a fourth when he obtains office—and every Japanese, unless of the very lowest rank, holds some official position. But this is not all; no official subaltern may bear the same name as his chief; so that every new appointment to a post of importance necessitates a change for all those who may happen to be namesakes of the great man.

One of the old missionaries compiled a grammar of the Japanese language, but he declined explaining the mode of handwriting; he said that it had been "invented by the devil to perplex poor missionaries and impede the progress of the Gospel." We may make a similar remark as to this system of changing the name, which extends even to the throne. Can any mechanical contrivance make the study of Japanese history and biography possible?

But to return to the children. It is said that children of both sexes and of all ranks are sent to elementary schools, where they learn reading and writing, and even, in spite of the obvious difficulties, acquire some knowledge of the history of their country. This education is deemed sufficient for the lower orders, and it is said that there is not even a day laborer in Japan who has not received as much as this.

Children of the upper classes leave these schools for others of a higher order, in which they are taught morals and manners; taught all the wonderful science of good breeding in Japan, and the innumerable laws of etiquette applying to every person of all ranks and stations in the empire. Then, too, they must have a thorough knowledge of the almanac, with all its lucky and unlucky days, since it would not only be disastrous but disgracefully vulgar to marry, or take a journey, or do anything of importance on an unlucky day.

In addition to this, boys are taught arithmetic and the whole mystery of the Hari-Kari, or Happy Dispatch. This Happy Dispatch is no other than the art of disembowelling themselves. As it is, to every well-born man, the possible mode of the termination of his existence, it is necessary that he should know not only how to perform the operation gracefully, but with what ceremonies it should be accompanied, and what degree of publicity or privacy the peculiar occasion may require. Above all, he must be thoroughly well grounded in all the occasions, the causes, and the situations in which the Happy Dispatch may be imperative on a gentleman and a man of honor.

Princes and all members of the higher classes ask permission to perform the Happy Dispatch when sentenced to death, and this is generally granted. The criminal, however, does not make away with himself in a quiet manner. On the contrary, he assembles his family and friends, puts on his richest garments, makes a most eloquent speech, and looking blandly around him, throws aside his robe, and makes the slash upwards and then across which terminates his existence.

Two high officers of the court meet on the palace stairs and jostle

each other. One is a hot-tempered, violent fellow, and immediately demands satisfaction for the insult. The other is cool and calm; he offers an ample apology, but declines giving any further satisfaction, as the occurrence has been purely accidental. The violent man will not, however, be appeased, and finding that he cannot provoke the other to a conflict, he suddenly draws up his robes, unsheaths his katana, and slashes himself in the prescribed manner.

The instructions received in youth have taught the survivor that in this case only one course is open to the man of honor; he must, in imitation of his adversary, disembowel himself, which he does on the spot, and so falls dying by the side of the dying man whom he had unintentionally offended.

In the year 1808, an English frigate found an entrance into the harbor of Nagasaki, and detained the Dutch who boarded her, as prisoners, demanding fresh beef as their ransom. The governor of Nagasaki had no alternative; the Dutch were under his protection, and must be released, so the beef was supplied. Nevertheless, his conduct would bring disgrace and ruin on himself and his family. He anticipated this, and partly averted it by disembowelling himself, and his example was followed by several others in his house.

The Happy Dispatch is always performed either publicly—that is, in a solemn assembly of friends; or privately—that is, in the presence of the family circle only. It is performed in public when a man has incurred ill-will, or committed some offence which would be visited by punishment, confiscation, or corruption of blood. But justice is satisfied and the punishment obviated by his self-destruction. On some occasions the Happy Dispatch is perpetrated in a temple, after a splendid entertainment given to relations, friends, and the priests of the temple. When it is performed privately in the family circle, it is because a man dies nay boen, or in secret. Possibly he has held some office, and his death is concealed till the reversion of his place has been obtained for his son. Or if deeply in debt, he dies nay boen for the benefit of his creditors, who receive his salary whilst he continues nominally alive.

When the necessity for the nay boen ceases, or when a Japanese dies openly, either by the national Happy Dispatch, or, as a Japanese sometimes dies, in the course of nature, the first sign of mourning is the turning of all doors and screens throughout the house upside down, and all garments inside out.

Leaving now the Hari-Kari, let us turn for a few moments to the last hours of a Japanese, the father or mother of a family, sick of some mortal disorder. When all chance of recovery is at an end, and death seems to be approaching, the garments of the sick person are changed, and clean ones put on; the last wishes are asked for and written down, and the deepest silence is maintained. Men at this time are tended by men, and women by women. When all is over, the relatives come to bewail the dead, and the body is carried to another place, and covered with the robe worn during life, but the skirt is placed over the head, and the sleeves over the feet of the corpse; its head is laid towards the north, with the face turned to the east, and the face is covered with light gauze. Screens are placed round the body to keep away cats, for the Japanese say that if a cat jumps on a corpse, the dead will come to life, and there is a severe law against striking a cat with a broomstick, because, it is said, in that case the body dies again.

The son and heir of the deceased person and his family mourn in white garments; sometimes they tie

up their hair with a hempen cord, and they must neither wash nor eat for three days. If they cannot fast so long, friends may give them a little moist rice.

All matters of business and ceremony are carried on by friends, as the family are supposed to be too much absorbed in sorrow to enter into any of the details and preparations required on this occasion. One friend orders the funeral; another stands at the door of the house, in a dress of ceremony, to receive visits of condolence; another superintends the digging of the grave. This is shaped like a well, and situated in the grounds of a temple. If the deceased be married, the grave is made large enough to receive husband and wife; and on the monument bearing the name of the deceased, the name of the survivor will be engraved, to be blackened or else gilt at a future time.

A fourth friend superintends the laying out of the corpse, and, in a few days, the setting of it up. For the corpse, washed and clothed in a white shroud—for a married woman, the dress that she wore at her wedding—is placed in the sitting posture of the country, in a coffin shaped like a washing-tub, and inclosed in an earthenware vessel of the same shape. Thus it is borne to the grave, in a procession consisting of the family and kindred in mourning garments of pure white, friends in their dress of ceremony, and servants carrying paper lanterns and torches. The ladies of the family and female friends close the procession, each in her own norimon or palanquin, and attended by her female servants. A funeral service is performed by the priests of the temple, and the corpse is interred to a peculiar kind of music, produced by clashing together copper basins. In former times the dead man's house was burnt—now it is merely purified by kindling a great fire before it, and burning odorous oils and spices. Long ago, also, servants were buried alive with their masters; then they were allowed to kill themselves before being buried (in both cases this was expressly stipulated when they were hired); now, effigies are substituted for living men.

For forty-nine days after the funeral, the family of the deceased repair daily to the tomb, where they pray and offer a peculiar kind of cake, as many in number as days have elapsed since the funeral. During this time the men allow their heads and beards to remain uncared for; but on the fiftieth day they are shaven and trimmed, all signs of mourning are laid aside, and both men and women resume their ordinary occupations. For half a century, however, the children and grandchildren of the deceased will continue to visit and make offerings at the tomb.

"Not always full of leaf, nor ever spring;
Not endless night, yet not eternal day:
The saddest bird a season finds to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise yet fear to fall."

LEGEND OF THE MOSS ROSE.

(FROM THE GERMAN.)

In deepest nook of forest glade,
Soft as a velvet carpet laid
  Springs the green, tender moss;
It seemeth little to the sight,
But in its form a wondrous might
  Of leaf and foliage grows.

The forest green, the roses red,
The lowly moss beheld and said,
  "Heaven gave me not such bloom,
For many footsteps pass me near,
And not one eye beholds me here,
  All seek the light of noon."

When lo! in evening's purple gleam,
The Saviour thro' the forest came,
  With worn and pallid brow,
Yet farther stretched His footsore way,
And now he felt the soft moss lay
  His weary feet below.

He had but from the desert come
Parched by the burning sand and sun;
  Now the cool moss He pressed,
"My Father's Hand," the Saviour said,
"Such wondrous love in thee displayed
  In mighty tenderness.

"How blind and dull the eye must be
That in thy meanness cannot see
  Thy Maker's power great.
Thou lowly herb, so little prized,
Yet by My Father not despised,
  Oh, meekly bear thy fate!"

Hardly the words had Jesus said,
There sprung up from the mossy bed,
  A lovely little rose.
Moss-rose 'twas named; and from that hour,
In every land its beauteous flower,
  The type of meekness shows.

It soothed the Saviour's earthly woe,
It softly kissed His feet—and lo!
  Received so great a boon!
Thou too, my heart, tho' crushed with pain,
Still faithful like the moss remain,—
  Thy rose will blossom soon!

A MEETING ON THE ALPS.

THE LEGEND OF BROTHER ALFUS.

I WAS once sitting in front of the stove in a Swiss hotel, drying my feet, which were soaked with snow, while the other travellers in the room, whose talk had been momentarily broken up by my coming in, resettled themselves into their restful attitudes, and began their talk again where they had left off.

I soon felt the gentle warmth filling all my veins. My eyes, dazzled with the glare of the glaciers, were refreshed by the half-light of the room, and my breathing, affected by the rarefied air of the snow peaks, became gradually easier. Delightfully comfortable, I drew still nearer to the hot air-holes, stretched myself more lazily in my rush-bottomed armchair, and began to look about me. Ten or a dozen travellers were in the room, which was in the hotel at Cicogne. They were mostly Germans, as might be discerned by their solemn and philosophical manner of smoking. They did not drink in the fragrant smoke in long draughts, but in little sips and ruminatively, like oxen chewing the cud of the luxuriant herbage. There was only one who smoked with that true French impatience which takes even pleasure with a rush, and him I recognized at once as an Alsatian, whom I had already frequently met in my travels. We exchanged, therefore, greetings as of old acquaintanceship, though till now we had never yet spoken.

"I had the pleasure of seeing you, sir, at Lausanne?"

"And at Chamouni."

"Exactly; so it was."

He bowed, and the conversation ended there. The Alsatian began to speak German to the traveller next him, and I heard him talking about canvas and colza oil. In a few minutes he turned towards one corner of the room, and said, in a somewhat raised voice—"Professor, you know our agreement? you owe me a story."

I looked towards the person thus addressed, and saw a man of middle age, whom I had not remarked before. Near him sat a lady, whom I felt sure was his wife, by those subtle likenesses of manner, gesture, or trick of habit which are only brought about by very intimate union and constant intercourse.

On being thus addressed, the professor shut up the book he was reading, and said—"It is quite true. When we met at Geneva, and I was relating the story of 'the Gulf Stream' to a few friends, I promised you that if ever we met again, I would tell you another tale. I will fulfil that promise now."

The Germans seemed delighted on hearing this. They all refilled their pipes, settled themselves more cosily on their chairs, and the professor began "The Legend of Brother Alfus."

Long before the time of Luther a multitude of convents were seen perched upon our German hilltops. They were for the most part vast buildings, of peaceful aspect, with slender bell-towers springing above the woods, about which a crowd of doves were incessantly flying. In these dwellings the faults which want of knowledge and idleness engender were no doubt often to be found; but many times also there dwelt in them holy men, who were insensible to all earthly pleasures, and whose thoughts were fixed upon the inheritance of Christ. At Olmütz especially, there was a monk whose fame as a good and learned man was widespread, and, like all men who are really full of knowledge, his mind

was exceedingly simple; for knowledge is like traversing the sea, and as the vast horizon expands round us, we feel our own littleness so much the more. Brother Alfus had experienced, however, his dark times of doubting, but after furrowing his brow and whitening his hair by dint of pursuing the subtlest and most fruitless investigations, he had called to his aid his childlike faith, and trusting himself to prayer as to an anchor, he subsided, so to speak, into the trough of the waves, resting in love, in heavenly visions, and in a calm hope. Yet still at times the ship of his soul was rudely buffeted by a storm of temptations. The cravings of the intellect reawoke in their full force, and human reason proudly questioned his Divine faith. Then did Brother Alfus grow sad, for heavy clouds darkened his interior light, his heart grew cold, and he no longer felt able to pray. Wandering at such times through the pine-woods, he would sit down upon the moss-grown rocks or listen to the roar of the torrent. But in vain did he question inanimate nature, for to all his demands, the running streams, the rustling leaves, and the lasting hills had but one reply—"GOD."

Brother Alfus had come out victorious from many such battles, and each one of these victories had strengthened his faith; for temptation is the gymnastic school of the conscience, and, if it is not vanquished, it comes forth strengthened and refreshed.

But now a sharper grief than usual had tortured Brother Alfus for some time. He had long pondered upon the truth that all beautiful things lose their charm by use; that the eye grows accustomed to the most lovely scene, the ear to the sweetest music, the heart to the fondest love; and he began to question within himself how, even in heaven, there can be food for eternal joy. How will the changing moods of the soul not pall amid everlasting splendor? How is it possible for unchanging happiness not to produce weariness in the enjoyer? Eternity! It is a terrible word for a being whose sole law is variety and change. What joy or pleasure is there that a man could wish to last forever? To blot out both past and future; both memory and hope! Eternity! It is a word too stern, too dread for us on earth; what will it be for the dwellers in heaven?

Thus reasoned Brother Alfus, and every day his doubting mood grew in strength. One morning he left the convent long before the Brothers were awake, and went down into the valley. The whole country, steeped in dew, awoke to the sunshine of the dawn, and a poet might have imagined that it was like a girl smiling through her tears. The Brother wandered slowly along the shady paths of the hillside, where the birds, just awake, fluttered in the hawthorns, shaking showers of dew upon his shaven head, while a number of butterflies, still half asleep, flitted here and there in the sunshine drying their wings. Brother Alfus looked abroad over the country, recalling how beautiful he had thought it the first time he saw it, and with what delight he had looked forward to ending his days in such a scene. To him, born in a town, accustomed to narrow, gloomy streets and the sad walls of fortifications, the flowers, the trees, the very air, with its sweet breath, intoxicated him with their newness. The year of noviceship had been a delightful year indeed to him. He had taken long walks in the valleys, and had found out the most enchanting bits of landscape. Brooks singing among the beds of tall gladiolus, glades thronged with nightingales, thickets of wild roses and carpets of wood strawberries—these and a thousand other delights were seen and enjoyed for the first time. It was a glad thing to walk through the hidden pathways, and to find out continually some spring as yet not

tasted, some bed of moss untrodden by the foot of man. But these pleasures were not long-lived. Before much time had elapsed every path through the forest would be explored, the note of every bird would become familiar, every wild flower would be gathered, and then good-by to the pleasure of being in the midst of such scenes. Custom, which seems to enwrap like a veil the actual beauty of creation, makes us both deaf and blind to the reality, and, alas! Brother Alfus had reached this extremity. Like men who have made free use of intoxicating liquors, and cease to feel their effects, he looked with indifference upon the objects formerly so fair to his eyes. How, then, could any kind of eternal beauty fill a soul which all God's works upon earth could only excite to so brief a delight? Thus communing with himself, Brother Alfus wandered on into the depths of the valley. With bowed head, and hands listlessly hanging down, he walked through the woods without seeing anything about him, through dewy glades, across brooks, and over heights. The slender spire of the convent had almost disappeared from view, Olmütz with its towers and fortifications was wrapt in the misty distance, and even the mountains showed upon the horizon only as faint blue clouds. Suddenly the monk stopped, for he had come to the outskirts of a large forest, which seemed boundless to the eye. He heard the melodious hum of insects and the fragrant breeze sighing among the trees. After glancing into the tender gloom of this forest, Alfus hesitatingly entered it, but as if he was on forbidden ground. As he went on the woodland seemed to grow more solemn and vast, the flowers to become sweeter, exhaling a more delicious fragrance. But, unlike the perfumes of earth, this fragrance seemed to penetrate the soul and nerve it with fresh vigor. It was to him as the bracing energy of some good action, or the approach of a friend for whom one feels reverence as well as love.

And soon to this was added a harmony which seemed to fill the whole forest. As he went on, Alfus saw long glades filled with light; and what struck him with greater amazement was to find that the perfume, the light, and the music were one and the same; communicating themselves to him by one perception, as if he had ceased to feel through different senses, and discerned simply with his one soul.

Having now reached the nearest glade and sat down the better to enjoy its marvels, he began to awaken to a kind of voice so soft and impalpable that even the ripple of the lake, the rustle of the breeze, or the breathing of a sleeping child is not so low and noiseless. The murmuring sound of waters, the sweetness of all finest music, seemed to be mingled in that ethereal voice. It was not a song, yet it flowed with melody; it was not articulate language, and yet it spoke; and knowledge, wisdom, and poetry were conveyed to the mind by its sounds. Like heavenly inspiration, it raised the soul, and seemed to float it upward to a loftier sphere. Listening to that voice, one seemed to discern and enter into all knowledge; and as the world of thought is infinite in its secrets, this voice was infinitely various; it could have been heard for ages, and yet have seemed fresh and new. The longer Alfus listened to it, the deeper grew his joy. Every moment he seemed to hear fresh mysteries unfold, as if the clouds had suddenly lifted on an Alpine height, and at one glimpse unveiled the full glory of lakes and glaciers and mountain peaks below.

Suddenly, the soft radiance illuminating the forest was darkened; one long-drawn melodious echo sounded through the trees, and the wondrous voice was lost in silence. Alfus remained motionless, stupefied, as if he had awaked from an enchanted sleep. He looked round him with

surprise, and when he got up to retrace his steps to the convent, he found that his joints were stiff, and that his limbs had lost their vigor. He retraced with difficulty the pathway by which he had come, and was soon out of the wood. But when he had found the road to the convent, he hastened his steps, for, to his surprise, the day was closing in; and still more was he astonished to find that, as he went on, the whole country about him looked changed. The young saplings which he had passed in the morning were now rugged and hoary oaks. Instead of the little wooden bridge covered with ivy which he had crossed a few hours since, a solid arch of stone bridged the stream. Passing by a pond, the women who were drying their linen upon the elder trees stopped their work to gaze at him, and said one to another, "Look at that old man going along in the habit of the Olmütz Brothers. We know all the monks, but we have never seen him."

"Those women are senseless," said Alfus to himself as he went on. Still he felt a little uneasy, and was glad when the convent spire came in sight through the trees. He hastened on up the narrow, steep path, and went straight to the convent door. But how was he astounded to find that that door was no longer in its usual place. He looked up, and stood rooted to the ground with amazement. Not only the door, but the convent was altogether changed; the inclosure was enlarged, the buildings increased, and a young plane tree which he himself planted near the chapel a few days before, now covered the whole sanctuary with its spreading branches and broad leaves.

The monk, as if in a dream, stood before the new doorway, and rang a gentle peal at the bell. Its silvery well-known sound was no longer the same. A young brother-guardian opened the door.

"What can have happened?" said Brother Alfus. "Is Anthony no longer porter?"

"I know no Brother Anthony," answered the guardian.

Alfus covered his face with his hands. "Have I lost my senses?" he said in a fright. "Is not this the Olmütz Convent, which I left this very morning?"

"I have been porter here for five years," replied the guardian, "and I certainly do not know your face."

Alfus looked about him wildly, and then, seeing several monks going along the cloister, he called to them, but none of them answered to the names he mentioned. He then went quickly towards them and looked in their faces, but they were every one unknown.

"Is this some great miracle from God?" he exclaimed. "In his name, Brothers, I implore you to look at me. Did none of you ever see me before? Is there not one of you who recognizes Brother Alfus?"

They all looked at him amazed.

"Alfus!" repeated the elder among the monks, after a pause. "Yes, there was once at Olmütz a brother of that name. I have heard our older Fathers speak of him. He was a man of learning, and much given to abstraction and solitude. One day he left the convent, and was seen to wander away through the woods. For a very long time the Brothers looked for his return, but he never came, and no one ever knew what became of him after. But that happened about a hundred years ago."

At these words Alfus uttered a kind of cry, for now the whole mystery was explained. He knelt down on the ground, and joining his hands, uttered with exceeding fervor these words: "O my God, thou hast willed that I should well understand my folly in comparing the joys of this world with those of eternal life. While listening to thy voice a hundred years have passed away as one day; and now I begin to understand

the joy of heaven and the Blessed therein. Be thou forever blessed and praised, O God! and vouchsafe to pardon thy poor servant all his exceeding folly."

So saying, Brother Alfus stretched out his arms, bowed himself and kissed the ground, and in the humble act rendered up his soul to God.

A PILGRIMAGE TO LOURDES.

It was evening when I arrived at Lourdes, and evening is the time best loved by the pilgrims for honoring their dear "Mother." I was tired after my long journey, and a hard bed the previous night. A comfortable one was ready for me at my hotel; and after suitable refreshment, I was consoling myself with the thoughts of a sweet night's rest, when my ear caught the words, "La procession des Flambeaux!" My sleepiness vanished. I must join the procession; but how? Here I am a perfect stranger, how can I intrude on the company of others? A moment's reflection and I am decided, and walking up to a priest who had a party of ladies under his care, I asked his permission to join them. Always polite as the French are, my request was granted after making sure of my being a Catholic; so off we started, each one bearing a long wax candle. In the great market-place we halted, and were joined by numerous other pilgrims till the square held several hundreds; here we were marshalled in procession, the priests first, then the laymen, and lastly the women; and so lighting our candles one from the other, till the market-place was a blaze of light, we began our march to the grotto, distant a full quarter of a mile from the town.

The whole distance between the town and grotto is occupied by little wooden sheds on each side of the road, where numerous objects of piety are exposed for sale; it is wonderful to see the great number of rosaries which hang there, and doubtless the traffic is immense, for not one of the many thousands who enter Lourdes would fail to procure some souvenir of so favored a spot.

We had reached the church, which was standing high above our heads, and I was beginning to wonder when we should reach the grotto, when a sudden turn in the road, and I saw before me the lovely statue of Our Lady, as it were gazing down on us from her niche in the rock. Soon the small space between the grotto and the river Gave was one dense mass of pilgrims and candles, and now a service commenced of prayers, hymns, and the rosary, after which the procession was again formed in order to ascend to the church. This is a most effective sight, as the ascent being so steep the road has been cut in a zigzag, making four or five separate terraces, and up this wound slowly the long procession of flambeaux lighting up the still night, and seemed to emulate the stars overhead.

On reaching the summit we did not enter the church, except to pass through it by a passage in the crypt; from whence emerging we descended on the opposite side, and so returned to the town, candles still lighted, and chanting the same hymns as before. By the bye, the singing of the peasantry in these southern provinces of France is exceedingly good; and so it should be when we remember that many of them are Provencal, the land of poetry and

song. So ended my first pilgrimage, *par excellence*. As I made a long stay at Lourdes I had many opportunities of witnessing other pilgrimages, but this was the only one in which I was a pilgrim myself. Perhaps as a spectator I had many opportunities of observing more than I could when my mind was occupied with my own devotions, and the emotions consequent on a first visit.

On an average there are four or five pilgrimages every week, chiefly in the early part of it, so leaving the end, and especially Sunday, free for the natives and residents of Lourdes. This is necessary, for otherwise there would be no getting near either the grotto or the fountain. The space between the cave and the grotto is so small, and all the pilgrims are so anxious to get close up, that the pressure and squeezing is dreadful; and although a French crowd is always more civil than an English one, yet they, too, are very unmanageable where anything sacred is concerned.

Unfortunately the baths and the fountain are close together, which makes the crush doubly bad at that one point; fresh baths are on the point of erection about a dozen yards further off, and the effects of that will be an immense benefit to every one.

One of the best points from which to watch a procession is from the Pau road, on the other side of the Gave; you then stand right in front of the grotto, with a good view of "Our Lady," with the church above. The Gave meanders along the valley, which is rich in green meadows and fine timber, making a great contrast to the barren hills around, which are covered with stone quarries, and present that rounded, smooth appearance peculiar to limestone formations. In the background, the Pyrenees raise their snowy heads, so refreshing to look at.

It is extremely interesting to observe the different head-dresses among the peasant-women. As each province is peculiar to itself it renders the variety infinite. To begin with Lourdes itself, they wear the capulet, such as Bernedette had on her head at the moment of the first apparition; they are of blue, red, or white cashmere; but they have a longer cloak, which they put over their heads on Sunday. I do not know if it is only a variety of capulet, or bears any other name, but as it is always black, lined with red, it gives a most funereal aspect to the congregation of a church. I never saw it worn except on state occasions, and a stranger coming into the church for the first time would certainly think he had got among a community of nuns; but notwithstanding this it is infinitely more agreeable and pretty than the amount of dirty, tawdry finery prevalent among the same class in England. One never sees at Lourdes the white caps, which are worn with such an endless variety of pattern in all other parts of France; we must wait for a pilgrimage day for these.

The Lourdes women wear a handkerchief of various colors tied round the top and back of the head, so that the hair, except over the forehead, is never seen; this style of head-dress seems scarcely appropriate to such a hot climate, as it does not afford an atom of shade to the face and eyes; how much wiser seems to be the broad straw hat of the Provencals—I never saw such immense hats! Then I observed many different kinds of white cap, some most elegant, all bright and clean, with beautiful lace about them; some so elaborate that it would puzzle any one to guess how they are constructed; one good woman had elevated hers a quarter of a yard above her head; another one, going in for width, had given her head the appearance of having wings.

Among the men there is but little variety, except that about Lourdes they wear a blue cap, not differing

very much from a Highland Glengary, and a short blouse, which is not unlike in effect to the Spanish cloak. There is much here like the Spanish; the language is so like that all resemblance to French has totally disappeared. Some of the physiognomies are essentially Spanish; whilst some, again, remind you of the English type, perhaps, because the English did once possess all this part, Edward the Black Prince holding his court in Lourdes fort: a formidable-looking place it is, for even though modern artillery would, in a short time, smash the walls to atoms, there would still remain the ascent to be made of a precipitous side, too high for any ladders, and without so much as a foothold.

Talking of the difference of language, an amusing thing happened to me. As all the pilgrims speak their own *patois*, and the curiosity of the peasants is excessive, and only to be satisfied by innumerable questions, my bad French passed among them for another *patois*, and I was asked my country, by which they mean, simply, from what province of France do I come—their ideas not ranging so far off as to Albion. "Angleterre," I answered, and repeated it three times before my puzzled interrogator could make out the strange country. At last, a light seeming to dawn upon her, she said, "*Pomme de terre?*" I now always say I am from Paris.

But it is time now to speak of some of the cures which are constantly taking place. I have never myself witnessed one, as my misfortune always was to come on the spot immediately after the wonderful events had taken place. Such was the case in the following instance of Marie Lascombe, of Cadonia, near to Perigueux, in the department of Dordogne, who was miraculously cured on Monday, July 28th, 1873.

She had been suffering for three years from a tumor on the upper part of the foot, and so much so that for the course of a whole year she was unable to rise from her bed; she then tried one doctor after another, but to no avail; one applied fire to the affected part, another made a great incision, which would not heal again, but as she had Lourdes water at her home she applied that, and shortly the wound was completely healed; but the pain remained, and the pain continued excessive. She resolved to come to Lourdes; her prayers were heard, for immediately after washing her foot the pain ceased, and throwing away her crutch she walked to and fro with comparative ease; I say comparative, for I observed she halted, putting her foot gingerly, as one who has become used to pain in one particular part, and fears its return; I saw her return twice to the bath-house to wash it, and each time she came out walking with greater ease; the crutch remained inside the grotto rails, to join the hundreds of other crutches which hang there, so many testimonies of the goodness of God, and the tender love of his dear Mother to poor suffering humanity.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, the centennial anniversary of whose birth was celebrated on August 6th, wherever the Irish race is scattered, was a most remarkable political leader and statesman, and a true king of men. The names of Daniel O'Connell and Ireland are so intimately associated that he has rendered her rights and his fame equally imperishable.

The eloquent voices of a Lacordaire, a Wendell Phillips, a Father Burke, have sounded his praises, and the pen of a Montalembert and a Dupanloup have been employed in the delineation of his life, his services, and his character. The oral and written tributes of such men have left nothing for lesser lights to write or say that has not already been better expressed. Daniel O'Connell not only freed the English and Irish Catholics from those penal laws which had so long degraded and impoverished them, but as the great apostle of moral force agitation, he has rendered the cause of constitutional liberty and rational freedom a service the value of which every day more clearly reveals.

The centennial anniversary was celebrated for three days in Dublin, where the dignitaries of the Church and the magnates of the land assisted to do honor to one who had freed both from religious and civil thraldom. 100,000 persons paraded, and the proceedings passed off in a very orderly manner, considering the exciting circumstances of the occasion. The Lord Mayor of Dublin had made an unpopular selection of the orator of the day, and the Home Rule party felt slighted by Mr. Butt being ignored. Monsignor Felix Antoine Philippe Dupanloup, the noble Archbishop of Orleans, whose eloquence, learning, zeal, ability, courage, and other heroic qualities have made him the terror of French infidels and the glory of the Church, was invited, but was unable to be present. Prince Edward Radziwill, a great Polish noble, bore the congratulations of the land of Sobieski to the land of O'Connell. Dr. Lingeus, a member of the Catholic "Party of the Centre" in the German House of Commons, and representative of the Catholic city of Aix-la-Chapelle, visited Dublin, and was enabled, on his return to Germany, to tell the Catholic people of that country how an even more hideous and persistent persecution than that which they are suffering was successfully borne and conquered by the Irish Catholics. On Thursday, at 3 o'clock, the grand oratorio of "Elijah" was performed, and on the evening of the same day there was a grand miscellaneous concert of Irish music, at which Denis Florence McCarthy's Ode was recited. There was a grand solemn High Mass in the morning, when the newly appointed Archbishop of Cashel, Dr. Croke, delivered the discourse.

On Friday there was a grand procession starting from Stephen's Green, and passing through the heart of the city on the northern and southern sides, and sufficiently long to accommodate a procession estimated to include from 90,000 to 100,000 men. The several buildings associated with O'Connell's name were marked by a flag. A grand National Centenary banquet in the Exhibition Palace was also given on Friday.

In New York, Boston, and Philadelphia, Dr. De Glynn, Wendell Phillips, and Rev. P. Byrne were the orators of the day, and in Washington, Baltimore, Cincinnati, Savannah, Cleveland, St. Paul, and many other places, as well as in Canada, and even in England and Scotland, the Irish people remembered the Liberator, and strove to do honor to his memory.

But in no place was the occasion so fitly and grandly observed as in Dublin, the capital of Ireland, and the place the most intimately associated with O'Connell's indefatigable, persevering, and long-continued labors in the cause of Civil Liberty, Religious Freedom, and Irish Nationality and Progress.

BELGIUM has a Catholic University at Louvain; France is to have one established at Angers. Ireland has a fine Catholic University in Dublin, and even the English Catholics, few in number as they are, have established one at Kensington. But we in America have no grand National Catholic University; many excellent Colleges, some of national reputation for thoroughness, but no well-endowed and completely equipped national institution. The age is intellectually active, intelligence is widespread, and knowledge is increasing, but are Catholics leading the van of true progress? Our churches, it is true, are multiplying, and our numerical strength is increasing, but are we obtaining any hold, or making any impression, on the intelligence of the country? While in England the claims of the Catholic Church are daily and hourly debated, while the *Saturday Review*, the Quarterlies, the *Pall Mall Gazette*, *The Spectator*, and the Monthlies, are constantly containing articles on the Catholic Church, and careful and thoughtful examinations of its claims as the Divine Teacher of faith and morals, and the true

guide of the world, here in America we do not find this to be the case. Any and every subject is treated of, by the American Monthlies, Weeklies, and Quarterlies, except the Catholic religion. If this is an indication of the public feeling, and surely these organs of intelligence should know their readers' requirements, then the American people feel little or no interest in the claims of the Church! This is surely a very strange state of affairs, and one that reflects on the intelligence of Catholics, and appears to indicate that we do not put forward the Church's claims with either zeal or intelligence, otherwise the American intellect would certainly, at the very least, examine and discuss them.

The existence of a great Catholic University, employing and drawing out all the best Catholic talent, would certainly do much to put us in a better light before the people.

As matters now stand, we make no intellectual impression on the American mind. Not even one State has admitted the justice of our demand for a Catholic education for Catholic children.

ON the morning of the 13th of July, the newspapers in all parts of the country printed a lengthy and very sensational account of a terrible riot that was said to have taken place in Lawrence on the day previous, between the Orangemen and Irish Catholics of that place. It was alleged that an Orange procession passing through the streets of Lawrence were insulted, jeered at, and finally attacked by a party of Irish Catholics on the sidewalks, who continued the attack until the men in the procession were obliged, in self-defence, to use their firearms. It was said that several men were killed, and a great number seriously injured, and that the excitement in the place resulting from the disturbance was intense. Of course, the whole responsibility for the riot was charged to the Catholics, and in consequence thereof much indignation was expressed on all sides against the Catholics of Lawrence for their unprovoked attack and lawlesss conduct on the occasion. Now we have taken the trouble to investigate this matter, and, as we expected, the whole affair turns out to have been simply a "tempest in a teapot."

In the first place, there was no procession in Lawrence on the day in question; second, there was no riot, unless a street-fight between four Orangemen on the one side, and a few little boys on the other, in which no one was killed, and only three persons slightly hurt, may be so termed; and, third, so far from there being any intense excitement in the town growing out of the disturbance, fully three-fourths of the people of Lawrence were ignorant of the fact that a "terrible riot" had occurred in their midst until they read of it the next morning.

The Catholic clergymen of Lawrence and a number of the most prominent Catholic citizens have issued a card repelling the charge that the Catholics were responsible for the trouble; and the mayor of the city, in a proclamation, and *The American*, a daily paper published at Lawrence, unite in testifying to the peaceable, law-abiding character of the citizens of Lawrence irrespective of religious differences, and strongly deprecate the misrepresentations and unjust aspersions upon the Catholic people of Lawrence growing out of the trouble.

The real responsibility for the so-called "riot" must rest on the shoulders of the enterprising agent of the Associated Press at Lawrence, who, in his zeal for furnishing a "fresh sensation," telegraphed the exaggerated report all over the country.

This incident only serves as another example of the sensational character of many reports concerning Catholics and their doings, which are often published and telegraphed. They must be taken *cum grano salis*, or rather, with a great many "grains of salt!"

FRANCE has lost, in Monsignor Plantier, Bishop of Nismes, who died a few weeks ago, one of her most eminent prelates. His name has long been a household word amongst the Catholics of France. In 1859 and 1860, he was one of the first of the Catholic prelates who denounced in spirited Pastorals the sacrilegious doings of Cavour and his henchmen, which were to end on the one hand in the destruction of the temporal power of the Holy See, and on the other in the temporary effacement of France as a great European power.

It will be remembered that the first step towards the disintegration of the Pontifical States was the insurrection at Bologna, fomented and called forth by Colonel Ciprioni, one of Cavour's secret agents, immediately after the departure of the Austrian troops, caused by the war of 1859.

Louis Napoleon secretly connived at it. When urged by the Catholic sentiment of France to suppress it, he assumed a position of passivity, and declared that he "washed his hands of it."

It was on this ground that the whole French Episcopate entered the lists in favor of the Holy See, and Monsignor Plantier more especially issued his famous protest, in which he compared Victor Emanuel to Caiphas, and Napoleon to Pilate, and declared that France had no right, as a Catholic country, to "stand by and see it done." It was the most outspoken of eighty pastorals which were issued on this occasion, and being referred by the French government to

the Council of State, the Council assumed to declare it "null and void."

This, however, did not prevent the voice of Monsignor Plantier from being reverberated throughout the Catholic world, nor his prophecies from being verified in the end. The distinguished Bishop, who has just been called away, lived long enough to witness the final consummation of the iniquity of 1859, and to see the man he designated as Pilate, like the original Pilate, dying an exile in a foreign land from an agonizing disease. Monsignor Plantier will long be remembered as one of the brightest lights of Catholicity in this age.

IN the city of Nancy, the capital of ancient Lorraine, France, a Congress of savants has been sitting, whose sole object was the investigation of all the theories relative to the early discovery of America; and, in fact, to examine thoroughly the whole subject of American antiquities. The alleged discovery of America by the Phœnicians, by the Buddhist monks of Semwend, and by the Chinese, as well as the voyages of the Norsemen, and the early civilization of the Mexicans, Aztecs, and Peruvians, were all brought under the keen analysis of the learned men from both Europe and our own continent; and the several theories propounded were earnestly discussed.

Right Rev. Bishop Dupanloup, of Orleans, wrote a letter to the Congress complimenting them on their efforts. Among the members was the Abbe Petitot, of Canada, who had lived long among the Esquimaux, and who traced many points of resemblance between the Indians on both sides of Behring's Straits. This devout and learned priest has compiled a dictionary of the Esquimaux dialects, which will soon be published. Large numbers of the clergy of Nancy and the neighborhood have attended the meettings of the Congress.

The following gentlemen from the United States are members of the Congress, but only a few attended the sittings: Hubert H. Bancroft, Charles B. Brigham, and Charles W. Brooks, of San Francisco; Maurice Blum, of St. Louis; Professor Henry, of the Smithsonian Institute at Washington; Francis Packman and Robert Winthrop, of Boston; General Meredith Read, Minister at Athens; Edward B. Salisbury, Secretary of the American Oriental Society; E. G. Squiers, of New York; W. D. Whitney, of New Haven; President Trumbull, of the American Philological Society; and Professor Haynes, of Boston.

The Congress lasted from the 19th to the 22d July inclusive.

THIS summer has certainly been an exceptional one in the old world for the frequency and violence of the storms which have visited it. Hungary, Switzerland, and France, each have suffered from tempests and floods of extraordinary destructiveness; and now intelligence reaches us of a second visitation of Hungary and Switzerland by these unwelcome guests. That which desolated a portion of Switzerland was almost unparelleled in violence and in its strange atmospheric phenomena, and in the ruin which it, in a few moments of time, produced. It lasted but ten minutes; but in that short space of time it deluged the city of Geneva, which was about the centre of the area in which the storm spent its strength, as it were with a flood of ice. Some of the hailstones were longer than hens' eggs. We regret to learn that Domenichino's famous picture, "The Triumph of David," was greatly damaged by the hail, which, smashing in the windows of the "Musee Rath," broke through the heavy canvas on which the picture was painted.

With the sad catastrophes of the valley of the Garonne, in France, the readers of the RECORD, doubtless, are already familiar from the details published in the daily newspapers. Unfortunately, too, floods, only less destructive than that of the Garonne, have inundated other portions of the French territory. The results have been great loss of life and of property, and an almost total destruction of the crops.

Meanwhile intellgence reaches us through the daily papers of floods and tempests in England, in Scotland, in the Shetland Islands, and off the coast of Ireland.

THE prejudice against the Chinese, we observe, is dying out in San Francisco; and, as a natural consequence, the immigration is increasing. Since 1862, one hundred and thirteen thousand have arrived at San Francisco. The almond-eyed foreigners are beginning to be seen in New England, Pennsylvania, and other places. The Chinese possess most of the vices of a pagan population, but they are industrious and orderly, ingenious and persevering. Should they be allowed to grovel in Paganism and idolatry, or rather, should not efforts be made to raise them in the scale of virtue, religion, and good order? Are Catholics doing *their* duty with regard to this people? We know that in China there are hundreds of thousands of Chinese Catholics, there are Chinese priests and nuns, and there have been more martyrs in China, in proportion to the number of Catholics, than in almost any country.

Here, in America, few if any efforts have been made to catholicize the Chinese. The Presbyterians and Methodists are trying their best to induce them to join those sects, but

their success is small. The field is open to Catholics, and there is far more probability of success. The Chinese would make excellent docile Catholics, and, as it is certain that a few years will see them scattered all over the United States, no time should be lost.

MR. GLADSTONE has lately published a pamphlet on the troubles in the English Church, entitled *Is the Church of England worth Preserving? Punch's* answer is *No!* if the Ritualists are not expelled. And *Punch* reflects the sentiments of a great many thousands.

Mr. Gladstone says it is worth preserving as an establishment, and then the only way to secure its safety is to allow every party in it to do what they please. If a Ritualist turns to the east when he celebrates the Communion, it does not necessarily imply that he believes in the real presence; for Catholic priests, who admittedly do believe in it, do not invariably face the east at Mass! And the ex-premier argues further that, when an Anglican ritualist puts on a chasuble or an alb, it has no significance, for Catholic priests in Liberia, and in times of persecution, celebrate Mass without vestments, and sometimes use pewter vessels! And yet all the time the ritualist clergy are declaring that, by turning their backs to the people and wearing chasubles, they *do* mean to symbolize the Real Presence!

Can any reasoning be more absurd than Mr. Gladstone's? And yet he is a great English statesman, and well known as a Protestant theologian.

EVEN Piedmont, the home of the miserable robber-king, Victor Emanuel, who commits sacrilege at one moment, and trembles at his crime the next, is thus described by an angry anti-Catholic correspondent of the *Cologne Gazette:* "Piedmont, once so liberal, is now almost entirely in the hands of the clerical party. In Turin itself," he adds, "nothing is to be seen but long processions, who go bareheaded from one church to another, with prayer-books and rosaries in their hands, muttering aves and paternosters."

Their cry, "From the snares of the devil, good Lord, deliver us," and their fervent devotion, in which not only the simple people and the masses, but as this correspondent complains, "noble ladies and men of the higher classes and even professors of the universities" take part, "is chiefly a reaction against the doctrines of certain schools which deny the existence of the soul, of conscience, and of God himself." They perceive that in Italy, as in Spain, in Germany, in Switzerland, as in Brazil and Mexico, Liberalism is only an infernal compact between unbelief and tyranny, by the terms of which the impious consent to forfeit their own liberty on condition that Cæsar will help them to destroy the liberty of Christians.

A RECENT discovery at Pompeii is reported, which may throw additional light upon the manner of conducting financial transactions in ancient times. It consists of a number of wooden tablets with writing upon them. The backs of the tablets are smooth, and unwritten upon. Their faces, upon which the writing is found, are surrounded with a kind of frame or border. Some of them are separate, and others are tied together with twine, book-shape, in bundles of three and four. On the tablets, which are thus bound together, the writing is in ink; but on those which are separate, which had been covered with wax, the characters are engraved, and are still legible, though the wax has disappeared; the sharp point of the stylus having cut into the wood beneath. The separate tablets contain receipts for payments of money, and bear the consular date, name of the days and months, and the amounts paid. On the outside edge of the centre tablet of those bound up in book form, is a written index of the names contained in the volume. These tablets are evidently accounts, and from the way in which they were kept, there can be no doubt but that the place where they were found was the site of a Roman banker's house.

THE support given in France to the Society of St. Vincent de Paul may well cause American Catholics to blush at their comparative indifference and want of charity. From some statements, which recently came under our notice, we learn that Paris alone counts one hundred and twenty-six conferences, in which there are nineteen workingmen's circles, and twelve of children. The number of members of the Society in Paris is about three thousand, who donate five hundred thousand francs a year to five thousand destitute families. For the whole of France the receipts of the Society are two million two hundred thousand francs, and for all Europe four million seven hundred thousand francs.

Another good work the Conferences of St. Vincent de Paul are engaged in, is the providing of popular libraries of good books. In one conference seventy thousand volumes were loaned in one year. In three months of this year, the Society procured, through the visits of its members to the poor, the administration of the Blessed Sacrament to seven hundred and forty-three dying persons, who had no one else to provide this last assistance for them.

THE general election for the Diet of Ba-

varia, which has just been held, results in a victory for the opponents of centralization and absolutism. According to the latest intelligence received seventy-nine "Ultramontanes" (Catholics) were elected, and seventy-six Liberals. As the most strenuous efforts were made by the Imperial government through threats, persuasions, bribes, and political *gerrymandering* to prevent a fair expression at the polls of the sentiments of the people of Bavaria, this result is most significant and encouraging.

Bavaria is the most powerful of all the German States (Prussia excepted), and its Diet is the most independent and influential of all the State parliaments of non-Prussian Germany. Its action, therefore, carries with it great moral weight and force.

This election is only another indication of the reaction which is beginning to set in in Germany against Bismarck, and the policy of which he is the representative and advocate.

BISHOP O'REILLY, of Liverpool, England, appears to be a prelate of great strictness. At a late synod of his diocese, it was decided "that Gregorian music alone is to be used in Catholic churches (no more murdered masses to distress the souls of Handel, Haydn, or Mozart); that the services of female choristers are to be dispensed with (no more disputes to settle between the leading soprano who was overshadowed, and the leading alto who was treated partially); and all theatrical and sensational music to be excluded from the church service. It was also decided that in future no advertisements respecting the services of the church were to be issued; and the priests were strictly forbidden to participate in any way in the management of bazaars, or excursions of young men's societies, and kindred associations" (no more money to be raised in this way, but *how* it is to be raised is not stated).

MONSIGNOR RONCETTI, Apostolic Ablegate, after fulfilling the commissions intrusted to him by the Holy Roman See, in the United States, made a rapid tour through the British Dominions. He visited Toronto, Montreal, Quebec, Halifax, and other cities of the Dominion, being everywhere received with great cordiality and honor by all orders of the Hierarchy as the Representative of our Holy Father, the successor of St. Peter and Vicar of Christ. From Halifax Monsignor Roncetti proceeded to New York, where he was waited on by a committee of the Total Abstinence Union of America, who presented him with an address from that body to be conveyed to the Pope.

Mgr. Roncetti and Dr. Ubaldi left for Europe on board the steamship Asia on Saturday, July 31. It is rumored that they intend to visit Ireland before they return to Rome. If they do so their visit will be just in time for the O'Connell centenary of August 6th.

HIS Eminence Cardinal Mathieu, Archbishop of Besancon, France, died on July 5th, aged 79. He was consecrated Bishop of Langres in 1833, and promoted to the archbishopric of Besancon in the following year. Cardinal Mathieu was able, courageous, and indefatigable. Austere in his personal habits, he enforced a no less austerity on his clergy. He was devoted to the rights and interests of the Holy See, and despised the frowns of power, an example of which was afforded in the year 1865, when he read the Pope's Encyclical and Syllabus, despite the prohibition of the French Emperor, Napoleon III, for which act he was condemned by the Emperor's Council, but applauded by all true Catholics.

Besancon, the capital of the department of the Doubs, is a very ancient city, and contains 50,000 inhabitants, and a beautiful Gothic cathedral.

HARDLY a day passes but some amusing instance of the diversities of opinion among the adherents of the Church of England and the curious and complicated results of such diversities does not appear. A Mr. Jenkins, living at Christ Church, Clifton, England, edited a book, in which he denied the personality or real existence of the devil. Mr. Cook, the Protestant vicar, denied him the Communion. Mr. Jenkins asserted his right to receive it if he wished. The Dean of Arches and the Ecclesiastical Courts were appealed to, and have sustained the vicar. An appeal lies now to the Queen in Privy Council, and while the community is anxiously waiting for Her Most Gracious Majesty to settle the question of Satan's existence, it is divided into two fresh parties, the Pro-devils and the Anti-devils! Truly may Mr. Gladstone ask, "Is the Church of England worth preserving?" when such travesties of religion are solemnly enacted in its courts.

THE Catholic clergy and laity of New York have sent an address to His Holiness, Pope Pius IX. It is beautifully engrossed upon satin parchment, and illuminated in the style of the Middle Ages, and was executed by the Sisters of Mercy in Houston Street. It expresses the gratitude of the clergy to the Pope for the honor he has conferred upon America and New York by his elevation of the Archbishop of New York to the dignity of the Cardinalate. The address bore the signatures of Very Rev. Father Quinn, V. G.; Very Rev. Father Preston, V. G.; Father Young, Superior of the Paulists; Father O'Reilly; Dr. Wirth, Superior of the Re-

demptorists, and Father Hudon, of the Jesuits, as representing the Catholic clergy and laity of the Diocese. It was presented to the Ablegate on Friday, July 30th, for him to present to His Holiness.

CARDINAL MCCLOSKEY has taken passage on the French steamer Pereire, which leaves New York on Saturday, August 7th, for the purpose of attending the Consistory of the Sacred College which will be held in September. He will then receive the *red hat*, and have his titular church in Rome assigned to him.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

CRITICO-BIBLICAL DISQUISITION ON THE TIME DURING WHICH CHRIST LAY IN THE TOMB. By Francis De Hieronymo Jovino, S. J., Professor of Sacred Scripture and Oriental languages in Woodstock College, Maryland. Latin and English. Woodstock College print, 1875.

This work is a novelty in literature; it is a biblical, theological, archeological, and historical discussion of the question: "Did our Divine Lord remain three days in the tomb?" We remember how as a child we used to be sorely puzzled in a solution of this question satisfactory to our own mind, for the computation of the time from sunset on Friday until daydawn of Sunday, did not answer to our notions of the *Tertia die* of the resurrection. The Rev. Mr. Watson, a Protestant minister of Salvisa, Kentucky, seems to have had a similar difficulty, for in an article over his own signature, in the *Religious Herald*, of Richmond, Va., dated 20th of August, 1874, he contends that Christ did remain seventy-two hours, or *three entire days*, in the bowels of the earth. He stated his arguments very clearly, but added that he would be pleased to have them thoroughly criticized by any competent person. That critic has been found in the person of Father Jovino, of Woodstock College, who has not only earned high honor for himself in the performance of his work, but has served to illustrate the workings of the splendid seminary in which he is a professor, a seminary without a rival of its class on the western continent. The argument is exhaustive, but at the same time, clear and concise. The work is printed in Latin and English, the pages alternating, so that the reader can compare them as the book lies open before him. It is printed on fine cream-color paper, in beautiful type, and besides the numerous extracts from Greek and Latin authors, is embellished with tables of the Oriental testimonies from Walton. The typographical beauties of the volume emanating from the private press of the Woodstock fathers, reflects as much credit on the mechanical as the intellectual excellence of their establishment. The work is a valuable addition to theological libraries, and of general service to biblical students.

NOTES ON THE RUBRICS OF THE ROMAN RITUAL; regarding the Sacraments in general, Baptism, the Eucharist, and Extreme Unction. By the Rev. James O'Kane, Senior Dean, St. Patrick's College, Maynooth. New York: P. O'Shea, publisher, 1875. Received from C. A. Hennessy, Philadelphia.

Here is another standard republication, and one that we cordially welcome, as we do everything pertaining to the diffusion of rubrical or liturgical lore. We have frequently urged upon our readers the perusal of works on the liturgy, and while the rubrics do not particularly concern them, still they can learn something to their advantage by studying this most interesting branch of church discipline. We will suggest but a single instance: to how many houses of the faithful is not the priest often summoned to administer the solemn rites of the Church, or to carry the holy viaticum to a sick or dying inmate, and yet finds the members of the family totally ignorant of their duty in the way of preparation for the administration of the sacraments, and seemingly quite unconscious of the decency, to say nothing of respect, which should mark the visit of their divine soul in the most adorable eucharist, when he honors their domicile with his presence. This book is, however, more especially designed for the clergy, and we would scarcely presume to instruct our own teachers in their duty in the premises. Neither do we think it necessary to recommend this work. It does that for itself by the name of its author, the recommendation of their eminences of New York and Dublin, and the approbatory decree of the sacred Congregation of Rites, but still more in the fact that it now appears in its third edition. Of the many admirable features of this edition there is one that recommends it we think with peculiar favor,—that is, the unique idea of adding the table of authorities consulted

in its compilation. This immediately gives the student the direct means of private investigation of doubtful points, and affords special facilities for simplifying the labor of consultation and research.

THE ORPHAN SISTERS; or, The Problem Solved. By Mrs. Mary J. Holmes. New York and Montreal: Sadlier & Co., 1875. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

We have been exceedingly pleased with the tone of this work. We are all apt to declare doctrinal stories "dry," and discard them from our table, at least we used to do so, but now it is fashionable to be intellectual or to seem to be so, and one of the most popular forms of displaying "our little learning" is to talk theology (!). If some of our *self-made* theologians and dogmatic chatterboxes, such as Messrs. Furness, Frothingham, Chapin, or even Messrs. Moody and Sankey, would only have mind enough or humility sufficient to read this little book, what a benefit it might be to them. If their pride would counteract its influence on *themselves*, its perusal might have some effect on the strongminded among their female desciples, who are always "investigating" Christianity, instead of believing the Word of its Founder. "The Trimming of the HEDGES" is the most appropriate title that we can apply to the thorough dissection which this book gives to the theology of the gentleman with that florally intricate name. The authoress lops off the various branches of his religious theories in a manner sufficient to make a regular clearing in the bushes that are planted by men, and run wild on the border of the highway of Christian theology.

MADAME DE LAVALLE'S BEQUEST. Counsels for Young Ladies who have completed their Education. Translated from the fourth French edition, by a Sister of St. Joseph. Philadelphia: P. F. Cunningham & Son, 1875.

The young Catholic ladies of the United States are certainly under a debt of gratitude to the translator and publisher, not only for the present work but for similar ones given before. Mother St. John, of Chestnut Hill, is indefatigable in translating such books, and Mr. Cunningham only awaits her signal to give them to the public. Last year, at the Commencement season, they gave us *Adeline De Chazel*, and now, the book before us, for which we cannot find any words of recommendation more suitable than those contained in the approbation of the Bishop of Valence, France: "A book inspired by true piety and tender affection for youth, in which the lessons of experience are exposed with talent, and in a simple and attractive style. We recommend it as a book most interesting, and well calculated to form young ladies to virtue."

HUBERT'S WIFE—A STORY FOR YOU. By Minnie Mary Lee. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 1875. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

This, too, is a controversial work, but of a different order from the one last mentioned. No danger of this being voted "dry." The facile and *naive* style in which the various "little unpleasantnesses," which will occur in even "the best-regulated families," when those families have been founded upon a mixed marriage, are portrayed with a truthfulness to life and an insight into character which borders on the broadly humorous as well as the deeply instructive. The authoress has given her tale the subtitle, *A Story for* YOU. The YOU is sadly suggestive. The temptation to mixed marriage has always been, and is yet so strong, that, notwithstanding all the counteracting efforts of the Church, every *second person singular* may be *pluralized*, either grammatically or matrimonially, under this emphatically titular pronoun.

MANUAL OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT. Translated from the French of Rev. T. B. Boone, S. J., by Mrs. Annie Blount Storrs. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1875. Received through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

Too many books conducive to devotion, gratitude, and love towards the most adorable Sacrament of the altar, cannot be published, particularly when they treat of the Holy Communion, for the practice of those pious Christians who frequently approach the sacred table, and who make spiritual reading an integral part of their preparation, would alone support all of these excellent treatises as fast as the press could supply them. The present work is characterized by sentiments of tender and practical piety, and displays much originality of thought in its more instructive passages. The chapter on the mixed life is especially worthy of close perusal. The Imprimatur of his Eminence the Cardinal is affixed, and is, we believe, the first approbation given by him after his elevation to the purple, a fact which gives the work a character of some historical import.

THE YOUNG LADIES' ILLUSTRATED READER. New York: Catholic Publication Society, 1875.

This is one of the Young Catholic School Series from the press of the same house. Unusual taste and discrimination are dis-

played in its compilation, and some of the engravings are unusually good for a work of its class. The portrait of Mother Seton and "The Lily Maid of Astolat" deserve special mention.

THE PARADISE OF THE SOUL. By James Merlo Horstius, of the Church of the Blessed Virgin Mary in Pasculo Pastoris. A new and complete translation by lawful authority. New York: P. O'Shea, 1875. Received through C. A. Hennessy, 827 Arch Street, Philadelphia.

This is a new edition of a quaint and famous old work; is, in the language of its title-page, "delightful for its choicest pleasures of piety of every kind." Its author was born in 1597, and died at Cologne in 1644. His works have been highly appreciated by some of the great doctors of his day. We are particularly pleased with some of the translations of the old hymns interspersed through the volume. There are two exceptions, however, to be made to this latter commendation, and we advise that in future editions the silly versions of *St. Cossmir's Hymn* and the *Dies Iræ* be replaced by better ones, of which there are many existing. The book is very unfortunate in its form, being too bulky, otherwise it is issued in excellent taste.

THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS. With a Practical Instruction on the Life of each Saint for Every Day in the Year. In twelve parts; flexible cloth. By Rev. F. X. Weninger, S. J., D.D. New York: P. O'Shea, 1875. For sale, in Philadelphia, by P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street; C. A. Hennessy, 827 Arch Street; and Catholic Publication Co., 924 Arch Street.

Part second of this beautifully written work is on our desk, and it seems to promise that each succeeding number will elicit new admiration for the author's charming style and the publisher's taste. We feel assured, that each volume will be a welcome contribution, till the whole work stands in completed excellence before us. We shall count the months of 1875 by their respective red-letter days, which bring us the succeeding volumes of these Lives. The frontispiece to the present number is a fine steel engraving of St. Bridget, patroness of Ireland. No Catholic household should ignore this book.

THE YOUNG DOCTOR. By [illegible]drick Conscience. Baltimore: John Murphy & Co., 1875. Received through Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

This is the sixteenth volume of the great Flemish author's series of world-renowned novelettes. The hero is a young physician, and the plot develops the trials of his professional career, and the petty persecutions which generally beset the pathway of men who are marked for their high-toned honor and distinguished ability—trials which their integrity is always sure to eventually conquer. Hendrick Conscience is completely at home in treating such a theme, for his exquisite portrayals of the happiness of domestic virtue have rendered his name as famous in this line of writing as that of Andersen or the Brothers Grimm in fairy tales, or, we may even add, if the comparison is at all tenable, as that of Scott in historical romances.

MRS. GERALD'S NIECE. By Lady Georgianna Fullerton. New York and Montreal: Sadlier & Co., 1875. Received from The Philadelphia Catholic Publishing Company.

This is the first edition of this praiseworthy novel that we have seen in durable form. The former editions have been published in paper covers. This was unworthy the production of the gifted Lady Georgianna, and out of accord with the usual enterprise of the Messrs. Appletons. This work has, however, been purchased, together with two other romances by the same authoress, and Messrs. Sadliers, who now have the sole right of publication, have redeemed the negligence of the former owners.

ROSEMARY. A Tale of the Fire of London. By Lady Fullerton. Baltimore: Kelly, Piet & Co., 1875.

An interesting novelette, by the same authoress, handsomely bound, and printed on heavy tinted paper. We need not recommend it; the authoress's name is sufficient. For sale by P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Philadelphia.

DANIEL O'CONNELL, THE LIBERATOR. A lecture delivered at the Academy of Music, New York, May 13th, 1872, by the Very Rev. Thomas N. Burke, O. P. New York and Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 1875.

We have received through P. F. Cunningham & Son the above pamphlet, issued in honor of the O'Connell centennial of August 6th, 1875, for which it is most opportune reading. The greatest of Irish preachers eulogizing the greatest of Irish patriots—what an inducement for its perusal! The pamphlet is embellished with several good and appropriate illustrations on wood.

THE

CATHOLIC RECORD.

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THE CATHOLIC CHURCH AND LIBERTY.

In the study of English history, as written by Protestant historians, the Catholic student is amazed and perplexed by the frequent repetition of a sentiment to him entirely incomprehensible. This sentiment became popular in the days of the Long Parliament; and has retained, through a variety of phases, its popularity even to the present hour. It is made up by the combination of two words. From the period of those civil commotions and political convulsions, that dethroned and decapitated Charles Stuart, "popery and tyranny" in conjunction served as the watchword and shibboleth of more than one party in those insular politics once so influential and important to the rest of the world. The steady and constant industry, with which both politician and historiographer flaunt these words of conjuration, arouses the curiosity of the mature and impresses the susceptible mind of the youthful inquirer. Under the altered circumstances of the civil life in which we move, the force and power of a party-word is sufficiently manifest to give us some idea of its workings in other times, and among other men. The almost unlimited enfranchisement and political rights, now enjoyed as common blessings, have familiarized nearly every member of the community with the wiles and subterfuges, the empty clamors and foul misrepresentations, by which the party or candidate soliciting public indorsement and support tries to outwit, disparage, asperse, and defeat his opponent. The frequency of its application has blunted, in a great measure, the edge of this weapon of slander; but it still inflicts no slight wounds when handled with dexterity. Before the masses had learned to suspect the sincerity and wisdom of their leaders it was truly formidable and destructive. It is worthy of remark that the greatest sticklers for party issues are those who reap their benefits and profits least; and who left to their own discernment cannot discriminate between one measure and its converse as seen in their practical bearings. As adherents the

ignorant are the most faithful allies of the designing. Once prepossessed their enduring fidelity is secured, and their hands hang ever ready to succor their deceiver.

It cannot be pretended that in England, or elsewhere on the continent of Europe, the peasantry of the seventeenth century were astute politicians, or capable of discovering the ulterior designs of statescraft. But to prepossess them, at that time, was to insure complete success in any enterprise. A certain war-cry roused them to superhuman exertion, and the uttered name of their chief was "in all assaults their surest signal." It would be doing those men, who took advantage of this propensity, honor overmuch to suppose that considerate and prudential foresight enabled them to utilize and sway those turbulent elements. The most fortunate and illustrious personages of history, military captains, statesmen, political adventurers, and revolutionists, are those whom the development of a novel feature of constitution, or civil polity, found willing, by turns, to guide the popular current, or to drift passively on its surface.

Kings as well as republicans are, in the last analysis of the body politic, creatures of the same power. Hereditary right and passive obedience, in times of national ferment, were discovered soon to be the fictions of courtiers and royal sycophants. The "right divine," which it was pretended adhered to dynasties, resolved into its elements showed a plebeian origin. To preserve good order and administer strict justice between liegeman and liegeman were the only provisions that scrutiny could read in the charter of "divine right." There [redacted] always, notwithstanding the fulsome theory of passive obedience, a practical consciousness of this dependence of kings on their people. In seasons of turmoil and disorder the relations were acknowledged. Royalty condescended to solicit the aid, money, and arms of those whom, in more fortunate days, he regarded as existing for his pleasure or vindictiveness.

To play with the prejudices, arouse the dormant passions, and direct the awakened fury of the populace is the master-stroke of kingcraft. For the accomplishment of this result, kings, as well as demagogues, stooped to the vilest artifices and lowest chicane. In proclamations, manifestoes, and public instruments, the catchwords of the prevailing faction find regular places. The sons of men are wiser in their generations than the sons of God. By such instrumentality "popery and tyranny" were united by policy, and in due process of time identified in English history. But nothing is more certain than that this forced combination is an unhallowed and foul affiance. Popery, being Christianity, is true liberty; as St. John says: "And you shall know the truth, and the truth shall make you free," chap. 8, ver. 32; or as St. Paul writes: "By the freedom with which Christ has made us free," Gal. chap. 4, ver. 31. Tyranny is usurped dominion, contrary to justice and natural rights; therefore contrary to Christianity, for of Christ it is said the "just for the unjust," and in consequence contrary to popery, which is but a Protestant synonym for Christianity. The evil and bitter effects that resulted from the confusion of these two terms were felt for centuries, and are yet, though considerably mollified, felt by the hapless Catholics of those regions where the confusion prevailed.

There is needed no proof for the assertion, that before we can pronounce any principle or institution contrary and inimical to liberty, we should understand clearly what liberty is and what it is not. What then is liberty? The question will, doubtless, appear puerile to the superficial and self-sufficient, who are

accustomed to eulogize and apostrophize the *word*, understanding but indistinctly its meaning. It is not a term easy of definition. Lexicographers define it "freedom," "leave," "privilege," etc.; but the significance is no less obscure. Freedom is fondly believed to be the special characteristic, prime trait, and peculiar mark of republican governments. Yet nothing is better known than that this happy attribute is not the same *quiddity* that received this appellation in the ancient republics of Greece and Rome; in the feudal republics of Italy—Amalphi, Pisa, Genoa, and Venice; and in the modern republics of Switzerland and the United States. The definition of liberty as found in one or other of these commonwealths would be inapplicable and unmeaning in the rest. The reason of this discrepancy, on reflection, becomes palpable and clear. What men usually call liberty is only its manifestation under some one of its many aspects. Abstract liberty, like other abstractions, has no existence. It always inheres in some civil peculiarities or customs. Although liberty cannot be defined with precision, it can be described and easily recognized. What is freedom to one man, owing to conditions, may be despotism and cruel oppression to another. The supremacy of the Anglican Church troubled not, but favored the Anglican, whilst it ground and oppressed the Dissenter and Catholic; and, again, the oath against transubstantiation gave neither pain nor inflicted penalty on the Anglican or Dissenter, but excluded the Catholic from all political and many social rights and enjoyments.

When we try to catch liberty in order to make her deliver up her secrets, we find that we are pursuing a swift and evanescent phantom. To avoid the vain pursuit and fruitless inquest liberty may be shortly defined as law. Not that law which is formulated by tyrants into statutes; not that law which expresses the will, and, too often, the resentment of a majority; not that law which burns in the proscriptive edicts of senates; not that law which calls in the sword to execute it; not that law which treads down the weak at the nod of the strong; but that law which is anterior to the will of man. Natural justice and its ramifications through all the complications of life form that fundamental law which is liberty. The sacred observance of this law secures the fullest freedom, and its violation is despotism. It is not unknown, for it is promulgated as wide and as far as the human race. The Christian is obligated by it, for it is set forth and illustrated in his sacred records. The infidel, the pagan, the atheist, the Mohammedan, all are aware of its existence, for they read it on their own hearts impressed. Every breach of this law is visible and cannot be concealed, neither is there need of a judge to determine it. A child in the possession of reason can comprehend it. Only when passion or hatred incites or interest rules is it ignored. It is not necessary even to recognize the supernal destiny of man; his right to exist in this life as a rational creature includes all. The disposition of his heart, the allegiance of his intellect, the discharge and fulfilment, conscientiously, of obligations, are the inalienable prerogatives of reason.

In the Christian system those fundamentals are neither changed nor destroyed. Faith and grace presuppose nature, which they illumine, fortify, and correct. Liberty, worthy of the name, must leave those rights intact. Human laws should be conve[redacted] only in human things, and in [redacted] matters alone as are under the disposal of man. It is not given to men to alter or pervert the nature of justice, rectitude, goodness, mercy, vice, apathy, crime, or any of these virtues or moral deformities that grow from personal ex-

ertion and individual will. Political liberty, when it crushes or tramples upon this primal law, becomes the most odious and oppressive tyranny. The reign of the Saints, Levellers, and Fifth-Monarchy-men in England, the domination of the Kirk and Covenanters in Scotland, the spoliations, massacres, and wars of the Anabaptists in Münster, are illustrations in point. They upturned, in the name of liberty, the governments of their respective countries. But their rules were the fiercest despotisms to those who found no consolation in extemporaneous prayers, no unction in the ravings of fanatics, no protection for life or property from those who respected neither. Here, indeed, are examples of what liberty is not. This is the freedom of confusion and disorder, fierce passions and brutal natures. This is license or lawlessness, the great enemy of liberty, which is law. Men have called this liberty, but it is of the same kind as that which Milton in the person of Satan thus describes:

"Here at least
We shall be free: the Almighty hath not built
Here for his envy, will not drive us hence:
Here we may reign secure, and, in my choice,
To reign is worth ambition though in hell:
Better to reign in hell than serve in heaven."

Understanding liberty as law, we can now return to the examination of the question, Is the Catholic Church in its spirit or teachings antagonistic to civil or religious liberty? Unhesitatingly it is not. Facts are the best proofs when not distorted. If the spirit or teachings of the Church were antagonistic to civil liberty, then should no true Catholic be ever found in the ranks of liberators or patriots. But we know that they are as eager and stern supporters of freedom's cause as any in the world. History abounds in and is adorned by such names. This Republic is indebted to Catholics. The Carrolls were among the earliest and most strenuous assertors of its independence. Catholics, both cleric and laic, stood by their country in its darkest hour; and when clerics of another kind, Coke and Asbury, were found in the ranks of the royalists; though their representatives, ignoring this *morning stain*, are the hastiest accusers of Catholics and the most pretensious in their professions of patriotism. The Catholic Church has never stigmatized those her patriot sons, and their memory as Catholics is, if possible, more glorious than their fame as patriots.

To set this question at rest forever it is well to assert, that for all the special needs and uses of the Church nothing more of politics, in shape, or name, or color, is requisite to her than suffices to preserve good order. Where this blessing is assured by wise legislation without proscription, her prosperity, progress, and rapid increase are insured and inevitable. In the march of freedom under the guidance of wisdom, the Catholic Church can stand in the foremost rank of the vanguard, and say to leaders, presidents, masters, chiefs, and guiding spirits:

"And I will set this foot of mine as far
As who goes farthest."

It may be noted in passing that executives, autocratic, monarchial, regal, or republican, have a tendency to encroach on individual rights and liberties. Far less power than is now delegated to rulers would be all-sufficient to provide and secure the privileges for which governments exist at all,—internal order and external protection for the State. More individual liberty and less gubernatorial dictation and taxation would advance us beyond our present stagnant state of inchoate freedom. Were men more under the influence of principle and less under the grip of party, they would discover that, with all our boastings, we have only reached the vestibule of liberty's temple. Revolutions, sudden and violent, are not only subversive of good order and justice, but wholly destructive to religion, its pacific powers and benefits. Conservatism of the rational sort, therefore, marks

the course of the Church in her secular orbit. Never rejecting the *new* because it is new, nor clinging to the old pertinaciously because it is old; not loving liberty less because loving order more; never forgetful of the individual in consulting for the multitude. This system, which was made for man, and not for cliques or cabals, embraces every good and wholesome measure admired in the several polities that hold place in civilization. With this spirit, and teaching "no respect for persons," it is not in the constitution of things that the Catholic Church could be either hostile or adverse to the broadest and wisest civil liberty.

Religious liberty is so misunderstood that a few prefatory remarks are highly pertinent. Religion is in its very nature something beyond the visible things of the creation. As it cannot be handled with the hands, nor seen by the eyes, nor weighed in a balance, intellect is necessary for its comprehension. The intellect, therefore, or understanding, is the seat of religion and the abode of faith. Men talk of trammelling the intellect, as if it had a body and members that could be manacled. They suppose that dogmas, decrees, rescripts, and syllabuses are fetters and chains, when in reality they are merely viaducts and channels. Ignorance, doubt, and error are the self-fabricated and only bonds of the intellect. Ignorance, the product of mental inertia; doubt, the fruit of the mind's abuse; and error, the result of misdirection and intellectual indiscretion. Tyrants may break the limbs and torture the body of man, but the mind is beyond human power or human malignity to control. To enslave the understanding is, therefore, only a figurative expression, which many, maliciously and intentionally, misinterpret, in order to deceive the credulity and thoughtlessness of disciples or followers.

And here we may pass in review that common sophism, generally employed by those who advocate a false and irrational liberalism in religion. They say that it is cruel and unjust to subject the youthful mind to religious impressions and religious truths before the reason has matured and is capable of rejecting what is distasteful. This is a captious argument, but as false as plausible. No matter what the impressions, the intellect retains its native vigor, and is of such a complexity that as soon as it perceives clearly the error which it has embraced, will by inborn impulse shake itself free from it. Now the tenets taught in early life are either true or false. If false, there is present in due season a sufficient mental acumen to detect the falsity and thus to prevent the ill effects. If true, they are impressed and understood more clearly by a reconsideration, and the mind is thus saved the oftentimes fruitless and always painful labor of searching for truth among innumerable theories, or, on despairing its discovery, of resigning itself to torpidity and blank indifference. But, it is further objected, there is a possibility of the mind rejecting all religion, and to such the early training is a superadded and needless cruelty. This is possible, but unnatural. It is possible in the sense that suicide or disfiguration is possible, *i. e.*, the power is committed to man, but in using such power he violates the laws of his existence. As self-preservation is the strongest instinct of life, so love of truth is the primitive law of intellectual being. Besides, to a person so hapless the early impressions and teachings bestowed by human diligence and charity is no insuperable impediment. People would be at no pains to conceal their contempt for the man who should claim for his son exemption from the forming processes of civilization, on the grounds that he destined him to reside, in after years, in savage lands. Yet there is a true parity between such a one and

the advocate for an irreligious youthful training, though the consequences are not equally immediate and discernible.

Truth is the food of the intellect. It strengthens, awakens, and sharpens it. Without the acquisition of truth the mind remains in a state of perpetual immaturity, or is dissipated in a thousand hollow vagaries. Whatever furnishes this mental pabulum in the greatest abundance, is consequently the best promoter of intellection. It would be truly paradoxical absurdity to assert that what promotes and adds to the growth and vigor of anything, retards or shackles it. Yet the posture of those who object to Catholicity on account of its teaching attribute, virtually supports a like paradox. The office of an infallible teacher is to supply the demanded information, and guidance, where the mind is liable, nay, certain to lose itself in its own darkness: or, in other words, to substitute truth for theory, fancy, and imagination. This is to elevate the mind and not to degrade it; to burst its bonds and not to tighten its fetters: to liberate and not to enthral.

The error of those who regard "the dogmata" of the Catholic Church as restrictions, hindrances, or a mental incubus, consists in confounding potency with power, and abstraction with concretion. The potency is always included in the power, the abstract in the concrete, but determined, restricted, and confined. Neither potency nor abstraction has any positive existence. The one and the other are embodied and prescribed by many or few modifications. Potencies, abstractions, and possibilities may serve as philosophic hypotheses for metaphysicians to speculate on and wrangle about, but they are not discernible in the constituted elements of creation. In it we find powers, concretions, and realities. Powers with laws, concretions with limitations, and realities with consistencies. To despoil a reality of its consistence is to make it a mere possible; to deprive a concrete of its limitation is to make it a mere abstract; to rob a power of its law is to make it a mere potency. This is to substitute non-existences for existences, which in practical life is the principal source of self-delusion and all consequent deception. Now this is what is done by those who claim that the mind should have no guidance or teacher in religion. The mind is a power, and not a mere potency, consequently bound up by laws,—the law of its memory, the law of its will, and the law of its understanding. Retention, discretion, and perception constitute those laws, each of which requires external aid, and are as all the other laws with which man is acquainted, but the expression of dependence or subordination. Before anything is retained, it must be presented; before anything is judged, it must be contrasted: before anything is perceived, it must be demonstrated. In those radical functions the demand for a teacher is undisguised. The very complexion of the human intellect is thus shown to necessitate instruction, and without hesitancy or doubt in secular affairs this is always conceded. No one attempts to become a physician by guesswork, not even to learn the alphabet by his own exertion. Many causes concur to render a practical business man a dreamer, enthusiast, visionary, or skeptic in religion. The uneducated practitioner would soon want patients, the unlettered clerk would never find an employer, but the consequences of religious errancy and ignorance are hidden away and stored up in the future. There are the enthusiasm of mental ingenuity and partisanship, the pride of family, the associations and sociabilities, the natural spirit of procrastination, and the incentives of passion, caprice, and wealth, to supply, and in this world, at least, not my

to supply, the want of substantial and indubitable Christian truths to the spiritual man.

To accept truth or not to accept it, to investigate religious claims or to neglect them altogether, to embrace error and reject certitude, to prefer fancy or illusion to doctrine and revelation, to receive some religious tenets and to discard others of equal necessity, authority, and certainty, according as interested inclination or prevailing consuetude may impel, is what those who reject the teaching infallibility of the Catholic Church call "religious liberty." This is neither liberty nor prerogative, nor even sense. A man unacquainted with algebraic science might claim the privilege or liberty of asserting that x multiplied by x would be $2x$, or $x½$, or x^3, or anything else; but the scientist would call such "liberty" ignorance, and consequently the remotest step from mental liberty.

Man is not an absolute existence and self-dependent. His will or his word cannot make black white or right wrong. In consequence, as he is neither author nor sustainer of himself or the state in which he is placed, he must conform to the necessities that surround him. Truth was before man's appearance on earth, and will be after his departure. That which he possesses is only a little "segment of the wondrous whole," in part the endowment of his nature, and in part the fruit of his redemption. To transmute, diminish, or destroy either natural or revealed truth is not in the competence of any man. Hence it is easily adduced that true religious liberty is found nowhere without an infallible guide, where ignorance, error, or doubt cannot enter. This, by proof positive, uninterrupted claim, and long default, belongs to the Catholic Church alone, and therefore the Catholic Church is the mother of religious liberty, *i. e.*, eternal truth.

Those without the Church imagine that the laity and inferior clergy are slaves to the priesthood and hierarchy. The imagination is entirely groundless. The contradictory of this is nearer to the state of facts. Christ came not "to be ministered unto but to minister," and the same is true in an imitatory manner of the entire Catholic priesthood. Besides all this, there is no man so independent in his faith as the Catholic. He does not depend for his creed on the lips of his pastor, on the discretion of conferences, on the resolutions of synods or assemblies, but it is in common between himself and his pastor, between himself and his bishop, between himself and the Pope, and equally obligatory in its every tenet on all alike. This is the equality and true liberty of Christianity which elevate the individual beyond the invidiousness, designs, and hallucinations of the human mind. The toleration of error within an infallible Church would be the absurdest of absurdities and an evident contradiction. Even fallible Churches recognize this, as is yearly evinced in the multiplication of sects and the expulsion of refractory members. The principle of the Inquisition is held by everybody, corporate, religious, or secular, and must be held, for the sake of self-preservation. The various constitutions, by-laws, and enactments, through which society, in its divisions and subdivisions, is connected, subordinated, and governed, erect each in its own way the standard of an inquisition.

The question of tolerance or intolerance to Separatists is not at all a religious but a political one, as it relates to civil existence. There can be no doubt whatsoever but that the Catholic Church preaches, and always has preached, charity and forbearance to all men—Turk, Jew, unbeliever, heretic, and schismatic. When feudalism and its cognate jurisprudence held sway in Europe,

men who professed the Catholic religion, put persons deprived of communion with the Catholic Church, to death and the torture. This they did not arbitrarily, nor at the solicitation of the priesthood, but constitutionally, and in accordance with their own civil enactments. This was the tyranny of the State, and not of the Church; a political crime, and not an ecclesiastical oppression; a reproach to the civil magistrate, and not to the spiritual guide. On unhappy Spain, Protestant publicists have heaped their maledictions. But nothing historical is more obvious than that every reformed country of Europe had its inquisitorial tribunal as relentless, as unmerciful, and as barbarous, to say the least, as that of the Spaniards. The religious code of Sweden or Denmark was anything but tolerant or liberal; the Covenanters of Scotland were not lambs; and there still survives a race of people who underwent a persecution and outlived a spiritual domination compared with which the wrath of Nero was mild and the slaughters of Diocletian bloodless; who yet, though happily in a corrosive state, bear about them the "broken links" of a prolonged bondage inflicted by a nation professedly and clamorously free; and who can with justice and reason appropriate to themselves the lines:

> "That iron is a cankering thing,
> For in these limbs its teeth remain,
> With marks that will not wear away,
> Till I have done with this new day."

But all those charges and recriminations may be laid down on the mouldering tombs of past generations as their proper sins and wrongdoing; and chargeable not to religion but to human imperfection,—a perpetual and terrible admonition and bloody monitor. Their misrepresentations and follies have come down to us in all their plenitude of bitterness and hatred as an heirloom. When the fires that consumed were quenched, and the gibbets that exposed the victims—Protestant and Catholic—of the ruling faction, had fallen to decay, it had been happy for the peace of the world, if the finger of time had drawn the curtain of oblivion over the gory and frightful scenes, and shut them forever out of human memory. Many of those long years of strife, and much of the fiery enmity that distracted the nations, would be spared the human race.

An emancipated and lettered people have other means of deciding their quarrels than were used in those days of illiteracy and slavery. Reason is the unfailing beacon which nature trims for man, to guide his footsteps and direct him in his acts and predilections. To it, and not to ancestral crime or heroism, appeal should be made in judging the merits of a principle or set of principles. Former ages had their peculiar follies as we have ours. Among all those that still have countenance from man, none is so egregious as that of embracing the loves and hates of our progenitors indiscriminately and without examination, when examination may be made with facility. Thus has been echoed from generation to generation the sentiment, that popery and tyranny are synonymous, which this paper essays to disprove. Certain it is, that real religious liberty is the hereditament of the Catholic. With him, while true to himself, there is no despondency or doubt, no hours of spiritual anxiety, no season of unbelief, no mental torture, no shrinking from the future, no momentary religious exhilaration and alternate despair, no bright delusions, and no cruel portents, but serenity, resignation, and holy hope; and "where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." (St. Paul, 2d Ep. and Cor. ch. iii, v. 17.) It is no less certain, that in civil matters the divine constitution of the Catholic Church enables her to go to greater lengths

than governments or human passion will allow. She has always taught the most thorough inviolability of individual rights; and it need hardly be said that all the beneficial contrivances of popular governments—the "habeas corpus," "trial by jury," and the "ballot"—are fashioned with a like intent. To make man master of himself is her aim, and the highest civil liberty can have no other.

ABOUT A DIAMOND.

II.

WHICH issue, it seems a pity to record, Fashion never knew. But it invented one of its own, which answered the purposes of Gossip quite as well if not better. What matter then? Luna Springs for the remainder of the season had no charm half so fair to Gossip, half so irresistible to Fashion as the dissecting of Courtenay Brooke's "affair," as it was miscellaneously called, and it would have forthwith lost its zest if truth had had any part in it whatsoever. Why, then, cruelly deprive it of its zest? Its aiding and abetting in the "killing of time" alone made it meritorious.

It was then unknown to Fashion, that when Father Paul entered Miss Neil's room, and at a sign from her the watchers withdrew, she said, with curt, decided tone, not like a dying one, certainly:

"I am not a Catholic, sir, and my business with you is not of sacraments, but about a diamond."

Now, Father Paul was, like many Catholic priests, a man who, knowing every phase of human nature as well as it is possible for a finite being to know it, and his knowledge being the result of broad and forcible human intelligence, nevertheless from an instinct resulting from "touchiness about the interests of Jesus," took with lightning rapidity a spiritual view of everything. This will account for his answer.

"Ah! About a diamond! At this hour, my child, for *death is nigh*, there can be but one diamond worth any thought to you,—your immortal soul."

Miss Neil sighed.

"Think of it first," he went on; "and if some other diamond should cause you anxiety, remember God can attend to that."

Here his eye fell on the diamond in question, for the reason that its flash was irresistible as she raised her hand wearily to her head; fell upon it with a wondering, recognizing look; settled there with a sort of pity, a gaze that held an unspoken prayer.

"The reason I sent for you," she said, not answering the priest's plea, "is this," and she held up the luminous gem to the gaze that never swerved from it; "it was taken unaccountably from the rightful owners, and after detectives had been employed in vain, and a fortune spent to recover it, it was returned through the hands of a Catholic priest, as 'restitution' offered in the confessional."

"I was that priest," he remarked, quietly.

"You!"—it was a cry of triumph—"you! then you can tell me—"

"Nothing," he interrupted, and the voice was even more quiet than before, as if some far-off thought hushed it.

"Nothing, sir! My last year of life has been a useless effort to find

out the true history of that theft! This gem had blighted that life long before, and the theft changed the current of another. I will give you a fortune if you throw any light on it."

"My child," said he, pityingly, "that which makes you send for a Catholic priest in your extremity is that which renders your offer of a fortune futile. I *cannot* divulge a secret of the confessional, even at the risk of death itself. That I returned your diamond is true; that the name of its"—it was a gentle pause, in which charity softly folded her wings—"abstracter cannot be told by me is equally so. Permission was given to me to reveal that I returned it, and that for the purpose of greater good, but nothing more."

"The 'greater good!'" she echoed it meditatively, "to shield another from imputation of the theft."

He bowed assent silently, solemnly.

"Then you can tell me who did *not* steal it! You can assure me my brother's son is *not* a thief."

"I can, indeed, truly, completely!"

"Thank God!—for oh, *I can believe* a Catholic priest!"

In the silence of clasped hands and sobbing breath which followed, he said, with that persuasive tone which is of God alone:

"My child, God has called you by this one sign, your faith in a Catholic priest. Soon the world will fade from you. Come, then, to his feet, and let the diamond and its woful story rest in his hands alone."

But she evidently wanted to get back to the diamond. "You know, sir," she said, "that diamond owns a blight in itself. It is left to the oldest daughter of the family, or if none exist, the next male descendant, on condition that he marry the lady who should be next heir."

"Thus," put in the priest, to her evident and utter amazement, "attempting to take out of the hands of God that which is his alone, the disposal of the future; therein lies the blight!"

She said nothing.

"My child," he still pursued his one object in coming to that strange and Fashion-environed death-bed, "let the diamond and its history rest. Soon you cannot hear my voice; now, while you can, listen, as it calls you to God. When I was told the story of its apparently fatal power, and it was returned to you through my hands, I prayed that through God's mercy, peace from him, instead of pain from human passion and human disappointment, should be its accompaniment. Now is the moment for the fulfilment of that prayer. *You are dying;* God has given to you a wonderful glimpse of faith, by which you are willing to confide to a Catholic priest what you would to no one else, not even your own family. Increase that faith; let it stretch to the infinite, and forget earthly affairs in care for the jewel, dearer to God than all the diamonds of Golconda, your immortal soul."

She took the diamond from her finger. "I commit it to your keeping," she said; "do with it as you will. This is why I sent for you."

"I will simply give it to the next legal heir," he said, "without the absurd condition attached, which alone brings the 'blight.' But your soul—are you perfectly satisfied that it should face God in its present state?"

"I commit it also to your keeping, Father," she said, with the weary look, so utterly indescribable, which comes to dying faces alone, the look in whose weariness life is laid down; "if at this late hour he will accept me, show me the way to his feet."

Then began the sublime ministrations of the priest to the dying, which deprive the "grave" of its "victory" and "death" of his "sting." The "blight" of the diamond was removed; for, by the wonderful working of the will of

God, Genevieve Neil's soul, through its instrumentality, was clothed in the robe of faith, and cleansed in the waters of baptism; fortified by grace, and made ready by charity for the meeting which must soon take place between it and its Creator.

When all this was accomplished, earth and its anxieties seemed to have vanished from the mind before so agonized by them, and the shadow of death's wing began to fall so gently upon the face, radiant now with hope, and peace, and love, that rest, not pain, was its accompaniment.

They agreed not to disturb this heavenly peace by one question regarding what had seemed to weigh on her mind so heavily before. So they kept wondering watch around her, its sacred silence only broken by Father Paul's beautiful ejaculations of sorrow and love for God, always echoed in a softer tone by the voice fast falling into the depths of a silence earth can never reach. Ah! before it fell therein charity made it give utterance to that for which they longed; that which its new detachment from earthly things had made it wellnigh forget.

"Imogen, my child, Courtenay, I have a reparation to make to both of you, and then *all* will be peace. Listen, and remember in the future, Courtenay Neil is innocent; Father Paul attests it." She felt feebly for the hands quickly placed in hers, put them as before in each other's clasp, "In the name of God I give her to your care, Courtenay, dearer to me than—my—own—life."

Ah! the voice fell lower, lower at each word, found one depth of the endless silence, rested there gently, but Father Paul's fervent accents, "Lord Jesus, receive my soul!" called it from that sweet depth a moment longer. Obediently it rose from its coveted rest to echo them, the sublime climax of all the soul's noblest aspirations: "Lord Jesus, receive my soul!" Then it found that depth whose silence even prayer cannot break, woful depth for the unrepentant, blissful abyss of peace for God's elect!

"Dear me, how sad!" was Fashion's feeble commentary, as it became apparent to the inhabitants of the pink-and-white structure that the visitor whose entrance may not be barred by overplus of other guests had stalked into their midst. But being fertile at expedients, it soon took another thought, "What a predicament for Courtenay Brooke! Wonder if he'll get the diamond or the girl, or both? His first known effort at anything like attention to any human being ought to be rewarded!" Which thought furnished it with gossip for the rest of the day; furnished it with welcome distraction from the thought of the dread visitor; furnished it with fabric for varied theories as to the truth of what was shrouded in such impenetrable mystery by the closed door of Courtenay Brooke's room.

When, towards evening, however, that door was opened, and any one who wished, permitted to enter, Fashion, entering from pure curiosity, had its breath taken from it. For anything more lovely than the form of Genevieve Neil, "laid out" according to Catholic custom, by pious ladies of Father Paul's congregation, could not well be imagined. The face, beautiful in life, was even more so in death, for where the changeful and flickering light of life had gone out, shone the fair and undying radiance of peace eternal, and in the white and quiet hands gleamed the gold of a crucifix, token of hope to the Christian. Flowers and lights, living and tender types of immortality, gave radiance to the scene, and that sometimes around the stranger's last low couch knelt forms of Catholics, who held her not as stranger but their very own, in the bosom of the Church, only gave it the aspect of life, not death. From the sight retired Fashion, for

the moment hushed, but under the hush calmly entitling the, to it, unwonted scene one of the "poetical vagaries by which the senses are so ensnared," peculiar to the Catholic Church. After this, it applied itself to the unravelling of all the mysteries before mentioned in the course of this story.

Well, after Genevieve Neil was laid in her quiet grave, Imogen's grief was something so terrible that Courtenay Neil and Father Paul alike stood aghast before it. Neither had ever seen anything to be compared to it in intensity: this increased by the fact that it was not after the manner of youthful sorrow, noisy or demonstrative. No word spoke its greatness, no sob or tear attested its presence, but a horrible silence of woe, a dreadful and overpowering despair, unapproachable by any earthly comfort and irremovable by any human sympathy, gave proof that it was deep and that its power was a blight on the young life. Said Father Paul, using his quick insight into the hidden causes of human feelings:

"It is not alone grief for her relative; some other woe is contained in this."

So he was not surprised when, after some time, she begged for a private interview, and, asking that its disclosures might be as sacred as if she were a Catholic and he her confessor, poured out her heart to him.

The story was a tragedy, the tragedy clinging to the rays of light hidden in the marvellous core of the diamond's heart. Its telling brought the tears which would not come before, and his listening was the turning-point for the young life he lifted out of its blight and placed where no power of earth could drag it down to earth's level.

This diamond had been an heirloom in the family for years, an old and, far in the past, a noble family, which could date its ancestry back to the days when the Wars of the Roses desolated English soil. To the fated heirloom a legend was attached that once it sparkled in the coronet of a famed Eastern princess, and that an ancestor of the Neils, going to fight for the Cross, was taken prisoner by her father and lodged in a dungeon; that the gentle princess, condescending to dress the prisoner's wounds, captured his heart by her beauty, and he captured hers by his manly endurance and lofty bearing. So she concerted a plan for his escape, and taking the diamond from her crown, she placed it in his hand as he departed, saying:

"I cannot go with thee, beloved, as thou desirest, for no princess of my house would dishonor its fair royalty by leaving it secretly. But I give thee this as an earnest that I will be true to thee. Come back from thy own land, no longer a prisoner, but attended by a goodly retinue, as becomes a knight of thy degree, and show this to my father, and thou wilt prevail, for there is a belief in our family that he who holds this diamond as his own, holds the heart of the giver. It has descended through centuries to the eldest daughter, and never was it once bestowed but that happiness came of it, for oh! she who gives the diamond, *gives her heart*."

So he took it, and journeyed home, she in patience watching and waiting as a loving woman, of all the world, knows best how to do. When he arrived at his once fair domain, he found it impoverished, some of his family dead, others scattered far and wide, the world a blank. In the gem lay a fortune, and in the fortune a temptation. He had plighted his troth to her, and she had saved his life, and then given him liberty to bless it; but of all the world she, who watched and waited, alone knew this, and if he broke his word, none else would know. He took the fortune; he built up his name, no longer noble;

he married a fair young wife, and strove to forget the past. But it came to pass that in riot and feasting alone could he do this, and so to this came the life that might have been so lofty.

Meanwhile, the princess, the gentle and believing princess, Ilma, watched and waited, daily visiting the dungeon made dear to her by his feet having trod its floor. There would she pray to the God of the Christians to bring him back; there would she pour out tears of the true and pure love that no human power can change. But as time passed by, and he returned not, her life grew grievous beyond bearing, and one day she went down into the dungeon, and, as she knelt and prayed, the thought came to her that she would go and seek her diamond to the uttermost ends of the earth, and so find him, for he must be true, and misfortune must have caused his absence.

So she went unattended from her father's house, and praying to the God of the Christians to guide her, she set out to find her faithless lover. The legend goes on to say that everywhere her gentle bearing and royal presence won her a way. Children strewed flowers in her path, and women brought her food and drink, men, even the robbers of the forest, turned out of their way to guard her through perilous spots. And so this wondrous journey was accomplished by love and faith alone, till she entered the gate of a great city, and meeting a grand procession of ladies and knights, she saw her diamond shining on the brow of a lady transcendently fair and royal; she would have known it amongst all the gems in the world, so different was it from any other. She saluted the lady, and pointing to it with white finger, said sweetly,

"I pray you, tell me where to find him from whom you bought that; I have travelled far to find him."

"And how do you know I bought it?" interrogated the other lady; "how do you not think it a gift?"

"He who owned it," answered the faithful heart, "would not have *given* it away, but I know misfortune hath made him sell it. I pray you show me where to find him."

The other pointed to the distance.

"He comes," she said; "he is my husband, and, before our marriage, he did sell the gem to my father. Afterwards he wooed me, and now it is his and mine too!"

The Princess Ilma sat upon her white horse like one frozen to stone, moved not, sighed not, her face a shadow of what it had been, her eyes fixed on the distant horseman. He dashed up to where stood the strange group, he gave one wild look out of his bloodshot eyes, he screamed, "Good God! a ghost!" and covered his bloated face to avert the sight. Then she spoke:

"There is my diamond," she said, in a sweet, faint voice, "but what have you done with the heart it held for you?"

"This!" he cried, and plunged his cruel sword into the gentle breast that had harbored a soul so true to him.

She fell without a sign, and it is said, that at the moment when that beautiful soul must have found freedom, great light shone about the place.

Then he plunged the sword, wet with her blood, into his own heart, and dropped down, crying, "A curse and a blight to love dwell in that diamond forever!"

Now, like all such legends, this was wrapped in clouds of romance and doubt of every kind, but our story has only to do with the fact, that in this enlightened nineteenth century the family of the Neils believed it sufficiently to hold it as an heirloom, under the curious condition that ever since had been attached to it, viz., that the eldest daughter should inherit it, or, in

case of no direct female heir, the next male, if he agreed to marry her who ranked next in heirship to the eldest daughter of the house. Numberless were the legends of blighted love belonging to it, and Courtenay Neil, being many years older than his petted sister Veva, determined that she should be brought up unconscious of her fatal inheritance and its accompaniment of "blight." Possessing a large amount of common sense, he argued within himself that such things have an unaccountable influence on the average feminine mind, even as the silly words of a fortune-teller, in whom the listener professes no belief, will often change the current of that very listener's life. Therefore, he placed his young sister at a distance from his home, that no word of it might reach her, agreeing within himself that, when her fate in love should be decided without the intervention of the diamond, then would he reveal to her her ownership of the "fatal legacy," and advise her to sell it, and so do away with its "blight" for the family for evermore.

Veva Neil, beautiful, accomplished, and, in every way, calculated to win the admiration of men of the highest stamp, entered society and was speedily surrounded by a "worshipping throng," but her figure and face seemed not more statuesque than the heart beneath: it appeared immovable. It is said that people of this stamp love more deeply than those of the opposite nature, easily won, and as easily turned from the beloved object. Be that as it may, in the generality of cases, it was undoubtedly so in her. She at last loved one apparently in every way worthy of her, was pledged to be his wife, the preparations for the wedding made, the day fixed, when, like the bursting of a thunderbolt upon some calm summer-day, came the knowledge that she was sought for "the fatal legacy," alone, and that her lover, whom she loved to idolatry, had wrecked the happiness of one who really held his heart—a school-friend of her own, too—simply to possess, in marrying her, the fabulous fortune lying in the diamond. This was discovered by her hearing a bitter interview between the two, not intended for other ears, but to which she could not avoid listening, placed as she was. It was said that nothing could be nobler or more beautiful than her conduct on this occasion. She revealed herself to them, and, standing before them in all her majesty of womanhood, she said to her lover:

"Poor Guy! What a mistake you make about my diamond! And how sad a fate to be married to one you could not love for the sake of it! If I have it I know nothing of it; but let me be to you as if I had it not. How hard a fate, to be driven by cruel fortune to such extremities as this you contemplated! Nay, you shall not suffer so. Take Alice, and be happy. My wedding arrangements shall be hers, and some of the fortune that tempted you. Be true to her, and, for the future, more faithful to your manhood than to let yourself ever for one moment be bought by gold. Become, in truth, what *I* believed you to be when I gave you my heart, for, indeed, I gave it to you in truth."

It was all carried out, but the brave and beautiful woman's heart was broken, and hers, from that hour, a martyr's life. It was one of those lives, however, whose martyrdom bears fruit to bless all others which come in contact with it, binding up wounded hearts and strengthening broken ones, from out the depths of an instinctive charity, owned by favored souls whom God intends to guide through darkness to his sacred feet. She found that she really owned the "fatal legacy," but left it in her brother's keeping, refused to have

anything to do with it, hated it, as you might some living and breathing enemy that had wrought you evil. So his only son, Courtenay, grew up to know all about it, to see it often; to hear the story of how Aunt Veva hated it, because her lover, hearing of it before he saw her, sought her out for the sake of owning it, to retrieve his own broken fortunes, and, seeming to her, nobility and truth itself, turned out to be a mere adventurer. All this time she never came near her brother's home, and at last, when he died suddenly, and Courtenay, her nephew, wrote to know what he should now do with the diamond, she answered it should be his, on condition that he would marry her ward, Imogen Hilton. At this juncture he disappeared, and the "fated legacy" too. What could be inferred but that he was the thief?

Well, her straightforward nature would not permit her to let the affair be shrouded in mystery, even though her brother's son might be convicted of guilt. She did all that wealth could enable her to do to trace the fatal diamond, but in vain, when a messenger laid it in her hand one day with the inscription on the box, "Restitution. Obtained through the confessional." From that time she wore it constantly, under the impression that whatever it touched it would blight, and to her ebbing life could no new blight come.

And now—and now—the gentle quivering voice broke here, for its own sad story was to come. The rest had been told with a hopeless air, as a duty that must be performed, and now it was over, but this, which must necessarily follow, seemed to hold both sorrow and shame for the teller. At last it burst forth in one terrible sentence, said with sharp, quick emphasis, holding truly the "blight" of the young life.

"Sir, she took me from the gutter, I may say, and brought me up as her own child, and I—and I—knew who stole the diamond, and never told!"

"Child!" He could say no more.

Then she covered up her face in her hands, and wept such a flood of tears as surely made up for the unnatural tearlessness preceding it. He let it spend itself, and then said he,

"Tell me *all*, my child."

"Oh, sir!" she moaned, "I wish to, but it seems almost impossible. I could not help it. I was goaded to it."

"Well, collect your thoughts; this is a most trying effort for you, but," with the instinct usual to him, "God can do everything. He can remove all your difficulty, and he alone. If there be guilt—"

"Weakness!" she interrupted, "but never guilt—never, never!"

"Well," and the tone was divine in its charity, "God pities weakness, and remember, God's pity, like all his other attributes, is infinite."

Light broke over the shame and the sorrow of her face.

"'God,'" she repeated, "'pities weakness.' How beautiful! I—I thought he could only despise it."

"God, my child," and the voice was impressive beyond words, "made the heart, which is so weak. Who knows the chords of the instrument like the maker? What hand can supply its defects, can repair its broken notes, can bring out its full tone, like his who made it? Ah! this Maker of whom I speak is omnipotent, omniscient, but infinite in love and in pity, as in strength and knowledge, and pity implies sympathy, and love help."

"You bring God near," said the charmed and sorrowing young soul. "He has always seemed like a far-off God, and I had no help,"

"Never far off to the soul that seeks him—even to the sinful, but

repentant soul is he so near that his presence touches it as palpably as my hand touches this crucifix." It was a simple act here to lay his hand upon the image of the wounded feet, but it fixed their wound in the doubting, wondering soul. She turned from the momentary contemplation of it to his watching face a look of perfect trust and undoubted resignation.

"I think I can tell it now," she sighed, rather than said.

"Take any time you wish," was his cheery answer.

"Sir," she said, fixing her lips firmly in contemptuous defiance of their nervous inclination to quiver, "I am the daughter, the only child, of Aunt Veva's faithless lover. My mother died when I was an infant, and my father was—was dissipated, and at last things went to ruin, so that we had no home. But, sir, though after that he led me a beggar's life, I loved him, for I was the only thing in the world he loved or minded. Aunt Veva found us out, living the lives of vagabonds, and took me for her own on condition that I should never see him again. He made me come to her, but—but he did not keep to the condition. I was only a little child, and I adored him, and often in the magnificent home she gave me I wished for our old wandering life and him. So, when he represented to me that I could see him and she need never know, and I could help him and she need never know, I yielded, and there began the weakness. Oh!" it was a burst of anguish from the lowest depths of the soul, "she is dead, and I acted a lie to her all my life, and can never make reparation now!"

"Beyond the need of it, my child," he said, gently, "and looking down with the spirit's view upon your sorrow."

"Ah! if I could realize that!" she answered, wistfully.

"You will come to do so," was the reply, given in a tone and with a manner that seemed to her to hold inspiration in it.

"I saw my father then," she went on, "and comforted him often, and tried to turn him aside from wrong. All my own allowance of pocket-money I saved to give to him, and she—she thought I gave it in charity, and loaded me with gifts because I bought myself no ornaments, and lavished love on me because I was, to her mind, so self-denying. How strange, sir! You show no horror at my meanness; you do not even seem surprised!"

"Poor child!" was the answer; "no depth of human frailty can surprise the priest of God!"

"Frailty! what a gentle name for my crime! But I must finish for your sake as well as my own. My father, hearing that the next possessor of the diamond was to marry me, stole it, he said, to prevent this. But my father, you must know it, sir, was never true, and some other reason may have made him do so. And I, oh, dreadful thought now! let her nephew lie under the imputation of this guilt, and let her spend a fortune trying to recover it, and did not speak. Why her nephew disappeared I cannot tell you, but if he had not done so at the time, he would never have been charged with it. Hardest of all, I have never seen my father since, and he for whom I led a life of martyrdom, and acted a living lie that poisoned my whole being, has abandoned me now!"

He walked away from her; he stood at the window with his face averted, some mighty emotion evidently stirring him.

"God has been very good to you," he then said; "come with me."

He led her to his buggy standing at the door of the hotel. He drove rapidly to where stood a neat, white cottage, a little off the public road, and shaded by jasmine and honey-

suckle. He seated her in a pretty parlor, whereof the principal effects were light and bloom of flowers everywhere, and said:

"Wait a moment."

She waited the most astonished few moments that she had so far ever experienced in her life, though some of much greater wonder were to succeed. With their coming came Father Paul, radiant; held out his hand, took it in a father's clasp, and led her to a closed door, opened this, and left her.

She almost fainted; light, and bloom, and coziness again, but in the centre of all, propped up in a huge, easy chair, face as she had never seen it, arms held out to receive her, her father! With one glad cry of love, she found the shelter of his heart, so guilty, but oh, so loved, so much her *all* of life or joy! There she laid her head, fearing to speak lest it might be some beautiful dream a word might dissolve. The silence lasted long, and then his voice tenderly broke it, but only to confirm the wonderful reality, and prove it no dream:

"Now, my own child, we will never part again!"

"Never, never!" With what a sense of security the words were said.

"I am a prisoner here, dear!" and he pointed to his limbs hanging motionless; "but a willing one. The world which could tempt me, and might again, I can no longer tread. God has bound my feet, and here I *must* live the ways of truth. Your father can never be false again, for faith is his for evermore. Listen to the wonderful tale."

It took long to tell it, with his pathetic bursts of feeling, and his wanderings, to her part in the woful past. But it can be put into a few words.

He stole the diamond with "other intentions" than that of averting the "blight" from Imogen. A skilled worker, once high in his art, and now lowered by dissipation, hearing of it, and being intimate with him as a boon companion, offered to cut it into parts, wherein it would lose its identity, for a certain share of the profit. The fortune secured, the pair were to go to Europe, and there live in princely style. It was further intended to induce Imogen to follow; but that was left to the future. Guy Melville, from his old acquaintance with Courtenay Neil's house, and the manner in which the diamond was kept, found it a matter of no great difficulty to possess himself of it by means of tools used by the sort of men amongst whom he now spent his time. It was soon secured; but, as is often the case where crime is shared by two, the temptation proved too much for his accomplice; who, as they journeyed at night along a dark road, travelling on horseback to avoid the danger of detection on trains, attacked and would have murdered him to obtain the jewel for himself, but for an intervention of Divine Providence as strange as it was merciful. Father Paul, coming home from a "sick call," passed that way, heard the wounded man's screams for help, and saved him; his assailant escaping, but without the diamond. He shot at the priest twice, but both times missed his aim, and so he was unhurt. He lifted the wounded man, wounded almost unto death, on his horse, and bore him home. It was thought no human power could save him, and Father Paul bent all his energies to prepare his soul for eternity. By degrees his exhortations prevailed, till, at length, pierced to the heart by that true contrition which can come from God's grace alone, he confided to him the woful truth, and agreed to make restitution of the robbery. After this, he recovered, to the amazement of every one around him, but deprived forever of the use of his limbs. With the hands left free, he earned the bread

hitherto given him from the priest's charity, by copying law papers and other documents for wealthy members of the congregation. Often had he wished for Imogen, often was on the point of revealing his whereabouts, but, in the depth of his sorrow for the past, argued within himself, that a fitting atonement for his wrong to her and to her protectress would be silence.

"But I loved you, father," broke from her heart; "you forgot that!"

"No, my dear, not for a moment. But I thought it were better you had never loved so wretched a sinner, and if you could be weaned from so unfortunate a love, the better for your future."

"But I could not, Father, I was not!"

"I hoped, my dear, another love would come some bright day which would absorb your heart, and in its truth and sweetness you would forget alike my falsehood and my love."

Tenderly the beautiful face, the image of his dead Alice, so wronged and so loved, became suffused, and while the rose-light still shone there the door opened, and Father Paul entered.

"Well, my child, are you satisfied?" he asked, smiling.

Her eyes full of innocent trust looked up eagerly to his.

"There is one thing, Father," she said; "one thing left which holds bitterness for me."

"And that?" but he was smiling evidently to himself.

"Aunt Veva left the 'condition' of the miserable diamond to be imposed on me."

"And you?" Again he smiled that introspective smile.

"I—I would like Mr. Courtenay Neil to know that—"

"Well," and the smile grew broader on Father Paul's fine face, "that you are not a 'condition.' It is very strange that Aunt Veva did not leave the diamond to any one but me," she grew a shade paler, "and I handed it to the proper and legal owner, taking the liberty of removing the 'condition,' in which alone lay the 'blight,' not in the passive diamond. My dear child, the power of superstition, even over some superior minds, is insidious beyond words, and what with that fact, and what with the turning aside of people's natural bent in order to fulfil this absurd condition, the whole trouble found birth there. Watch the touches of the hand of God in this present happy issue; your aunt's holy death, your father's preservation, and I hope your own happiness, and there you see the will of God, where divine grace held sway in contradistinction to the will of man, emanating from passion, and kept active by superstition."

"True and beautiful, Father," she said; "and you have removed the diamond's blight."

"Common sense could have done it long ago, child," he answered. "Courtenay Neil the elder did his best, and Courtenay Neil the younger only disappeared from a desire to have nothing at all to do with it. He merely intended to retire awhile, till somebody else fell in love with the 'condition;'" and he smiled a broader smile than ever. "He left it to his man of business to see to the deliverance of the 'fatal legacy' into Miss Neil's hands; and it was only a coincidence not dreamed of by him, that it should disappear at the precise time he did. Having travelled to 'unexplored wastes,' for the purpose of hiding himself from the 'condition,' he never heard of the 'hue and cry' about the gem till three months ago, when he returned to his native soil. He was so indignant then at the turn affairs had taken, that he forthwith buried his identity, and made a vow, in perfect good faith, never to bear the name of Neil again, hence Brooke. To his man of business, who alone knew of his wanderings or his return, he confided his present whereabouts,

and he came here, as he said, to be lost in the wilderness of a crowd. The gentleman has been during the past hour entertaining me with this recital, and now awaits you in the parlor, Miss Melville. He—he—" and here Father Paul's smile merged into a mellow, ringing laugh—"seems rather loath to give up his guardianship. You know Aunt Veva, independently of the 'fatal legacy,' told him to 'take care of you.'"

"I cannot go, Father; I cannot see him," and the dainty hands flew to screen the crimsoned cheeks.

"That is rather disobedient to a guardian at the outset," said Father Paul.

"You—you know the wrong I did him in the past, Father."

"Oh, make your mind easy on that! I told him the story of it; and I think a plan of atonement exists in his mind which you can work out with perfect satisfaction to both, I hope."

These last words were added in an undertone, and with a twinkle of his eye, as she disappeared, saying:

"Well, I might as well bear this interview first as last, and borne it must be some time, I suppose!"

"Do you know, Guy," said Father Paul, when she was quite out of hearing; "that the most telling point in this whole diamond drama is, he has fallen in love with the 'condition' he travelled far and wide and actually forswore his family name to avoid! Ten to one if this bugbear had not existed they'd have found naturally that they were 'two souls with but a single thought,' but you see this 'blight' divided the thought of each. O, human nature, how it overreaches its own efforts!"

"You do not mean to say," began the astounded father.

"Yes," interrupted the priest, "I do mean to say that, according to all human indications, given constantly since Miss Neil's death, some time has elapsed; you know Courtenay Neil finds that the diamond without the 'condition' is a very poor piece of property! My dear Guy, could the story end better?"

"Whatever *you* say, Father, *I* never deserved the treasure, and Courtenay Neil is true to the very core of his heart. Now if God would only bring them to the faith I have found."

"I have a certain hope they incline towards it now."

But here entered Courtenay and Imogen, the diamond shining on her hand, another light none less radiant in her eyes. He led her to her father.

"Sir," said he, "I have given her the diamond, and with it my heart; I relinquish her to your guardianship, and if, when I have shown her by time and devotion how truly my life is hers, she can give me back my diamond with *her* dear heart for its accompanying gift, I will take it. If not, it is hers to keep unreservedly!"

"So," cried the irrepressible Father Paul, "the fate of this much-condition-ridden diamond is now reversed! In the present phase she can only retain possession of it by *not* marrying you! Give them your blessing, Guy, and let us have an end to this."

"They have my blessing, truly," was the answer, "and with it the prayer that they may be brought to the faith which, living in me, alone makes the blessing of any value."

When Courtenay had gone, he drew her tenderly to his breast.

"Tell me, my little love," he had always called her that in her childhood, "why could you not give him his answer now? Do you not love him?"

"I cannot tell, father, whether it is the love of a life; it is so soon, and I have been so tried of late. And"—this very wearily—"I feel so mean about the way I wronged him, and how even my looks of horror when I met him at dear Aunt Veva's deathbed must have produced on

her the impression that I thought him guilty. The horror was for my own position, not his. I am very tired of it all, father, and I want to rest in your love just now. Supposing—you know he is so short a time acquainted with me—supposing this should not be love on his part, but only pity and admiration, then what misery in the future could be contained in his memory of my falsehood! I did not tell him this; I only begged his pardon for the wrong, and said I could not answer him now. So then he gave me the diamond in the beautiful way he told you himself. Dear father, let us talk no more about it—my sin is with me still, and I cannot be happy enough to love."

He only held the drooping head closer to his heart, and prayed that God might bring her to the one place where sin can be laid down as a burden cast aside, while the soul passes into a region of light and peace.

In God's own good time this prayer was answered. Imogen Melville's tried soul found its way to the tribunal of penance, and the truth became her own for all time. Then happiness settled softly in her heart, and her lover, seeing the change, soon followed her example.

I cannot tell you exactly how long it took till the diamond found its way back to the original owner, devoid of condition. But I know that a day came at Luna Springs when a very lovely woman haunted its shades, leaning on the arm of her husband, and to this pair Fashion seemed nothing, and Nature everything. They were visited daily by an old gentleman, who had to be lifted in and out of the carriage, but who was full of cheer and happiness in look and manner. Often the "Catholic priest" accompanied him. It leaked out that they dispensed charity to the poor, who are always to be found in the vicinity of "summer resorts," with a lavish hand; that they endowed the Church with much-needed gifts; and that their wealth was but to them a means of doing good.

"La!" said Fashion, raising its eyeglass in that inimitable manner not to be caught in any effort at description, "who can they be? Why, it's actually the girl that was married for her diamond! There, she's got it on! Dear me!"

And this, being whispered about, Courtenay Neil roguishly rehearsed it for his wife, winding up thus,

"Many versions of our story float about the world, my dear, but it never occurs to any one that instead of marrying the lady for the diamond, I merely married the diamond for the lady."

"And broke the spell, forever and ever!"

"Yes; romance and blight are gone. Without the condition, the diamond becomes so much filthy lucre or real estate. Let us convert it into one or the other, and make it of some use in the world."

"We will."

Which they did, and this must be recorded as the unromantic ending of the story "About a Diamond." But in the record lies the significant fact that "blight" became a thing unknown to the future of the Neil family, happy, honored, and well fulfilling in their lives that divine will which led them to the truth, and gave them the grace to become living examples of its holy power.

THE POEMS OF ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

In attempting an analysis of Miss Procter's poetry, we may well preface it by a few words concerning her life and character, because these were the roots of her verse. To speak of the dead is at all times a sacred thing, demanding heedful words and careful justice. To speak of the beloved dead is always a doubly difficult task, requiring a specially sober modesty of expression, even while giving some scope to that instinctive power of true appreciation which affection best insures. The writer of these pages knew and loved her long and well; and in so far is qualified to speak of what she was: yet of a nature which was all womanly, and which retained to its last earthly moments a singular charm of childlike playfulness and innocence,—having been, as it were, at all times sheltered from life's rougher experiences,—it is not quite easy so to speak as to bring out a distinctive image to those who knew it not.

Adelaide Anne Procter was born, in October, 1825, in Bedford Square, London; the eldest child, the "sweet beloved first-born," of Brian Waller Procter, best known to literature as Barry Cornwall. We have often heard her described as she was at three years old—"the prettiest little fairy ever seen," with fair delicate features and great blue eyes; always frail in health, but exceedingly intelligent. Mr. Dickens tells of a tiny album, made of note-paper, into which her favorite passages of poetry were copied for her by her mother's hand before she herself could write; and she very soon began to acquire foreign languages, and even to learn geometry. One of her early accomplishments was drawing; she composed little figure-pieces with grace and facility; and we remember hearing from a loving relative of Miss Procter's, many long years ago, of a certain set of sketches of the Seven Ages of Man, done by her in pencil when she was yet a little girl. Being at the time still younger, we heard of it with a sort of admiring awe, which it is now pathetic to remember; considering in our own mind what a wonderful and even alarming little girl this must be. Some five-and-twenty years later (since her death) those little sketches came to light; the sight of them smiting upon the heart with the memory of that long-ago conversation, so full of fond hope and pride.

Miss Procter was very thoroughly educated, and from her youth went much into society, possessing in a marked degree the best characteristics of a woman of the world. Mr. Dickens says that she had nothing of the conventional poetess about her; was neither melancholy, nor affected, nor self-absorbed. What she *had*, was the ease, the polish, and the extreme readiness which we are taught to consider the traditionary charm of a Frenchwoman of the old school. To perfect self-possession she added a sort of feminine mastery of those about her. Single out any of the famous Parisians gifted with the power to win and to keep, and imagine this sort of power grafted on to a nature *au fond* very simple and sterling; and thus the reader will attain to a conception of what she was in social life. She had deep and strong feeling, which she poured out in her poetry; but it did not come uppermost in her conversation. *That* was always vivid and usually lively, and, moreover, edged with marvellous finesse. "Sweetbrier" one loving friend used to call her.

Her outward life was not very varied; but her conversion to the Catholic faith, which took place when she was about four-and-twenty, gave her a wide circle of intellectual inter-

ests beyond those of ordinary English minds. Two years later she went to Piedmont, and passed a year with a relative there. She always recalled this Italian experience with lively pleasure; and it colored many of her poems. Her letters home were very lively and pictorial, showing that she would have excelled in prose composition.

Of her first entrance into literature, Mr. Dickens has given an amusing account: how she sent poems to *Household Words* under the signature of Miss Berwick, and how at the office they all made up their minds she was a governess; and how Miss Berwick turned out, after all, to be the daughter of his old friend Barry Cornwall, who preferred to win her spurs with her visor down. When, some years later, she was with much difficulty induced to collect her poems into a volume, with her name, their success was immediate: both that volume and a second series passed through edition after edition, till she truly became a *household word* in England.

There is not, alas, very much more to tell. Just when she became famous, and opportunities of literary exertion were opening on every side, her health began to fail. For three or four years before her declared illness she was very delicate, and, with the fatal animation of her peculiar temperament, always overworking herself. But that dread malady, consumption, the scourge of England, can rarely be averted when once it has marked its prey. In November, 1862, her increasing illness first confined her to her room, and very shortly to her bed. For fifteen long months she lay there, wasting gradually away; yet not only was she patient and thoroughly resigned, but up to the very last her bright cheerfulness never quite deserted her. When not actually in pain, she would enter into conversation with all her old zest, taking just the same interest in her friends and their affairs; lively, sympathetic, and helpful to the end. On the very last evening of all, one of her friends, thinking to interest her in the old pursuit, brought her a little poem in proof. It was a Catholic ballad for *The Lamp*. Miss Procter was sitting up in bed, supported by pillows. She was too weak to speak any unnecessary word; but her large blue eyes roused into their wonted intelligence as she listened; and then, with the sweet sympathy which she at all times gave to others, she made a slight applauding motion with those slender wasted fingers, and smiled into the reader's face. It was such a very slight thing, and yet so utterly characteristic—courtesy, and kindness, and a sort of unselfish readiness surviving to the very end.

That night, an hour after midnight, on the 2d of February, the summons came. She had been reading a little book—trying to read rather—and as the clock was on the stroke of one she shut it up, and with some sudden mysterious rush of consciousness, having suffered greatly all the evening from oppressed breathing, she asked quietly of her mother, who was holding her in her arms:

"Do you think I am dying, mamma?"

"I think you are very, very ill tonight, my dear."

"Send for my sister. My feet are so cold; lift me up."

Her sister entering as they raised her, she said:

"It has come at last."

And then, with so soft a change that the anxious eyes bent upon those sunken features could hardly detect the moment of her ceasing to breathe, death came to the beloved of so many hearts. The prayers of the Church, of which she was so devoted a child, were audibly uplifted throughout that closing scene; they were the last earthly sounds that can have reached the dulling ear. Opposite to her, as she lay upon her

little bed, was a photograph from that loveliest image by Francia of the dead Saviour lying upon his Mother's knees. At all times ardently religious, the last days of her frail life were elevated and cheered by the holy rites of her faith. As she lay in her coffin, a crucifix upon her breast, and camelias and violets sprinkled over her fair white garments, she looked the loveliest image of peace which a pure and pious life could bequeath to perishable clay. The delicate face was but little changed. Up to the very last it had retained its bright spiritual expression, just as her voice had retained its musical inflections, and her smile its splendid charm of affectionate sympathy and childlike gayety. In death that smile had vanished forever, but something of its sweetness still lingered about the brow and mouth. The tapers for which she had asked a little while previously (for the due keeping of Candlemas-day) burnt at the head of the coffin, and shed their soft light down upon that still face. When at length it was covered up from mortal sight, and all that remained of her laid in the grave at St. Mary's Cemetery, the sun shone out with the first cheerfulness of early spring. Coming from behind a little cloud, that sunshine lit up the white vestment of the priest, who, standing by her coffin in the little chapel, spoke of the joyful resurrection of the children of God. There is a little garden upon that simple grave, where fresh flowers bloom every spring; and beside it many prayers are offered up with each returning season of the year.

But we must linger no longer on memories and associations which are almost too sacred for more than a passing word. To the world at large Miss Procter is known through her genius only; but it is, perhaps, not too much to say, that through it she is also endeared in a singular degree to thousands who never looked upon her face. To some consideration of her poems we will therefore address ourselves; the less reluctantly that they were truly so much a revelation of her life.

If canons of criticism be based on something deeper than mere superficial rules in regard to the expression of the sublime and beautiful, it must be doubly interesting to trace the causes of a widespread popularity attaching to any series of works from the same pen. Such an appreciation cannot be won by a trick of form, or by a deliberate appeal to well-known popular sympathies. It must arise from the touching of universal emotions; from a true correspondence with those thoughts and feelings which are the heritage of the race under its most general conditions, or which have become the common property of a people in all its various grades of culture.

There are two theories regarding the nature of poetry and of that genius which creates poetry, whether in literature or in the sphere of any art. They will never be harmonized; for, like many other opinions, doctrines, and theories, of which we are separately forced to acknowledge the truth, they are irreconcilable by any effort of the human understanding. One of these theories says that genius is rare, recondite, unusual; that its creations are, by the very nature of things, little likely to be appreciated; that, indeed, the higher and the deeper it is, the more likelihood there is that it will *not* be entered into by numbers. Such genius found its embodiment in the phantasmagoria of Blake, in the poetry of Shelley, in the profound insight of this or that thinker. It is the vivid but momentary flash of lightning irradiating a sombre sky; it is the gnarled and solitary pine; the deep still tarn upon the mountain-side; it is the vein of bright ore buried in the darkness of the mine; the electric thrill evoked from inert

matter, interesting, delightful, and suggestive from the very strangeness of its apparition. Who shall deny that this is *one* definition of genius, one way of picturing the idea of high art?

But there is another theory, which says that genius is that which possesses the faculty of incarnating universal affections in a type readily and instinctively appropriated by the imagination; that it painted the Huguenots, and wrought out the image of Jeanie Deans; that it sung the simple melody of "Auld Robin Gray," and accumulated the massive choruses of Handel. That—putting aside those greatest men, the Shakspeares, Goethes, and Raphaels, regarding whom criticism or definition are alike exhaustless and forever inconclusive—the most admirable genius is that which thrills in the ballads, the religious literature, and imitative art of a people; and which a whole nation "will not willingly let die." Such genius, such art, is like the fair sunshine upon cornfields, the rippling of the running stream, the silver surface of the lake, the profuse luxuriance of spring and autumn woodlands. It embodies light, air, and the song of birds, the solemnity of the universal twilight, and the radiance of the universal dawn. Almost every one can see and feel it in *some* wise, though the keenness of the appreciation will be in proportion to the sensitiveness of the eye and ear. Who shall deny that this is another and equally true description of the highest genius and the noblest art?

The poems we are now considering, and which have won such general admiration wherever they have become known, belong to the latter class of works of art. Their simple delicate beauty appeals alike to men and women, and to the soul of the young child; their transparent clearness is that of an unusually lucid intellect; their profoundness is only that of a believing heart. She who wrote them would often say, with a certain characteristic simplicity, "I only write verses,—I do not write poetry;" and would fasten upon the products of some powerful and mystic mind as an illustration of what genuine poetry ought to be. But the misestimate was great. The absolute absence of claptrap, of any appeal to the passions of the hour or the idols of the people, showed that if these volumes lay on so many tables, and their contents were so often sung and quoted in public and in private, as expressing just that which everybody had wanted to say, the reason lay deeper than the ring of the verse-writer who knows how to play into the fancy of the multitude. They are popular because they are instinct with dainty feminine genius, and reach the hearts of others with the sure precise touch of slender fingers awakening the silver chords of a harp.

Three volumes originally comprised the whole of Miss Procter's writings: a first and second series of Legends and Lyrics, and one of religious poems, published for a night-refuge kept by Sisters of Mercy. The whole *three* have been published in America in one small but excellently got-up volume, at once a casket and a shrine (James R. Osgood & Co., Boston). Of the secular poems, we would attempt a slight analysis of contents. There are fourteen legends or stories, long and short,—little tales in verse, of which the gist generally lies in some very subtle and pathetic situation of the human heart. Anything like violent wrong or the ravages of unruly passion seemed rarely to cross this gentle imagination; and yet the legends are nearly all sorrowful; but the sorrow seems to spring from nobody's fault, and perhaps for that very reason it is all the more sorrowful, for repentance will not wash it away. Little dead children borne to heaven on the bosom of the angels while their mothers weep below; or a dying mother,

dying amidst the splendors of an earl's home, and calling to her bedside the son of an earlier and humbler marriage, revealing herself to him at the last; or the history of a stepmother, long loved but late wedded, and who had given up the lover of her own youth to a younger friend, and afterwards taken the charge of that friend's jealous and reluctant children; or the pitiful tale, since elaborately wrought out by Tennyson in his *Enoch Arden*, of the sailor who returns home to find his wife the wife of another man. In one and all the pathos is wrought out and expressed with the most extraordinary delicacy of touch. The reader says to himself, "Nay, is it so sad, after all?" And yet it is; sad and spiritually hopeful too; sad for this earth, hopeful for heaven. This seems the irresistible conclusion of almost every tale; even the story of the stepmother, supposed to come quite right at last, is made inexpressibly plaintive by being told by the first wife's nurse—she who "knew so much," and had lived with her young mistress from childhood, and would not call the cold husband unkind; "but she had been used to love and praise."

In others of these legends the telling of the tale is simpler, the pathos more direct, but almost always strangely subtle. In "Three Evenings of a Life," a sister sacrifices her own hopes of married life that she may devote herself to a young brother who needs her care. But the young brother marries—a catastrophe which she does not seem to have contemplated; and she finds too late that her sacrifice was useless; and, what was worse, that the bride is ill-fitted to sustain him in his life or in his art; and the unhappy sister

> "Watched the daily failing
> Of all his nobler part;
> Low aims, weak purpose, telling
> In lower, weaker art.
>
> "And now, when he is dying,
> The last words she could hear
> Must not be hers, but given
> The bride of one short year.
>
> "The last care is another's;
> The last prayer must not be
> The one they learnt together
> Beside their mother's knee."

Herbert sickens and dies, leaving the poor weak little Dora to Alice's care; and we are told how Alice cherishes her, and bears with her waywardness through sad weeks of depression, till news comes in spring that Leonard—the rejected lover—is returning from India. Now Alice is free! Now she may love Leonard and lean upon his strength. He comes; the little household smiles once more. Summer succeeds to spring; when one twilight hour Alice is aware of the perfume of flowers brought into their London home. She goes out into the passage, and through a half-opened door hears Leonard's voice.

> "His low voice—Dora's answers;
> His pleading—yes, she knew
> The tone, the words, the accents;
> She once had heard them too.
> 'Would Alice blame her?' Leonard's
> Low tender answer came:
> 'Alice was far too noble
> To think or dream of blame.'
> 'And was he sure he loved her?'
> 'Yes, with the one love given
> Once in a lifetime only;
> With one soul and one heaven!'
>
> "Then came a plaintive murmur:
> 'Dora had once been told
> That he and Alice—' 'Dearest,
> Alice is far too cold
> To love; and I, my Dora,
> If once I fancied so,
> It was a brief delusion,
> And over long ago.'"

Very tender and touching is the description of the forlorn woman's recoil upon her brother's memory:

> "Yes, they have once been parted;
> But this day shall restore
> The long-lost one; she claims him:
> 'My Herbert—mine once more!'"

One of the most highly finished of the legends is "A Tomb in Ghent," setting forth the life of a humble musician and his young daughter. It contains lovely touches of description both of music and architecture. How the youth knelt prayerfully in St. Bavon,

> "While the great organ over all would roll,
> Speaking strange secrets to his innocent soul,
> Bearing on eagle-wings the great desire
> Of all the kneeling throng, and piercing higher
> Than aught but love and prayer can reach, until
> Only the silence seemed to listen still;
> Or, gathering like a sea still more and more,
> Break, in melodious waves, at heaven's door,
> And then fall, slow and soft, in tender rain,
> Upon the pleading, longing hearts again."

Not only what he heard, but what he saw, is thus exquisitely imaged in words:

"Then he would watch the rosy sunlight glow,
That crept along the marble floor below,
Passing, as life does, with the passing hours,
Now by a shrine all rich with gems and flowers,
Now on the brazen letters of a tomb;
Then, again, leaving it to shade and gloom,
And creeping on, to show, distinct and quaint,
The kneeling figure of some marble saint;
Or lighting up the carvings strange and rare
That told of patient toil and reverend care;
Ivy that trembled on the spray and ears
Of heavy corn, and slender bulrush-spears,
And all the thousand tangled weeds that grow
In summer where the silver rivers flow;
And demon-heads grotesque that seemed to glare
In impotent wrath on all the beauty there.
Then the gold rays up pillared shaft would climb,
And so be drawn to heaven at evening time,
And deeper silence, darker shadows flowed
On all around,—only the windows glowed
With blazoned glory, like the shields of light
Archangels bear, who, armed with love and might,
Watch upon heaven's battlements at night."

The second critical division of Miss Procter's poems comprises those beautiful lyrics, many of which have been set to music, and all of which are full of the melody of rhythm,—inspired, as it were, by a delicate Æolian harmony, having its source in the fine intangible instinct of the poet's ear. Amidst more than a hundred of such short poems and songs, selection seems nearly impossible to the critic. Many of the little pieces and many of the separate verses are destined to float on the surface of English literature with the same secure buoyancy as Herrick's "Daffodils," or Lyttleton's verses to his fair wife Lucy, or Wordsworth's picture of the maid who dwelt by the banks of Dove. They have that short felicity of expression, that perfect finish in their parts, that causes such poems to abide in the memory, or, as the expression is, to "dwell in the imagination." In the six verses of "The Chain,"

"Which was not forged by mortal hands,
Or clasped with golden bars and bands,"

is one—the third—which exemplifies our assertion. It reads like one of those immemorial quotations we have known from infancy:

"Yet what no mortal hand could make,
No mortal power can ever break;
What words or vows could never do,
No words or vows can make untrue;
And if to other hearts unknown,
The dearer and the more our own,
Because too sacred and divine
For other eyes save thine and mine."

Two songs, written in the quaint irregular metre delighted in by the seventeenth-century poets, seem like forgotten scraps by one of the more elegant contemporaries of Milton; these are, "A Doubting Heart," and "A Lament for the Summer;" of which the first and last verses are instinct with the feelings of October days.

"Moan, O ye Autumn Winds,—
Summer has fled;
The flowers have closed their tender leaves, and die;
The lily's gracious head
All low must lie,
Because the gentle Summer now is dead.

"Mourn, mourn, O Autumn Winds,—
Lament and mourn;
How many half-blown buds must close and die!
Hopes, with the Summer born,
All faded lie,
And leave us desolate and earth forlorn."

Equally musical, but full of the more personal sentiment of our century, is that lovely song, "A Shadow," beginning,

"What lack the valleys and mountains,
That once were green and gay?"

Quite different in tone, full of ringing harmony, is the little poem of "Now."

"Rise, for the day is passing,
And you lie dreaming on;
The others have buckled their armor,
And forth to the fight are gone.
A place in the ranks awaits you—
Each man has some part to play:
The Past and the Future are nothing
In the face of the stern To-day."

And so on, through four spirited verses. Something in these strikes the ear as peculiarly illustrative of the active pious spirit of her who wrote them, of the voice whose every tone was so clear, and of the smile whose arch intelligence conveyed the same expression of lively decision.

We must now bring our remarks to a close, having tried to indicate the different qualities of Miss Procter's verse. The permanent place which it will retain in English literature it is not for us to decide. She has had the power to strike the heart

of her own generation by its simple pathos. That it is purely original of its kind can hardly be denied; but it is hard, if not impossible, so far to separate ourselves from the standard of our own generation as to judge where the limits of the *special*, and therefore the *transient*, elements of fame are passed. But we at least must not be wanting in gratitude to one of the sweetest singers of the day that was hers and our own.

THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY OF IRELAND.

AT the Synod of Thurles in 1850, the Irish Bishops resolved to found a Catholic University, in which the Catholic youth of Ireland should receive the highest education, based upon the religion which has been the glory of the Irish race for fourteen centuries. Funds for its maintenance were soon placed at the disposal of its founders; the first public collection was held on St. Patrick's day, the 17th of March, 1851, and in May, 1854, the Bishops, assembled in synodal meeting in Dublin, canonically erected the new university upon the model of the Catholic University of Louvain. On Whit-Sunday, the 4th of June following, the Rev. Dr. Newman was solemnly installed as first rector. Cardinal Cullen addressed him on the occasion in the following memorable words: "And you, Reverend Father, to whom the execution of so great a work is committed by the Church of Ireland, allow me to exhort you to meet the difficulties and trials which you shall have to encounter with courage and determination. You shall have with you the blessing of the successor of St. Peter, the sanction and co-operation of the Church of Ireland, and the fervent prayers of the faithful; all difficulties will gradually vanish, and a fair and open field will be presented to you for your labors. Teach the youth committed to your care to cultivate every branch of learning, to scan the depths of every science, to explore the mysteries of every art; encourage the development of talent and the flight of genius, but check the growth of error, and be a firm bulwark against everything that would be prejudicial to the interests of religion and the doctrines of the Holy Catholic Church. In all circumstances, and at all times, let it be your care to infuse a strong Catholic spirit, a true spirit of religion, into the tender minds of youth; make them understand the value of that element, of that *aroma scientiarum*, without which the sciences only corrupt the heart and spread baneful influences around them. In this way your labors will tend to restore the ancient glories of this land of saints, you will enrich the state with faithful, obedient, and useful subjects, and give to the church devoted and enlightened children."

Dr. Newman lost no time in endeavoring to carry into effect the instructions contained in these few sentences. He commenced his great work under favorable auspices. He had with him, as Cardinal Cullen said, the sanction and co-operation of the Church of Ireland; he had the authority of the successor of St. Peter as a guarantee of success. He had the active support of the Catholic people of Ireland, for whose benefit the university was founded. He was well fitted by disposition and education to execute successfully the task committed to his charge. He had been the brightest ornament of one of the most renowned seats of learn-

ing in Europe. He had already, by the vigorous and eloquent productions of his pen, won a European celebrity. His name at the time was the theme of every tongue, and it was considered providential by many that the government of the Catholic University was intrusted to a man of acknowledged genius and extensive learning. His long experience as a Fellow in Oxford was no small qualification for his position. A prodigy of knowledge himself, he prized knowledge wherever he found it. · It was his wish to employ as his colleagues men whose learning could not be questioned, whose reputation as ripe scholars was beyond dispute. He knew that it is an honor to be praised by those who have won praise, and that degrees conferred by distinguished professors would be valued by the successful student and by scholars in every civilized land. He realized his wishes, and selected and engaged as professors men eminent in every branch of science and of letters. Some of them had been distinguished students of Oxford and Cambridge, others had carried off the highest honors of Trinity College in the Irish metropolis, others had by their writings won triumphs in literature. No selection, however, gave such satisfaction to the people as the appointment of Eugene O'Curry to the chair of Irish history and archæology. This true lover of his country's ancient glories had devoted the best years of his life to the study of the Irish language and of Irish antiquities without reward or encouragement. In poverty and obscurity, he labored indefatigably in the field of Irish archæology, while men with a superficial knowledge of the Celtic tongue were receiving public honors to which he was justly entitled. For many years he was employed as a mere drudge in Trinity College, translating Irish manuscripts for a miserable pittance. Others often deprived him of the poor satisfaction of giving him credit for what he had done. He opened and examined the sealed book of his country's history, and scholars appropriated the fruits of his labors! The late Dr. Todd, of Trinity College, was a generous patron of Celtic studies, but few will have the courage to assert that he bestowed upon Professor O'Curry the patronage which he deserved, or rewarded him with an adequate remuneration for his services. He assisted Dr. O'Donovan in translating the annals of the Four Masters, yet this fact is known only to a few. Thus the greatest Irish archæologist of the age—a benefactor of his country who deserved a statue from the chisel of a Phidias—might have passed through life unknown and unhonored, had not the Irish hierarchy established a noble seat of learning where he could devote the closing years of his life to his favorite studies, and transmit in a permanent form the results of his glorious labors to posterity. When introduced and recommended to Dr. Newman, he was immediately appointed Professor of Irish History and Archæology. The appointment was pleasing to Cardinal Cullen. No man knew better than he the worth of Professor O'Curry, or valued more highly the services which he could render to Catholic truth and historic truth by his antiquarian researches, his examination and translations of the early and later annals of Ireland and her faith. He was a quiet, silent worker, a true Christian patriot, a faithful friend, one of those great and good men of whom Ireland will be always proud. Dr. Newman's government of the Catholic University, notwithstanding the opposition he had to meet, was very successful. While discharging the duties of rector, he found time to write and publish those admirable lectures on the use and scope of university education, which could be read with interest and studied with profit in our higher institutions of learning in the United States. By voice and pen he gave a

strong impulse to the cause of higher education in Ireland. Having resigned his position in 1861, he was succeeded by the present rector, the Rev. Monsignore Woodlock. Dr. Woodlock has the advantage of being a good Irishman, and it is unnecessary to say that the Irish always wish to see men of their own race filling the positions of presidents and professors of their colleges. A gentleman of varied attainments, great zeal and energy, unostentatious piety, and high administrative abilities, Dr. Woodlock has raised the academic importance of the Catholic University, and increased the number of its friends, by his wisdom, his prudence, his generous spirit, and kind heart. He has unceasingly advocated its claims to legal recognition, and fearlessly defended the immortal principle of Catholic education. Clad in the triple armor of justice, he must ultimately succeed in obtaining a charter for the institution for which he has so nobly, so earnestly, and so strenuously labored during the past fourteen years.

Strangers who are unacquainted with the history of Irish education, or who receive their information concerning Irish affairs from the hired scribes of the London press, cannot sympathize with the cause for which Dr. Woodlock has so long fought against fearful odds. To such persons a brief sketch of the Irish education question may be interesting and instructive. A love of learning is one of the strongest passions of the Irish race. It is one of the chief characteristics of the Irish people to-day, as it was in those halcyon days, when Ireland was the light of Europe, when the golden lamp of religion hallowed with its heavenly light every lake and river, every hill and valley, from the Giant's Causeway to Cape Clear, when the Universities of Armagh, Cashel, Lismore, Ross, and Bangor reawakened the echoes of the academy and lyceum, when students from distant lands received a liberal welcome and gratuitous instruction in those monasteries which for ages dispensed the blessings of Christian knowledge, when Columba evangelized North Britain, and Columbanus, like a second Elias, renewed the piety of earlier times in Gaul and Italy, when, in a word, the universal suffrage of mankind accorded to green Erin the proud title of "insula sanctorum et doctoram," "the island of saints and of scholars."

We learn from authentic records that in the year 513 there were 7000 scholars at Armagh; that in 901 there were 5000 students and 600 conventual monks at Cashel, under Cormac, king and archbishop; and that Lismore and Bangor numbered each 5000 students. "Ireland," says an eloquent and learned writer in the *North British Review*, "appeared to the world as a university, to which it was natural for students to resort from all quarters to complete their studies. From this university island, a multitude incessantly swarmed in all directions, from Iceland to Italy, to spread collegiate training with the Christian faith; to found, not only churches and monasteries, but schools and universities." The Northmen, or Danes, attracted by the natural riches of the island, plundered many of its noblest monasteries, and banished the muses from many of its highest seats of learning. After a fierce struggle, however, which continued for two centuries, the Danish power in Ireland was crushed forever on the plains of Clontarf. This victory was soon followed by the Anglo-Norman invasion, which revived the worst features of Danish barbarity, and renewed the savage atrocities of Turgesias and his myrmidons. From the Anglo-Norman invasion, 1169 to 1537, the education question in Ireland was *political* and *English*, as opposed to native.

The statute of Kilkenny, which was enacted in 1367, abolished the

Brehon laws, and prohibited every usage and habit of the "Irish enemy," the legal description of the Irish people by English jurists and statesmen for more than four centuries. What wonder that the Irish were disaffected through ages of bondage and slaughter!

The statute of Kilkenny justified the murder of a mere Irishman. The same spirit—the spirit of conquest rule—which enacted that infamous statute inspired the penal code which followed the violated treaty of Limerick. The Protestant penal laws in Ireland were only a reproduction of the Catholic Anglo-Norman penal code. Vae Victis was the motto of the legislators of the first period; Vae Victis was the motto of the tools and minions of Elizabeth and Cromwell, of William III and Queen Anne. From 1537, when Protestantism was first introduced to the notice of the Irish people, down to the present time, the education question has been Irish and Catholic, as opposed to English and Protestant. The policy of sectarian ascendency replaced that of race ascendency.

Walker, in his *Historical Memoirs of Irish Bards*, tells that in the twenty-eighth year of the reign of Henry VIII, a law was enacted ordering the Protestant clergy to keep parochial schools and "promote the English order, habit, and language." By the act all persons were prohibited from wearing coulins (long locks) on their heads; but the prohibition was disregarded by the native population, and Irish maidens still preferred the youth with the flowing locks to the noblest representatives of the English strangers. Moore, in one of the most beautiful of his Melodies, represents an Irish maiden addressing her lover in those well-known and patriotic lines:

"I'll gaze on thy gold hair as graceful it wreathes,
And hang o'er thy soft harp, as wildly it breathes;
Nor dread that the cold-hearted Saxon will tear
One chord from that harp, or one lock from that hair."

The persecution of the bards only increased their number. "The charms of song," says Moore, "were ennobled by the glories of martyrdom, and the acts against minstrels, in the reigns of Henry VIII and Elizabeth, were as successful, I doubt not, in making my countrymen musicians, as the penal laws have been in keeping them Catholics." At the close of the sixteenth century the waves of ruin swept with fearful force over Ireland. Her magnificent cathedrals were levelled in the dust, her schools proscribed, her monasteries destroyed, her hallowed asylums of charity demolished, her clergy imprisoned, exiled, or executed on the scaffold for the crime of loving their religion and country. It would seem, says O'Daly, that the infernal pit itself had conspired with the dark and deadly passions of men to root out the very name of Catholicity from the country. The blood of the martyrs, however, was the seed of Christianity, and the persecutions of the Irish Church, though unparalleled in the annals of tyranny, were instrumental in giving her new strength and vigor.

When Catholic education was proscribed at home, Irish colleges were established abroad. France, Spain, and Italy still gratefully remembered the colleges, scholars, and hospitality of ancient Erin, and kings, princes, nobles, and prelates vied with each other in assisting her unconquerable exiles to found noble seats of learning, in which the knowledge of the Celtic language and the early records and annals of the Irish Church could be preserved from the vengeance and vandalism of their persecutors. The College of Salamanca was established in 1582, that of Alcala in 1590, that of Lisbon in 1595, that of Evora in 1595, that of Douai in 1596, that of Antwerp in 1600, and that of St. Anthony in Louvain in 1606. Colleges were also founded for Irish students in Bordeaux, Toulouse, and Nantz; at Lisle, Tournay, and St. Omer. Paris and

Rome increased the number; and when Trinity College, with its ample endowment and rich landed property, had the reputation of producing but few capable of maintaining the reputation of their country for learning, the persecuted Irish exiles triumphantly asserted the supremacy of Irish genius in foreign lands. Penal legislation against Catholic education continued in full force during the reigns of James I and Charles I, and was one of the intolerable grievances which made the condition of Irish Catholics unenviable—one of unmixed misery and degradation. In their "humble remonstrance" to the king in 1641, the northern Catholics stated that one of the grievances, which had driven them to take up arms, was that the "youth of this kingdom, especially of us Catholics, is debarred from education and learning in that no schoolmaster of our religion is admitted to be bred beyond the seas, and the only university of Ireland (Trinity College), doth exclude all Catholics; thereby to make us utterly ignorant of literature and civil breeding, which always followed learning and arts, insomuch that we boldly affirm we are the most miserable and unhappy nation of the Christian world." The Cromwellian policy, which left nothing undone to root out the religion of the people, and which held society unrelaxingly in its grasp for a century, compelled many Catholics to seek a foreign education.

The wily statesmen, who then ruled Ireland with a rod of iron, saw the danger of foreign education, and resolved to remedy the evil. In 1695 an act was passed to "restrain foreign education," which enacted that if any should go abroad, or send another, or transmit money for the support of those in foreign colleges, he should be disabled to sue, in law or equity, to be guardian, executor, or administrator; to take legacy, or deed of gift, or to bear office, and should forfeit lands and goods for life. Thus the Catholic parent, who endeavored to have any of his children educated abroad, was deprived of every civil right. He had no legal existence in the land of his birth; he lived by the connivance of his Protestant neighbors. Fourteen years later, in 1709, this atrocious act was supplanted by another statute, which rendered it almost impossible for an Irish Catholic to give his child a Catholic education, at home or abroad, for seventy-three years afterwards. A reward of fifty dollars was offered for the discovery of a Popish schoolmaster. The penalty of teaching school was transportation, and if the offender returned, he was to be hanged, disembowelled, and quartered. Despite the terrors of penal legislation, however, the brave hedge-schoolmaster communicated to his fellow-Catholics the information, literary and scientific, which he had acquired. Though informers tracked him to his hiding-places, though dogs were set on his trail, he still taught school in mountain glens, in the midst of moors, in the dark recesses of woods. The priest and bishop were also schoolmasters; they braved the terrors of the law, to keep the lamp of learning from being utterly extinguished in their native land; with patriotic devotion and Christian heroism, they daily exposed their lives to danger, to slavery, or death, in order to minister to their afflicted flocks. Sometimes clad in the robe of a physician, sometimes in the rags of a mendicant, sometimes in the uniform of a soldier, sometimes in the frieze of a peasant, the faithful soggarth instructed his oppressed countrymen in religion, literature, and science. The different disguises which he assumed often saved him from a cruel death, for the "priest-hunter," the "priest-seller," with his blood-hounds, was always on his track. What people upon the face of the earth except the Irish could have battled successfully against the most atrocious penal

code that ever cursed humanity, a code which Samuel Johnson described as worse than the ten persecutions of the pagan emperors, and which the great Edmund Burke stigmatized as the most perfect engine ever invented by the perverted ingenuity of man for the degradation of human nature itself? Ireland and her exiled children, in every quarter of the globe, still suffer from its baneful influence. The legacy bequeathed by this Julian code to the masses of the Irish population is social, physical, and political degradation. Well may the Celt exclaim, with Davis:

> "What wonder, if our step betrays
> The freedman born in penal days!"

Fire and sword, the gibbet and the axe having failed to subvert the faith and destroy the nationality of the Irish people, the English government, in 1782, condescended to permit Catholics to teach school, but the concession was subject to two conditions, the schoolmaster should obtain a license from the Protestant bishop of the diocese, and was forbidden, under severe penalties, to teach a Protestant. This first relaxation of the educational penal code contained a proviso against "the erection or endowment of any popish university or college." This generous concession (!) was made when the electric eloquence of Grattan had inspired the proud spirit that marshalled the glorious army of the volunteers, and when the American colonies, after a gallant and successful struggle, had won their independence. The second relaxation, in 1792, permitted Catholics to become barristers, attorneys, notaries, and attorneys' clerks. In 1793, they were allowed to study and obtain degrees in Trinity College, but they were excluded from its government and emoluments. The next educational boon was the establishment and endowment of the College of Maynooth in 1795; a college which was destined to become one of the greatest ecclesiastical seats of learning in Christendom. The ghost of foreign education still haunted English statesmen, and they resolved to give the Irish clergy an opportunity of receiving a high education in their own country.

The Emancipation Act, in 1829, gave no new educational privileges to Irish Catholics. The national system of education for the poor was, according to the confession of the late rationalistic Archbishop Whately, an agency for "weaning the Irish from the abuses of Popery." "I cannot venture openly," said that inveterate enemy of the Catholic faith, "to profess this opinion. I cannot openly support the Education Board as an instrument of conversion. I have to fight its battle with one hand, and that my best, tied behind me." The establishment of the Queen's colleges was considered a wonderful boon, but the education imparted in these hotbeds of infidelity was rejected with scorn by the clergy and people. The benefits of Trinity College are enjoyed by Episcopalian Protestants, who scarcely number one-tenth of the population. It stands on the confiscated grounds of the Augustinian Monastery of All Hallows, founded in 1166 by King Dermod (MacMorogh) of Leinster. It has been, since its foundation, a promoter of civil discord, a bulwark of Protestant ascendency, a stronghold of bigotry and intolerance, and a nursery of the petty tyrants who robbed and plundered the people. No Catholic can even still share its emoluments without renouncing his faith. No Catholic can study in its halls without running the risk of losing his faith. The number of those who became apostates in Trinity College can never be known till the last trumpet sounds. When Catholics were first admitted to study in the university in 1793, it was gravely deliberated in the family circle of Moore, the Irish poet, whether he ought not to be entered as a Protest-

ant. The worthy parents of the poet gave no countenance to the proposal, and rebuked those who suggested the idea. Had Moore entered Trinity as a Protestant, his immortal Melodies would have been lost to Ireland, for apostasy kills genius as well as patriotism. Trinity College is the richest and most amply endowed university in the world. It possesses landed property to the extent of 200,000 acres of the best soil of Ireland, and the annual value of this property—the confiscated grounds of Catholics—is said to be $500,000. In addition to its landed property, it has an annual endowment of $320,000. Truly the Irish education question is no mere sentimental grievance. The Catholic University is still unchartered and unrecognized by the English government, while Trinity is maintained in its position of proud pre-eminence for the exclusive benefit of a section of the population. Legal recognition is refused to an institution which is a living protest against infidel teaching, and a practical expression of the views of the bishops and people on higher education, because it is Irish and Catholic. "Were this institution," says Cardinal Cullen, "hostile to the creed of our fathers; were its teachings and traditions directed to cast reproach upon our country, its claims would have long since been considered, a charter would have been granted to it, and the cultivation of science within its halls would have been encouraged by the munificence of the treasury. But its claims now remain disregarded, and our repeated demands receive no response, because it is a Catholic institution, in which science walks hand in hand with religion, and in which the interests of Ireland are not ignored." The fact that Irish Catholics have already contributed $800,000 for its maintenance, is a proof that they are determined to patronize no system of education, university, intermediate, or primary, which is not based upon the Catholic religion, and that they are unanimous in their resolution to give their children, at any cost and at any sacrifice, an opportunity of receiving a pure Catholic education. It must be remembered that, when the Catholic University was established, famine and pestilence had decimated the population. During the period of its existence, the Catholics of Ireland have devoted their energies to the noble task of building churches, schools, and convents, and founding colleges and charitable asylums. This fact enhances the sacrifices which they have made to support and maintain a great intellectual centre for the development of the national genius and the expression of the national mind. Proscribed by the state, the Catholic University has rendered noble services to Ireland. Its success under the most discouraging circumstances is the wonder of its enemies. Already it has sent three hundred medical practitioners to different parts of Ireland, to England, the Colonies, and the United States. Neither Ireland nor England can boast of any school of medicine superior to the medical school of the Catholic University. The professors are the leading physicians of Ireland, and one of them, Dr. Lyons, has won a European celebrity. He stands at the head of his profession in his native land, and is consulted annually by hundreds of Americans who visit Europe for the purpose of recruiting their health. The labors of Professor O'Curry in the field of Irish antiquities have been continued by his patriotic successor, Professor O'Looney. Professor O'Curry's lectures on the manuscript materials of Irish history were published at the expense of the University, and his manuscript glossaries, a work which embraces thirty thousand Celtic words, and which has been copied and set in order by Mr. O'Looney, will be soon published for the benefit of archæologists and the students of philology. Dr.

Woodlock has reason to be proud of his services to the Catholic University. The publication of O'Curry's manuscripts has immortalized his connection with higher education in Ireland. Many students of the Catholic University are at present distinguished journalists in Ireland, England, and America, and it is necessary to add that, if they are true to their alma mater, their influence for good cannot be overrated. They can proclaim before earth and high heaven the infamy of the anti-Irish and anti-Catholic government which still curses five millions of Catholics with a living remnant of the penal code, to embitter the recollection of what has been abolished. Who could believe that the legal position of Catholic education is precisely the same at the present time as it was in 1782, when Irish Catholics for the first time during a century were allowed to teach school? A remnant of the penal code still forbids "the erection or endowment of any Popish university or college" in Ireland. The forty-seven colleges and high schools, which have been erected in Ireland since 1792, come within this prohibition. Maynooth is the only exception. The existence of the Catholic University is a direct violation of an express clause of that relief-act which has made it possible to have Catholic judges. It is not probable, however, that the penalty of transportation or death will be inflicted upon any of the professors. Though the spirit that inspired the penal legislation of other times still lives, the friends of Catholic education are daily winning new victories. The Catholic University is the best hope of Catholic Ireland. Its cause is the cause of truth, and no matter how often, or how long truth may be vanquished, her final triumph is certain.

Magna est veritas, et prævalebit.

THE DAY JUST MADE.

WHEN sinks the sun behind the mountains lone,
And, for his gorgeous rest, finds depths unknown,
All nature softly weeps that he is gone;

And weeping, in the shadows of the night,
Sweet peace she finds, that ne'er dwelt with the light,
And smiles creep tender over vale and height!

Till fair she waits arrayed for the new dawn
In calm repose, the friendly shadows gone
That veiled her tears in myst'ry all their own.

Lo! where earth smiles to heaven in meeting rare,
Soft glides the royal dawn, in presence fair,
And bright reveals the sun, *but waiting there!*

And fair the glory shed o'er hill and vale,
Earth's very tears to diamonds turned! Ah! pale
The sunset's vanished gold, as this we hail!

Forgotten its departure—fled night's shade—
And earth, in robes of light, all proud arrayed,
Soft rises to salute *the day just made!*

* * * * * * *

O Night upon my soul! I weep, I weep,
Within thy shadows, lone to me and deep,
Dost thou, beneath thy veil, my lost peace keep?

For my fled sunset, with its glow of gold,
That did my spirit in such rare spell hold,
Hast thou new light, my shadows to enfold?

And canst thou gather up the tears my heart
Drops o'er the day just dead for it? A part
Of its poor life they seem, as hot they start!

Canst gather them, O Night! for the new day
As gems to shine? In mists of peace array
My soul to meet it on its radiant way?

And oh! sad night of grief but God can know,
Wilt vanish with some dawn, and tender show
My soul new light for my lost sunset's glow?

I enter thee—I meet thy awful shade—
My hand in God's right hand all humble laid,
Till He shall bring me to *the day just made.*

"SO RUNS THE WORLD AWAY."

I.

AT CADIZ.

INEZ RAYMOND thrust aside the window-curtain, and turned her face towards the sombre old church. She stretched out her hands, and wrung them with a movement that expressed intense agony, and the forgotten tears on her cheeks seemed to dry in the ardor of her look of supplication.

Beneath, in the open patio, under the shade of orange trees, a procession wound through ranks of kneeling people, and entered the church-door. Clouds of incense, faintly tinged by the setting sun, entangled themselves in the tree-branches, and then arose, like prayer escaping from the grasp of earthly thoughts.

In the room, on a low couch, lay a man past middle age, with streaks of white in his dark hair. His eyes were closed, and the many wrinkles on his cheeks and forehead seemed to be traced in the palest wax. Apparently, he was immobile. No breath parted the closed lips—only a slight dilatation of the nostril showed that he still lived. He had received the viaticum. The priest, Père Zacharie, held the crucifix before him. All was silent. The Sister of Charity ceased for an instant to read the prayers for the dead.

On one side was the dying man, serene, peaceful; on the other, his daughter, living, yet suffering intolerable anguish, and almost fighting with Heaven for her father's soul. Death seemed easier than life.

"Inez!"

In an instant she was at his side. Could it be that God had answered her? was her thought. Could it be that he had restored this life?

He tried to smile—that old, sweet

smile which Inez knew so well. His eyes spoke. Père Zacharie understood him at once, and taking a small packet from the table, he put it in Inez's hand. The dying man looked into his daughter's face again, and then turned his glance towards the crucifix.

De Profundis—

As if turned to stone—a statue of despair—Inez stood, silent, tearless. She was an orphan, alone in the wide, wide world.

From the patio came the adoring chant of priest and people before the Host. Slowly, softly it sunk into silence with the departing soul.

"Qui vitam sine termino,
Nobis donet in patria."

Those words, fragrant with the sweetness of a thousand benedictions, aroused the girl from her frozen dumbness.

"O God!" she cried, "only give him eternal life—eternal peace with thee, and do with me as thou wilt!"

II.

FATHER ZACHARIE'S LETTER.

In a quiet street, a kind of no thoroughfare, in which the houses, as much alike as a dozen pins in a row, are best described by that detestable word "genteel," live the Leighs.

On this dazzlingly bright September morning, the little dining-room looks very pleasant and comfortable. Carved brackets, hanging-baskets, and a hundred nameless tokens of good taste and woman's care, are everywhere visible. The place is bright and cheery, which qualities the sunbeams enhance by peering through the sparse and russet grapevine leaves at the window, and, having gained courage, making gradual encroachments among the silver and delicate china of Martha Leigh's cherished heirloom—her grandmother's breakfast set.

Martha Leigh puts on her spectacles, and opens a letter she has just received. The postmark is foreign, and the paper thin and crackling. As she bends slightly forward, you notice that her refined and gentle face wears a careworn look that can only have been impressed there by years of patient sufferings. She is past forty, but she looks older. Her dress is precise and Quakerlike. Her gown, of her favorite stiff, gray material, falls in ungraceful folds around her, and her dark-brown hair, still untouched by time, is covered by a cap of black lace.

Opposite, lazily sipping his chocolate, and shading his face with a white hand, on which sparkle several rings, sits her brother, Archer. He is older than his sister, but he has taken more care to conceal the ravages of time, though he has not succeeded in covering the traces of early dissipation. His face is flabby and of an opaque whiteness, but well covered by a luxuriant and artistically dyed beard and mustache. His eyelids droop a little, and when he smiles—which he seldom does at home—his lips disclose a set of teeth too brilliant to be true. He puts down his cup, toys impatiently with the tassels of his gorgeous dressing-gown, and then says irritably,

"Well, Martha?"

Martha has averted her face, and her glasses have become so damp that she cannot see the writing.

"*He* is dead," she answers in a low, tremulous voice.

"I am not in the habit of trying to solve conundrums," returns her brother. "*Who* is dead?"

She does not answer. She does not hear. Her mind has gone into the past. She sees him—the dead—in the pride of youthful manhood. She hears his voice mingling with hers in the old-fashioned duets to the music of her grandmother's tinkling piano. She goes back to a certain afternoon, when, beneath the mulberry tree in the prim old garden, she plucked apart the petals of a

daisy, repeating the school-girl charm, *il m'aime, il ne m'aime pas, passionément, pas du tout*, and when she said, "he loves me," he, standing beside her unseen, had made her pause. And then!—tears fill her eyes, and she drops the letter. Her brother bends forward, and seizes it.

"The spectacle of a woman of your age acting in this way is simply ridiculous," he says, with a sneer. "It is John Raymond who is dead. I thought if *I* were to die you would be less concerned no doubt."

"Archer!" she says in meek deprecation.

He applies himself to the letter, which is dated from Cadiz, and written in French by Père Zacharie, S. S.

"Died on the 15th day of August, in the hope of a blessed immortality, having dévoutly received the last consolations of the Church," he mutters. "Umph! so John Raymond died a papist. What is this about a daughter? I have forgotten all my French."

"When alone with me a short time before his death, he solemnly implored me to place Inez in the care of you, Mademoiselle Leigh, whom he termed his earliest and best friend. I have obeyed him as far as I could. She will sail for your city in the next steamer, in care of her father's old housekeeper."

Archer Leigh's face flushed with anger.

"Do you mean to let that man's daughter come here?" he demands.

His sister answers yes without raising her eyes.

"She shall not come, I say. John Raymond left his own country to avoid imprisonment, and now he sends this young beggar here to live on our charity. I'll not stand it! You know very well that our income is insufficient for my—our wants."

"We must economize," Martha says, timidly.

"Haven't I economized until I can no longer associate with gentlemen? Look at the miserable claret we had at dinner yesterday, and I can hardly raise enough money for gloves and the hire of a horse! When the season really opens I shall be ashamed to show myself anywhere! Economize, indeed!"

Martha was silent. Forbearance with her was a virtue daily practiced. She did not remind this specimen of masculine selfishness that for years he had been living on her slender income, and acting the *rôle* of a man of leisure and fashion wholly at her expense. Archer Leigh—handsome Archer Leigh *then*—had been spoiled by foolish parents. Martha, living with her grandmother, had escaped their influence. Before he was twenty-one he had made his *début* as an accomplished "society man," and before he was twenty-five he had rushed through the fortune bequeathed him by his father. After that he allowed himself to be supported by his sister, waiting to marry money. The spider watched; the flies were wary; and he still waited. His life had been a failure—a deeper, darker, more miserable failure than even his sister believed.

"Now, don't be absurd, Martha," he continues, in a calmly argumentative tone. "Show some respect for my opinion, on this occasion at least. Do something to prevent this girl's coming."

"I cannot. If I were base enough to refuse asylum to John Raymond's child, it is too late now. This letter has been delayed. Inez Raymond, Father Zacharie says, was to start in the Aspen. The Aspen is due to-morrow."

"I will not have this girl here—to be a burden on us, and to make things uncomfortable for me! Dick is bad enough!"

"Archer," answers Martha Leigh, slowly, and with a visible effort, for she has been accustomed to bow to her brother's will in all things. "Archer, you force me to do a hard thing, which is to remind you that this house is mine, and as long as I

live John Raymond's daughter shall never lack a home!"

Her thin hands tremble, and she nervously casts down her eyes; but he sees that she is resolute.

He mutters something under his breath, and then says, brutally, as he leaves the room—

"I will make this house too hot to hold her!"

"On whose devoted head is my amiable uncle's vengeance to fall now?" demands a clear voice; and a young man enters the room. His eyes are blue, his face is ruddy, and his hair light and curling. His very step has a cheery sound. He takes Martha Leigh's face between his hands, and kisses her.

"Good morning, Aunt Mar!"

"Behave yourself, Dick. Late as usual, and you didn't get home until after twelve last night. When will you learn to keep good hours?"

"How can you expect it, Aunt Martha? You refuse to let me have a night-key," he says, in an injured tone, "and it takes at least three-quarters of an hour to climb the back fence and open the kitchen door. If I had a key that time would be saved, consequently I would be in bed three-quarters of an hour sooner. Logic is logic, that's all *I* say."

"Oh, Dick, Dick!" Aunt Martha says, between a smile and a tear.

"Uncle Archer is getting more disagreeable every day. I wouldn't stay here another hour if it wasn't for you. By the way, who came in for his ill-humor this morning?"

"There's a young lady coming here," returns Martha, evasively. "A young lady from Spain, Inez Raymond. Her father was American, her mother Spanish. She has lived in Spain all her life."

"A young lady coming here! That *is* news. When is she coming?"

"Probably to-morrow. You will take me down to the steamer to meet her. You can get off from the office?"

"The people down there *may* manage to spare my valuable services for a few hours. Uncle doesn't like this *senorita*, and intends to make the house 'too hot to hold her!' That's it, is it? Well, I hope she may turn the table. Is she pretty, Auntie!"

"I don't know, yet she must be handsome if she resembles her father. Why?"

"Because," answers Dick, with preternatural gravity, "I don't want to fall in love; I'm in love already."

"Oh, Dick, Dick! with whom?" cries his startled aunt.

"With you, of course, Aunt Mar!" And having finished a huge breakfast, Dick Leigh makes his exit, laughing.

"Poor, dear Dick," sighs his aunt, "I am afraid he is drifting into bad company. Oh, dear, I wish I knew how to keep him at home more—but Archer never gives the poor boy any peace."

And, full of doubts and perplexities as usual, Martha Leigh takes up her burden of household cares.

III.

"FROM TAWNY SPAIN."

INEZ RAYMOND has come, and a week has passed since her arrival in the quiet, shady street. Her companion, Margaret Daly, an old Irishwoman who lived for many years in the Raymond household, and who loves Inez as if she were her daughter, is trying, under Miss Martha's teaching, to learn American "ways." Inez, however, has not seen much of New World customs, for since her arrival, she has kept within her room. This is her father's country, and the sight of it brings him back to her. All day long, with the warm fervor of her nature, she weeps and prays for him. Thus far her uncle has contented himself with a cold bow to her whenever they happened to meet, which was only twice. Dick Leigh thinks that "she is a regular

stunner," and, having boldly proclaimed his admiration, receives a five minutes' lecture on slang from his aunt.

Inez Raymond is, without doubt, beautiful. Her hair and eyes are black like her mother's. Her complexion is rather dark, with, at times, a rose-tint, which she derives from her northern blood. She is somewhat below the middle height. Her voice is very low and sweet, "an excellent thing in a woman." In her moods, she is as changeable as the wind. One moment grave, dignified, ladylike; another, laughing, mischievous, girlish. In two things, she is always the same—in her love for her faith, and her love for her dead father. Her mother she cannot remember.

On Sunday she comes down to breakfast, but speaks little. Although she has spent many a weary hour over Ollendorf, and her mind is stored with many thrilling sentences relative to the "golden candlestick of the tailor," etc., she is still doubtful about her English. Talkative Dick is reduced to silence in her presence. After breakfast he betakes himself to a sofa, where, under cover of a newspaper, he can watch Inez.

"I have forgotten to give you something," she says, turning to Martha Leigh. "Here is a letter for you from my father, and also this packet, which Père Zacharie desired me to tell you must be kept in a safe place."

The letter was addressed to Miss Martha Leigh. The packet bore Inez's name, "to be opened on her twenty-first birthday." Archer Leigh takes it in his hand, and scans it curiously.

"And now," says Inez, and her sweet tone robs her words of the *brusquerie* they might seem to have, "I am going to Mass. Are you going, Senorita?"

"No," whispers Margaret Daly, who happens to be passing behind Inez's chair; "no," she says, "they are heretics."

Inez looks regretful, and turns to Dick. "And you, Senor, are you—I beg pardon if it be not the right word—are you, too, a heretic?"

Dick, not quite understanding, shakes his head negatively.

"Then, Senor," she continues, gravely, "you should go to Mass. It is not good for a young man like you to be—what you call it?—lazy, idle on the Sunday. Margaret and I are going. We will wait for you. Is it not the custom here, Margaret?"

Margaret Daly is divided between laughter and frowns. Dick hurries away to brush his hair, without having the least idea whither he is expected to go.

When the three start, it is discovered that Inez deludedly believes every ecclesiastical-looking edifice to be a Catholic church, and, consequently, they wander into several Baptist and Methodist chapels before reaching the object of their search.

"It seems, Senor," says Inez, severely, "that you have not been at Mass for a long time, since you do not even know where the church is."

Dick, not wishing to commit himself, smiles vaguely. They are in time for high Mass. Inez, who has arrayed herself in black, and who would have done so for churchgoing, even were she not in mourning, is astonished by the gay dresses of the ladies. She thinks their attire in bad taste, and longs to lecture them. Accustomed to the churches at home, she is struck by the long lines of straight pews. When the *Kyrie* begins, however, she forgets these minor differences. Dick has never been in a Catholic church before in his life. From his heart he admires the rapt devotion of the people, and at the elevation, he feels a sudden thrill himself, and almost involuntarily bends low with the rest.

Margaret lingers behind them, as they enter the street. "Oh, you here yet!" exclaims Inez, as if she had forgotten him. "I hope your unusual devotion has not fatigued you, Senor."

"By no means, Miss Raymond; the ceremonies were new and interesting. That was my first visit to a church of your religion."

"And you are a her—not a Catholic. Oh! I beg your pardon. Margaret did not tell me, or perhaps I did not understand. I am very stupid in English, though my father often spoke it."

"Nor did I understand; but, all the same, I have spent a most profitable morning."

"And why are you not a Catholic?" asks Inez, after a pause.

"I'm sure I don't know—probably because my parents were not Catholics."

"Yes? But then," earnestly, "I do not think that you are a fool—"

"Thank you."

"And you have eyes, and ears, and reason. You are not like a mule—"

"No—that is, I hope not."

"Then why are you not a Catholic? Why do you not believe?"

Dick searches his mind for an answer to this rather *naïve* question.

"Well, I don't believe in some things your church teaches. There's the infallibility of the Pope."

"The in-fal-li-bil-ité," repeats Inez, trying to catch his pronunciation. "Well, continue, Senor."

"Now," returns Dick, determined to do his level best, "you believe that your Pope is infallible because St. Peter was infallible. If St. Peter was infallible, how came he to deny his Master? I have her there!" thinks Dick, triumphantly.

"Oh," says Inez, in a despairing tone, "you will never understand! My father knew a heretic at Cadiz, and he did always say what you have said, over and over. The Apostle Peter was a man, he could sin like other men, yet he was infallible. To be infallible is not to be impeccable. The Pope can sin, but when he decides on matters of faith and morals, he is infallible. *Do* you understand?"

"Yes," Dick replies, "I never saw it in that light before. A prophet, the Scripture proves, may fall, and yet be truly inspired."

"You are not as stupid as I thought, Senor," Inez consolingly remarks.

Martha Leigh has read John Raymond's last letter, in which he solemnly intrusted Inez to her care. "There is no other to whom she could go," he said; "no other from whom she would receive a mother's care."

"He did well to trust me," she thinks. "I thank him for it. He knew that my heart was his daughter's rightful place."

"Inez is not penniless," she says to her brother, as she locks the sealed packet in her old-fashioned sideboard, where the remnant of the Leigh plate is kept. "She has about three hundred dollars a year. Père Zacharie has made arrangements to have it paid regularly."

"Umph! An immense sum!" responds Archer, sneering. "John Raymond did not thrive in Spain, it seems. Disgraced men seldom thrive anywhere."

Martha starts and shivers at the word "disgraced," as if, Margaret Daly would say, somebody were walking over her grave.

"How old is this girl?" he asks.

"Eighteen."

He walks over to the sideboard, and carefully examines the lock.

Inez's life flows smoothly enough. She is an enigma to everybody, including herself. She is as variable as an April day, yet through all her moods there runs such an undercurrent of good intention that Aunt Martha cannot scold her.

"She will be a noble woman, I hope."

"An' sure she will!" responds Margaret Daly, up to her elbows in dough. "The changeable spring comes before the constant summer."

"Yes," sighs Martha Leigh, thinking of *her* spring, "these girlish vagaries are only the spray cast up when the streams of girlhood and womanhood meet."

In another room Inez is heard playing the piano, and singing an Andalusian peasant song,—

"Si me pierdo, que me busquen."

Dick tries to follow the joyous measure with his flute; he is her devoted slave now. Inez's presence has accomplished what his aunt's mild expostulations never could. He stays at home o' nights, and Archer—the season has not yet opened, and he is at home too—remonstrates in vain against being disturbed by their music.

In a short time, Inez learns silently to manage everybody. Even Archer reluctantly allows himself to be influenced by her. He fears and respects her, for he has an uneasy idea that she has fathomed his arrantly selfish character.

Aunt Martha no longer sacrifices all her little comforts for him. Inez, with wonderful tact, gently but effectively interferes whenever Archer makes an unreasonable demand.

Inez, having found the church, goes to Mass every morning, and Martha Leigh has acquired the habit of accompanying her. Dick generally sees them as far as the corner on his way to the office.

Martha Leigh seems to have grown five years younger since Inez has come. Gentle to a fault, yielding and somewhat undecided, willing at any time to sacrifice her dearest wishes for those she loves, it has been her lot to meet with ingratitude and lack of sympathy. Her orphan nephew Dick never voluntarily gave her pain, but he could not understand her. In Inez Raymond she has found a soul that appreciates and strengthens her own.

She is finding peace—the something for which she longed during her unrestful life—the peace of God.

IV.

A STRANGE BARGAIN.

INEZ, like many of her mother's countrywomen, has a remarkable talent for improvising melodies. This morning she feels sad and cheerless, for the winter has come, and it seems as if summer will never again fill the world with light and perfume. She finds it difficult to sew, and going to the piano she tries to make music for the sad, sweet words in Hamlet—

"Why let the stricken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play,
For some must watch, while some must sleep;
So runs the world away."

But Margaret Daly's tones, high and loud in the kitchen, break discordantly into her music. Inez hastens to throw oil on the troubled waters, if possible. She pauses at the door of the kitchen.

Margaret seems greatly excited; but she is generally excited while composing her culinary speciality, which is a cross between an olla podrida and an Irish stew.

Near the table, his gloves and hat in his hand, his coat buttoned up, and a tuberose in his buttonhole, stands Archer Leigh. He is arrayed for conquest and morning calls.

"Be calm, be calm, my good woman," Archer is saying, as he waves his hand gracefully. "I don't care whether John Raymond was wealthy or not. I asked only out of curiosity."

"You have your answer. It's neither your business nor mine."

"But," returns Archer, determined to exasperate the old woman, "I can't help feeling amused when I see Inez Raymond queening it here, and I remember that she bears a tarnished name—that she is a felon's daughter."

"Say that again if you dare, Senor!"

The words are low and clear. Archer Leigh steps back. Inez stands before him. Fire seems to glow in her dark eyes, and she holds her hand on her breast, as if to keep her passion from bursting out.

"You had better not say it again," cries Margaret, seizing Archer Leigh by the arm. "*I* know all, Mr. Leigh. Whisper. I nursed my master through the fever, and, in his ravings, I heard it *all*. Tell my young mistress you have lied!"

"You are a perfect fury, woman!" responds Leigh, not altogether at ease. "I am sorry that you listened, Miss Inez. Your father may have been a very good man—in his way." He bows mockingly, and leaves the room.

"What did he mean, Margaret?"

"How should I know, child?"

"You do know!—you do know!"

Neither tears, caresses, nor entreaties move Margaret from her firm silence.

Inez waits until Martha returns from some housewifely expedition on which she is bent. She wonders how she can find what she wants to know without alarming Martha, and she hits on a leading question.

"And so some people think that my father did a great wrong, Aunt Martha?"

"Yes, child, but I never believed it," answers Martha, unguardedly. "But who told you?"

"Never mind. *You* do not believe it. Tell me it, auntie, quick!"

"Well," sighs Aunt Martha, "it is a sad, sad story, but a short one. Your father and I were to be married, Inez. Did he ever tell you that? I thought not. Well, John Raymond and Archer were both clerks in my father's counting-house. John used to come to my grandmother's often. Ah, those were happy days!—so happy that I would give all my life to see them again, Inez. I, poor, thoughtless girl, expected that they would stay forever; but they flew away very fast. Somebody in my father's employ committed a forgery, which involved great loss. John was accused; the evidence was against him; he could not prove his innocence. The thing was kept quiet, but my father and Archer made me release John from his engagement. After that he went to Spain, and I—I have suffered cruelly ever since. If I had only been firm and true!"

Inez says nothing. Her mind is a chaos. Oh, if her father had spoken only once of all this! If he had said, "I was not guilty," she would be content now. He had spoken no word. It could not be possible that he—her father—whom she had loved and reverenced as a being almost perfect, could have done this thing!

"Oh my God!" her heart cried, "save me from believing him guilty. Let me know that he was innocent, and then do with me as thou wilt! I give myself to thee!"

For days there was no more music. Dick's flute sounded once or twice in a melancholy way, but Inez seemed not to hear it.

Several times lately Martha Leigh has missed the key of her precious carved sideboard. She has always found it again, however, in unexpected places.

"I am becoming old and forgetful," she thinks.

Archer Leigh has grown kinder and exceedingly courteous towards Inez lately. Dick is surprised, and somewhat jealous; Martha cannot understand, and Margaret Daly is suspicious.

Inez is quiet and thoughtful. She seldom speaks. She is trying to solve a problem. Was her father guilty? The state of her mind could be comprehended by few among us, because among us Americans of the North there are not many natures like her. Her whole life

just now is one meditation on this question.

Archer Leigh wears his new disguise well. An inexperienced observer would probably take him for a gentleman. His manner towards Inez is half-paternal, half-loverlike. She avoids him.

One evening, Inez is alone in the little parlor. Warmth and light are within; darkness and fast-falling snow without. Her thoughts are more in sympathy with the cold and the darkness.

Archer Leigh enters, and draws a chair near hers. She does not notice him, and yet in a few short words he asks her to be his wife.

She arises, and looks at him. That look is sufficient to make him lower his eyes,

"You must have a very poor opinion of me, Senor."

Her cutting tone exasperates him. He cannot keep his temper.

"I have a very poor opinion of you—but not of your wealth," he retorts. "And I tell you that Dick Leigh shall never be your husband. I hate him—the impudent, young puppy! I would kill him sooner than see him a rich man and me a—beggar."

Inez thinks that he has taken too much wine. She scrutinizes him closely. It is not so.

"And so you think that I am rich?"

"I know it. I will tell you something, and I defy you to use it against me in any way. I have opened that packet in the sideboard."

Inez starts; and then says coolly, "Indeed? You are a villain, Senor. Père Zacharie told me that the packet contained a copy of my Spanish grandfather's will—"

"So it did, but it contains it no more. Here is the will, and also my con—"

Archer Leigh does not finish the sentence. A strong hand arrests his arm in mid-air. Before he can move, or even speak, the two papers have changed hands, and Dick Leigh towers above his uncle like a wrathful giant.

For a moment or two the three stand motionless. Then Dick gives the papers to Inez, while he holds back his uncle with his right hand.

Inez moves as if to interfere, but she involuntarily obeys Dick's words. "Go!" he says, "leave us. I wish to speak some words to this man."

"Stop!" says Archer Leigh, averting his face. "That paper which you hold in your hand is my confession. I forged the check, and threw the guilt on your father. In a fit of remorse—I was young and foolish then—I wrote that confession. In fact, he forced me to write it, but he never used it, because he loved my sister."

Inez devours it with her eyes. Again and again she reads it. A joyous light illumines her face.

"I thank thee, O God!" she cries, in an ecstasy of gratitude. "I thank thee! My father was innocent!"

It is as if she said *Nunc Dimittis*.

"Now that you have read this paper," Archer Leigh says, "I may as well tell you that I was glad to find it in your packet, among other documents not so important. Your father loved me once, and for the sake of that early friendship, as well for the love he bore my sister, he was merciful. Will you be less so? I do not plead for myself; I have no right to your mercy; but for the sake of my sister and the good name of our family I ask you to grant my prayer. Say you will do this, and I will leave this place forever."

Inez does not answer in words, but taking the paper in her hand, she walks to the gaslight, and holds it beyond Dick's reach until it drifts to the floor—light ashes.

"What have you done, Inez? What have you done?" cries Dick, in a tone of angered surprise.

"What have I done?" replies Inez, calmly, and with tears falling on her

cheek, "I have left a sinner in the hands of God."

Martha Leigh's eyes are red from weeping. Margaret and she are bending over a huge trunk. Inez, dressed as if for travelling, stands near the window, looking dreamily into the street. Dick, pale and worried, is tugging at a pair of shawl-straps.

"The carriage is here," Margaret says, and in the next minute the four enter.

Inez is putting into action her secret resolution. For three years she will remain in the Convent of the Sacred Heart. After that she will go to Spain, and take the veil. She gives herself to God.

"Good-by, Dick," she says at the railroad station, holding out her hand.

"I love you, Inez," he falters.

She puts her hand over his mouth. "I know it, Dick. Learn to love God, and we will meet in heaven! *A Dios.*"

The train flashed past. She is gone. Martha Leigh bursts into tears. Dick feels as if the sun had set forever.

Inez, Sister Maria of the Cross, is happy in her cloister. The wayward humors of her girlhood are past. A great calm peace has covered her soul. Margaret Daly lives among the Little Sisters of the poor, working with them, and aiding them in many ways. Aunt Martha and Dick live together in the quiet street. Dick is older and graver. He can never forget Inez. He, too, is a Catholic.

Archer Leigh kept his promise, and is now in another land. Now and then a letter from "over the sea" reaches his faithful sister, which tells a tale that makes her heart throb with gratitude, for out of the wreck of her brother's blasted life God is rescuing a human soul.

SEPTEMBER.

Lo! the languid Summer lies
  Down upon her couch of pain;
And the look that 's in her eyes
  Says she will not rouse again:
Tend her well, sweet love, for you
Will mourn her all the winter through.

Was not this a wondrous web,
  Woofed with happiness, she wove,
Ere her power had reached the ebb,
  And her arm with winter strove!
But she claims the gift she gave
To fold around her in the grave.

We must yield—alas, ye know,
  Ere the fields have lost their green,
I must with the summer go,
  Where the wave will roll between;
But when birds again do sing,
I will come and crown the spring.

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPES.

ITS NECESSITY.

ARTICLE VII.

To those who are disposed to receive "accomplished facts" as something irrevocable and just, the title of our present paper may sound strange and anomalous. There is no elasticity in that word *necessity;* it is too unyielding, too uncompromising. We hear those accommodating individuals suggest that the *conveniency* of the temporal power of the Popes would read much better, and its tone would not be dogmatizing. The present age is not fond of dogmas. They are imperious, overruling, overweening, overawing; everything, in a word, but what is accommodating and consentaneous with freedom of thought. We will confess, in the outset, our inability to act upon these suggestions. If we spoke of the existence of the temporal sovereignty of the Popes, or its future restoration, otherwise than as a necessity, we would depart from the teaching of the ecumenical hierarchy of the Church, both of ancient and modern times; while our attention to facts, and the inevitable conclusions which follow from them, would be very slight indeed. As for the "accomplished fact," we reason in this manner: A fact accomplished is not a fact justified, no more than is a robbery or an assassination to be accepted as legitimate and lawful actions. To reason from the side of justice, the question here is like that of Achab and Naboth. Achab conceived the idea, that, by the addition of Naboth's vineyard, his own garden would be complete and beautiful. Naboth not being willing to sell it, the king took it away from him. The action was unjust, and the prophet Elias did not hesitate to inform Achab that he had sinned. Let us bring the matter nearer home. Suppose that the government of the United States, with the view of completing the map of their possessions, annexed Mexico and Central America, and afterwards adduced in justification of the act, that it was an accomplished fact, therefore just. We are positive that the good faith and exalted sense of justice, which are characteristic of the Americans, would be shocked not a little. And yet, the captious phrase seems to have rendered them myops to the monstrous injustice of the annexation of the States of the Church, that little patrimony of Christ's vicars, which was as sacred and inviolable as the vineyard which Achab appropriated. We know how he atoned for his fault, and the painted reprobate of her sex who counselled the deed became food for the dogs of Jezrahel. Waiving further Scriptural allusions, let us come to the point, the necessity of the temporal power of the Popes.

It *was* a necessity during its ten centuries of formal existence, it *is* a necessity at this day; what its importance may be in the future we cannot even surmise. It *was* a necessity when faith was stronger than the most immovable mountain, when devotion to the Holy See and to the sacred person of its vicar was generous and universal, when Christian potentates bowed the head in reverence before the majesty of him who held in his hand, not the sword of intimidation, but the peace-boding keys of heaven, and even the rugged, unthinking Goth stopped short in

his depredations, abashed and overcome by the presence of Peter's successor. If it were possible to obviate the necessity in the Roman pontiffs of a temporal sovereignty, the devotion of the princes of Europe in the middle ages would certainly have suggested some means of doing so, and the Popes would have been spared many a bitter trial. The devotion of the Christian powers of those days to the See of Rome was sincere and efficient. They might not have been capable of drawing up such a monument of provisions and promises as the "Papal Guarantees" of recent fabrication, but they could and would have effected, in reality, all that is set forth in the promises of the Italian government. Their good sense, however, coupled with good faith, showed them the inutility of such a measure. They reasoned thus (and their logic still holds good): The independence of the Roman Pontiffs, as such, is absolutely necessary. But in no other capacity excepting that of civil princes can they enjoy this independence. Therefore, their temporal sovereignty is of necessity. It is needless to say that the Catholic hierarchy regarded the matter in the same light. The unvarying line of action followed by every one of the Popes, from Stephen II, the first "pontiff and king," down to Pius IX, proves this. Every usurpation, on the part of the rapacious princes of the middle ages, was followed by the most solemn protests and excommunications. Times, and customs, and politics too might change, but the opinion of the Church remained always the same, though there was no question of dogma. Let us go back to the middle of the thirteenth century, and hear the terrible anathema pronounced against the red-bearded perjurer, Frederick II, by the Pope (Innocent IV) and bishops of the universal Church, assembled in the general council of Lyons (1245). Time and again had the emperor invaded the Papal territories; time and again did he seek a reconciliation with the Pope. But *tamquam canis reversus ad vomitum*, he violated his promises, and began his depredations anew. He finally went so far as to meditate the assassination of the Pontiff. Innocent fled to Lyons and convoked a general council, to which he summoned the emperor. He did not make his appearance, and, despite the prayers of Thaddeus of Suessa, the advocate of the emperor before the council, sentence of excommunication was pronounced. While the Bull was being read, the cardinals, archbishops, bishops, and abbots stood up, holding lighted torches in their hands. At the conclusion of the reading they threw down the torches, trampling them under foot. Thaddeus of Suessa, who loved the emperor dearly, left the council hall, pronouncing, with tears in his eyes, the sorrowful words of Scripture, "*Dies illa, dies iræ calamitatis et miseriæ!*"—O that day, that day of wrath, of calamity, and misery! They were prophetic words. Fifty years after the once powerful House of Suebia drifted away like a shadow from the face of the earth. Whether it was a judgment of God or not matters little here, but the judgment of the Pope and the bishops is a positive manifestation of their sentiments on the necessity and inviolability of the patrimony of the Church, which they defended with so much energy and eloquence. Their sentiments were those of the universal Church, and it may not be supererogatory to remark that England, Ireland, and Scotland were represented in that memorable assembly, by the bishops of Canterbury, Lincoln, Winchester, Armagh, and St. Andrew's. Come down two centuries later, and witness the proceedings of one of the greatest councils recorded in ecclesiastical history, that of Constance (1414). It was a time of universal woe for the

Church. The seamless robe of Christ seemed to have been rent into three parts, each of which represented a Pope, who contended for the sovereign pontificate. More than three thousand and ninety-one ecclesiastical dignitaries, including cardinals, archbishops, bishops, abbots, theologians, and heads of religious orders—not to mention sixteen hundred dukes, princes, counts, and barons—assisted at the council. From the 4th of July, 1415, to the election of Martin V, effected on the 9th of November, 1417, the Church was without a Head, and was entirely governed by the council. It is a singular fact that, although composed of the most heterogeneous elements, the council, in conjunction with the spiritual government of the Church, scrupulously administered the temporal patrimony of St. Peter. This fact shows what an importance they attached to the material means of the Church, even at a period when her very existence was in question. There are seven letters of the Fathers of the Council of Constance still extant. Four of them are addressed to the citizens of Corneto, near Civitavecchia, and the other three to the citizens of Viterbo. They contain dispositions for the administration of public affairs, appointments to civil offices, etc. They are stamped with the usual Papal Bull, having on one side an incision of Saints Peter and Paul, on the other the keys, surrounded by the inscription, "*Sacrosancta Sinodus Constantiensis*"—The Holy Synod of Constance. The same century is also memorable for another celebrated council, that of Basle. In this assemblage, too, the temporal sovereignty of the Popes was discussed, and in the deliberations of the fathers we find the following important declaration: "Virtue without force is but slightly respected, and the Pope without the patrimony of the Church would be merely the servant of kings and princes." The Catholic hierarchy of to-day not only re-echo this sentiment, but in a powerful declaration, drawn up and signed by the bishops of the Church assembled in Rome, in the June of 1862, they set forth the intrinsic reasons why the Pope, together with his spiritual authority, should also possess temporal power. In the first place, the Roman Pontiff, to discharge his Apostolic mission with efficacy, must be free and independent of every human influence which can in any way thwart him in his action. This argument was used by the illustrious Count de Montalembert, in an address to the *Corps legislatif*, wherein he advocated the necessity, on the part of the Imperial government, of defending the temporal possessions of the Holy See. "The liberty of Catholics," said he, "must have the liberty of the Roman Pontiff as a condition *sine qua non*. Because, unless the Pontiff, as supreme judge and tribunal, from whom there is no appeal, the living organ of Catholic faith and law, be free, neither can we be free. Therefore, we have the right of demanding from the political authorities protection for our faith, liberty in matters of religion, and in him who is the living and teaching religion." Now this independence of the Pope should be supreme and unlimited. For either he is a subject, or he is a sovereign. To be a subject is incompatible with the very nature of his office. He must exercise authority over subjects and kings alike. He must direct the latter, counsel, and very often reprehend them. We quote from the declaration of the bishops: "We recognize the civil sovereignty of the Holy See as something necessary and manifestly instituted by divine Providence. For it became the Roman Pontiff, as head of the whole Church, to be subject to no prince, nay, to be the guest of no one; but to reside in his own dominion, to be his own master, and in an independ-

ence, noble, quiet, and perfect, to protect and vindicate the Catholic faith, and to direct and govern the whole Christian Republic. Who will deny, in the existing conflict of human things, and opinions, and institutions, that there should exist in the extremity of Europe, between the three continents of the old world, a middle-and, as it were, sacred spot, a most august seat, whence arises, for princes and people alike, a great and powerful voice, the voice of justice and truth, which favors no one in preference to others, is obsequious to the will of none, which no one can silence by fear, or circumvent by trickery? How could the bishops of the Church, even on this occasion (June 8th, 1862), assemble here to deliberate with your Holiness on grave matters, if, coming as they do from different climes and peoples, they found a ruler in these parts who would regard their own sovereigns with suspicion, or, being himself suspected, would be hostile to them? The duties of a bishop are those of a Christian and a citizen. The one is not antagonistic to the other, yet they are different. How could both (duties) be discharged by the bishops, unless there were a temporal sovereignty in Rome, like that of the Roman Pontiffs, free from all foreign right, a centre of universal concord, savoring nothing of human ambition, and doing nothing to acquire further earthly domination? We come here independent, to an independent Pontiff and King, to consult with him on the interests of the Church as pastors, on the interests of the country as citizens, not neglecting our duties, either as pastors or as citizens.

Here we will ask a question. Supposing that Pius IX reconvoked the Vatican Council to-morrow, could the bishops of the whole Catholic world go to Rome, "independent, to an independent Pontiff and King, to consult with him on the interests of the Church as pastors, on the interests of the country as citizens?" We doubt it, and the Catholics of the world at large would doubt it, and thus the existence alone of a doubt in the matter destroys the conception of independence. This brings us to another consideration. The Pope must not only be free and independent in himself, but Catholics must be inwardly and thoroughly persuaded of this, before they can render unqualified obedience to the Papal decrees. Let it be borne in mind that we are reasoning from a principle which does not fall to the ground, because the astonishing intrepidity of our present glorious Pontiff precludes the possibility of suspicion that his decrees are influenced by any external circumstance. Pius IX himself dwells on this principle, in a letter which he wrote from Gaeta, in 1848: "Among the causes of our departure, there is one of the greatest moment, namely, that we might enjoy full liberty in the exercise of the supreme authority of this Holy See, concerning which the Catholic world might reasonably fear in present circumstances, lest the free exercise of it might not remain any longer in our hands." Now, let us suppose, for the sake of argument, that the most amicable relations existed between Pius IX and Victor Emmanuel, would not the other Catholic powers of Europe naturally suspect that the Pope was biased in his decisions (we speak of disciplinary measures), by considerations of the government whose subject he is? Put the question as you wish to-day, the Pope is a subject of the Italian government. On the other hand, in the hypothesis that he is not on good terms with the Italian government, the latter cannot divest itself of the misgiving that the Pope is inclined to bestow favor—we will say upon the French—while his subjects in other parts of the world are troubled with the continued anxiety that the minions of the Italian gov-

ernment would enter the Vatican to-morrow, and lay hands upon his sacred person on any provocation, real or imaginary. Bossuet, in one of his briiliant discourses on the unity of the Church, makes a few remarks on this matter, which we deem to the point: "Since God has ordained that the Church, the common Mother of all kingdoms, should at no future time depend upon any power in things temporal, and that a seat should be established in which the unity of the faithful would remain superior to the factions, different contentions, and emulations which toss governments about, he laid the foundation of this great design through Pepin and Charlemagne. Through their liberality it was brought about that the Church in her Head, being independent of any temporal power, should, for the common good, and under the common protection of Christian princes, freely exercise her spiritual power in governing the faithful. Thus it fell out that the Church held aloft the scale of justice in the midst of so many, and very often hostile kingdoms, preserved unity in the whole body, now by potent decrees, and again by wise measures." The eloquent preacher of Meaux alludes in the last passage to the office, exercised by the Roman Pontiffs in the Middle Ages, of supreme arbiters between the then existing powers of Europe. Modern politics have supplanted the Popes in this office, but with what success, Europe, as it is to-day, is a deplorable witness. The spectacle of upwards of five millions of men, all armed to the teeth, and ready to rush upon one another on the slightest provocation, is an evidence of what Christian Europe can arrive at, having cast off the quieting and conciliating influence of the Roman Pontiffs. The Middle Ages are styled barbarous. Yet they never witnessed such a wholesale slaughter of human beings, as the very age which is even casting stones at the past, and repeating in its knowledge and integrity, "Thus didst thou!" We think we hear a *liberale* giving the trite objection: Christ himself said, "My kingdom is not of this world," signifying thereby to his Apostles and to their successors that they were not to set their hearts upon the things of this world. Thanks, Signor Liberale, we profess our acknowledgments for the reverence you bear Holy Scriptures, in deigning to quote them. His kingdom was not of this world, but his mission was in this world, among men and for men. And while he was in this world, did he not use the means of this world? Did not the Apostles, or one of them, carry the purse, in which were kept the contributions of the few faithful who then existed, and out of which aid was given to the needy? Prove it, if you can, that the Church did not possess a patrimony from the very beginning. You will say again, by what right or title can the Pope presume to meddle in the affairs of nations, *his kingdom is not of this world?* Without turning over many leaves in the Good Book, we find an answer. Christ also said to his Apostles, "Go forth, and teach all nations, . . . teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you." We think you will concede that the command given to the Apostles is in general terms, that there are no restrictions whatever. Well, then, as Christ taught his Apostles and disciples to love one another, to live in harmony together, to render to each one that which belongs to him, to do no murder, to commit no *annexations*, and so on; so they and their successors were bound, in virtue of their mission, to inculcate the observance of the same eternal principles. But these principles are binding not only upon individuals but upon society, which is composed of individuals, and upon whole nations, which, in their relations with one another, are as mere individuals before God, and

before his Vicar. Are sovereigns impeccable? Are all their dealings just? Do they always observe the law? Is every one of the Ten Commandments a living letter with them? You doubt it; so do we. When sovereigns shall "observe all things whatsoever" Christ commanded his Apostles, then the mission of the Popes among them is open to question. The patrimony of the Church, from the nature of the donation which was made to God, assumed a sacred character, so that he who trespassed unlawfully within the confines of the Papal States, was guilty of a sacrilege. The Pontifical States were a temple sacred and inviolable, and the covetous king, who entered there with greedy intent, is a Heliogabalus, not less than the wretch who was driven out of the temple of Jerusalem by the angel that wielded the fiery sword. Not every violator of the temple is punished as Heliogabalus was. But the avenging sword of God falls in many a form.

We know of another Heliogabalus of the present century, who entered this temple of the Lord. He was wont to laugh at excommunications. But the lonely penitent of St. Helena could tell of many an avenging blow of the Almighty which fell invisibly, while Moscow and Waterloo would, in their disastrous details, cause even a Turk to observe in them a visitation from above. An incident occurs to our recollection here, which is not foreign to the matter in hand. It was very seldom that Napoleon I adduced any reasons to justify his usurpations. His practical motto was that of Robin Hood,

> "The good old rule, the simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

In a conversation with Père Emery, the venerable superior of the Seminary of St. Sulpice in Paris, the emperor used the following argument, to justify the seizure he was about to make of the States of the Church: "The Pope has his spiritual authority from Christ, his temporal power from Charlemagne. But I, as the successor of Charlemagne, wish to take away this power." The reply of the aged priest was bold and beautiful. "Emperor, your Majesty holds Bossuet in great esteem, and very often takes pleasure in quoting from him. Here are his words; I know them by heart: 'We know well enough that the possessions, rights, and power acquired by the grants of kings are held and possessed by the Roman Pontiffs and the priestly order, as they are held and possessed among men, by an unassailable right. Nay, more; all these being dedicated to God, should be regarded as sacred, and they cannot, without sacrilege, be invaded, stolen, or converted to secular uses. The dominion, granted to the Apostolic See of Rome and the surrounding territory, that the Popes might exercise more freely their apostolic power throughout the world, was given, not only to the Holy See, but to the whole Church; and we trust that this sacred principality may by all means remain whole and entire.'" The emperor evinced no displeasure at this answer; something unusual with him. He merely turned round, and observed to some one who was near him, "Emery speaks like a man who knows his business. I wish others would speak in the same manner." Bossuet, and with him, Emery, took a view of the temporal possessions of the Church from a standing point, which is pretty generally overlooked nowadays; and that is, the States of the Church do not belong to the Popes, or to the Holy See, as represented in Rome, but to the Church at large, scattered over the length and breadth of the world. They do not constitute the dowry of the Popes. They are public property, of which these are but the administrators. Every Catholic, of the two hundred millions who hold grace and communion with the Apostolic See, has an interest in

these possessions, and by their invasion and usurpation, their rights, individually and collectively, are violated. Naturally, the right and interest in these possessions of the people who inhabit them, is more immediate, and the injustice done them by the invasion ought to be the more keenly felt. You will say that all this sounds very nice, and it is extremely plausible in theory. Practically, however, the people of the Papal States have rights as citizens, which are superior to those of the Church at large. They have a right to enjoy all the benefits which modern politics have conferred upon society. Above all, they have the right of forming one nation with the rest of the Italians, and living under one common sovereign, the king of united Italy. And an American will object, if the people wished no longer to live under the Papal government, Victor Emmanuel established a claim to their everlasting gratitude, by taking possession of the Roman States. The grand principle of authority now, is the will of the people. We willingly concede, that the people of the Roman States have certain rights as citizens, but they are not superior to those of the Church at large. They have a right to all the benefits, real benefits, resulting from modern politics. But neither they, nor any other people, can enjoy those rights, to the positive injustice of another. We do not deny in theory, that their political condition would be ameliorated, by living under one sovereign, and forming a part of one united kingdom. But nothing less than the utter impossibility of living under the old *régime*, would justify them in putting themselves under new masters, or these in accepting the charge. If such an objection were valid, then Mexico and Central America should be annexed forthwith to the United States, because, forsooth, the citizens have a right to enjoy all the privileges of the free government of America. As for the "will of the people," we will answer that objection on American ground. If ever a people wished most cordially for an object, the people of the Southern States desired secession from the North. And yet their wishes were not acceded to. The government reasoned with justice, "In the conflict of rights, the stronger prevails. The Southern people may have certain rights, and they wish most heartily and universally for their enjoyment. But we have not only the right, but also the duty to preserve intact, this grand inheritance of the United States, to build up which our forefathers fought and bled, and which they left to us as a sacred trust." On this principle, the rebellion was suppressed, and the South reconstructed, despite the violation of certain rights, and contrary to the wishes of the Southern people. Now, though the Romans had the right to enjoy all the privileges and immunities of modern constitutions, the Popes had also the right and the duty of preserving the patrimony which was intrusted to them. Nothing but a state of insufferable thraldom would make these political rights superior to those of the Popes, and justify the subjects either in rebelling or calling in an alien to assist them. But how does the matter stand in fact? It is a principle in simple jurisprudence, that favors cannot be conferred by force. You cannot compel a man to accept a benefit if he does not desire it. You do him a gross injury. You violate that liberty of the will which is the foundation of all liberty, nay, after that of reason, it is the noblest prerogative in man. Novel benefits, strange prerogatives, astonishing immunities, were those which were literally *blown* upon the Romans in the shape of bombshells and cannon-balls. Rather obtrusive was that liberation, that freedom, which the Italian government forced upon the Romans through the breach of Porta Pia. As for their will in the

acceptance of all these favors, we find no manifestations of it, either before or since the 20th of September, 1870. As the Holy Father testified with pride, in a recent discourse, "While the Italian army was encamped before the walls of Rome, not a voice was raised for them, not a hand moved, though the emissaries of the invaders worked hard to shake the fidelity of the besieged to their legitimate sovereign." It is true, the Romans did not protest against the approach of the invaders in a style which is quite natural to the American character. They did not rush, men and women, to the walls of the city, and meet the assailants with arms in their hands. But that is to be attributed to their pacific character, and to a certain weakness about the heart which we will leave unnamed. But if enthusiastic demonstrations in favor of the then existing sovereign may (and we think they can) be construed into a protestation against the approach of the invaders, then the will of the Roman people was directly opposed to the acceptance of the privileges and immunities which the Piedmontese were forcing upon them. On the eve itself of the occupation, the Pope went publicly from St. Peter's to the Scala Santa, and was greeted with *errivas* of enthusiasm along the whole route. In like manner, when he assisted at the solemn triduum which was offered up in St. Peter's against the entry of the Piedmontese, the demonstrations of affection and devotion to him were universal and affecting. Do not cite the *plebiscite* of the 2d of October, as a manifestation of the will of the people. It was a gigantic fraud, and has been exposed in all its revolting details too often, to require an examination here. And now, that the Romans and all Italians are firmly established in the enjoyment of all the rights and prerogatives accorded in the Italian constitution, one would reasonably presume that Italy is a happy land, a veritable Utopia. Are those rights, and privileges, and prerogatives Utopian, which necessitate the existence of a standing army of 300,000 men to enforce their *enjoyment?* Are enormous taxes, which "increase and multiply" indefinitely, to be regarded as beatitudes? Is political liberty to be forced upon citizens at the cost of liberty of conscience? These are serious questions, founded in fact, and they can have but one answer. They suggest other arguments in favor of the necessity of the temporal power of the Popes, which, to the unthinking and uninformed, might seem paradoxical. But if the material condition of the people were taken into consideration, if that very "will of the people," which is falsely trumpeted to the whole world as a motive of the late annexation, were honestly consulted, the necessity of the temporal power of the Popes would shine into every impartial mind, in the light of a conviction founded upon the welfare of the people. Question any impartial Roman on the matter, and he will tell you frankly, though he may have very little sympathy for the Pope, that, comparing the material condition of the people at present with that of five years ago, they were happier, and more prosperous by far, than they are now. In this respect, the restoration of the old *régime* becomes a necessity, as a means simply of restoring order, and, in the course of time, material prosperity. We do not mean to insinuate that it would be the only means. Reasoning from a strictly material point of view, it is only as necessary as any ordinary change for the better is. While vindicating the necessity of the temporal power of the Popes, inasmuch as it places them in a position of independence, we do not overlook the wellbeing of the people. If the people could not live as happily and as prosperously under the Papal *régime*, as under any other form of government, it would be unjust in

the Popes to hope for a restoration, and silly in us to reason on its necessity. We flatter ourselves, however, that our paper on the form of the Papal government has established, to a sufficient evidence, the fact that the internal peace, welfare, and prosperity of the people were provided for by the Popes with a solicitude, which cannot better be described than by applying to it the simple epithet *paternal.*

One more practical consideration on the necessity of the temporal sovereignty of the Popes. The States of the Church, while they existed, were a sacred little spot, enjoying immunity from all the political and social disorders, which at times convulsed the neighboring kingdoms and little principalities. There religion might be practiced in every particular of its perfection. The religious orders might be suppressed all over the world, but they would still live in the heads, whose residence was fixed in Rome. The novitiates might be interdicted the world over, but there was still a thriving little nursery in Rome, which, if incapable of peopling the abandoned convents, was at least able to preserve the traditions and monastic spirit of the orders. Conscription laws might thin the ranks of the clergy, and finally remove them entirely from the face of the earth, but enough would be left in Rome to perpetuate the ecclesiastical spirit, to cherish and, in a small way it is true, preserve the grand deposit of faith which Christ left to his Church. Rome was to the Christian Republic what the District of Columbia is to the United States. Whatever may happen to every individual State of the Union, that citadel of the Constitution always remains in its glorious prerogatives. That once stormed and reduced, our Union becomes a wreck. Thus is it with the Republic of the Catholic Church. True enough, we have the divine assurance that the Church will not fail, but will triumph in the end. Still, the prospect which she presents in Italy today is most disheartening, offering no hope at all for the future. One of the most potent agencies at her disposal, for disseminating and perpetuating the maxims of the gospel, has been destroyed in the suppression of the religious orders. The novitiates have been closed, and when the present generation of religious men and women dies out, it is all over with the monastic spirit. The churches have been robbed of their possessions, and some of them are even now without ministers, for the altars have not the wherewithal to support those who would serve them. All this is sad enough, and religion and society have already experienced its deteriorating influence. But the most fatal blow of all has just fallen. The conscription of the clergy does not affect the Church in her *modus existendi et operandi*, but in her very existence itself. Can a religion without ministers be conceived? Can the people live up to the maxims of the gospel, unless these be preached to them? The late conscription laws, enacted in the Eternal City, in the very nursery of Christianity, not only remove the priests actually at work in Italy from their labors, but render the recruiting of the ecclesiastical ranks an impossibility. This were deplorable enough in any country of the globe; but no tongue can tell, or pen describe, the disastrous consequences which will follow in the centre itself of Catholicity, where the Apostolic See has been fixed by divine ordination, and where the treasure of faith is preserved and guarded. It was fondly hoped by many, when the States of the Church were invaded, that the matter would end peaceably, when the people would become accustomed to the new *régime*, and the Holy Father would descend from the uncompromising position which

he took in 1870. The world sees only to-day what he foresaw then. The interests of religion were inseparably united with the temporal domain of the Holy See. The Pope has been accused of an exaggerated rigor in dealing with the invaders, and even honest Catholics were not wanting who tried to induce him to consent to a reconciliation. They regarded the temporal power as a convenience, he as a necessity. It is necessary to his own personal independence, necessary for the preservation and perpetuation in all its fulness of the monastic and ecclesiastical spirit, necessary to reassure Catholics all over the world that the Pope, in his deliberations, in his decrees, in his counsel, is free, both in fact and in appearance. We say appearance, because the world must also know that he is free before rational obedience can be rendered to him. These are not merely personal views of our own. We do not adduce them on our own authority, but on that of the Church, represented in the Sovereign Pontiff and the bishops. We have often heard it said by sincere Catholics, that the temporal power was "more *bother* to the Popes than it was worth, and Catholics were never so strongly united in their devotion to the Holy See as they have been since the Piedmontese entered Rome." Yes, the temporal power was a great "bother" to the Popes, not because "bother" was intrinsically united with the administration, but because his neighbors showed very little reverence for the Seventh and Tenth Commandments. The trials and persecutions of the Church to-day have been productive of one blessing, that of uniting her children, and drawing them more closely together in the bond of holy sympathy. The evil has been the occasion of some good, but it is not to be desired on that account. Persecutions try the faith of Christians, purify it, and make of many hearts one great heart, throbbing with love, and sympathy, and sacred enthusiasm. And yet, the Church never prays that persecutions may come; but, if the Lord permits them, she prays for fortitude. To conclude: that cannot be a mere convenience, the removal or destruction of which has been followed by effects so disastrous as the abominations which have made of Rome a Babylon, depopulated the houses of prayer, and which, at this moment, threaten the existence of those ministers, without whom the Church cannot exist. It is a necessity, great and urgent, to say the least.

THE ARGUMENT OF THE VIPER.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

WHAT do you think I saw a few days ago, gentle reader, in one of my rambles through the forest of Fontainebleau?

I will give you twenty guesses. When you have guessed a merry family of squirrels, leaping from branch to branch, or some pretty rabbits with trembling ears, shrinking away from my caress, or the imperial hunting party, making the forest resound with the noise of the horns, and the repeated baying of the hounds, or two artists in white blouses, and with blonde hair, established under their umbrellas, and copying the same group of trees and the same rock,—when you would have made all those guesses, and received each time a negative answer, if you consented to give it up, I would begin my story. Well, then, last week, on a very sul-

try day, I was wandering aimlessly through my beloved forest, pursuing some fugitive thought, when I came to that wild and picturesque spot called "the gorge of Apremont."

I was about to retrace my steps and plunge again into the depths of the forest, for it was not the beams of the sun I sought, but shelter from their brightness, when about a hundred steps from me, under the scanty shade of a juniper tree, I perceived two men. One was in his shirt-sleeves, and his right hand was enveloped in a blood-stained cloth. He seemed to be kneeling by the side of his companion, whose cassock, denoting the clergyman, I had not at first perceived. Lying on the ground was the coat of the penitent (for certainly he was in the act of confession). I saw also a small vial, some hazel rods, and a dead serpent, whose spotted skin glittered in the sun.

"A strange confessional," I thought within myself, and was proceeding on my way, when the gentleman arose from his kneeling posture, and the priest, hearing the noise of footsteps, turned towards me; we recognized each other.

"Ah! Monsieur Mosel," I cried, as I came forward in answer to his summons.

Dear reader, it does not enter within the limits of this little narrative to give you a description of the good father. You have certainly known many exemplary priests. Think for a few moments, and from their ranks select the most excellent. Give him about thirty years the face of an angel and the holiness of a saint, and you will have the worthy pastor of Avon.

His companion was not much older. A sweet and holy serenity seemed to characterize the priest, but *he*, though, subdued by recent emotion, was of a hasty, even passionate disposition, if one might judge from appearances. But, on his broad brow, and in his piercing eye, shone an elevation of mind which reassured the beholder.

"Badly directed, this man might be dangerous," I thought. "Turned towards virtue, what heroic act might not this ardent soul be capable of?"

Thus studying the two before me, I felt slightly embarrassed as I stood in their presence.

The priest came to my aid.

"Dear friend," said he, "your arrival could not have been more *apropos*." While the other exclaimed, without seeming to observe that he was interrupting his companion,

"Are you a Christian, Monsieur?"

"Monsieur, I have the happiness to be one."

"I am almost tempted to say, '*So much the worse!*' For you have no need of what I am about to relate, yet, if you were not a Christian, you would probably not understand me; so it is all for the best. Monsieur, have you ever witnessed an instantaneous conversion?"

"More than one, but they were conversions *in extremis*. I recall among the number that of an uncle of mine, in other respects a very worthy man, but who swore only by Voltaire and Jean Jacques. He had an apoplectic stroke, and our Lord allowed him just one hour for repentance. He profited by that grace, and, as it is said, died a saint."

"Well, Monsieur, that is something similar to what I have just experienced, except that I am not dead, and am far from being a saint. I received my education at the Seminary, for my parents supposed and ardently desired that I had a vocation for the priesthood.

"But when my studies were finished I could discover no such desire within my own heart, nor, indeed, any of that piety which should distinguish the Christian youth. During my course of philosophy I had contrived to read secretly some bad and dangerous books.

"As soon as I had returned home

I found that I could not remain a Christian and lead the life I wished to; so I threw off all restraint, and sneered at religion, even becoming a Freemason. Naturally, I never set foot within a church, and upon all occasions spoke of priests in the most injurious terms. 'I know them well,' I would say. 'I was brought up in their midst. Ah! how they plotted to draw me into their snares, but I proved myself a match for their cunning! They are lazy and intriguing, and have other vices of which, indeed, they have little need to boast.' Thus I sought to smother the voice of conscience, and by heaping calumnies on my teachers to forget the duty I owed them—the duty of gratitude for their untiring efforts in behalf of one who, alas! profited so little by their care.

"Notwithstanding all that—let him who can explain it—I constantly sought opportunities for religious discussions, foolishly boasting that no priest had ever been able to defeat me in an argument, and even persuading myself that it was so. The fact is, I had a way of arguing which would embarrass even an able disputant. I led the discussion to a certain point, then, when I felt myself defeated on that, I went off to another without ceremony. My opponents at first endeavored to follow me, but soon wearied of discussions devoid both of logic and sincerity, while I, having strength of lungs, and sufficient effrontery to supply the place of both, generally remained in possession of the field, foolishly declaring myself victor. This morning chance—pardon the force of habit—*Providence* brought about a meeting with this excellent priest, an old companion of mine in the Seminary. He proposed a stroll through the forest, and we wandered on for some time until at length we passed the shaded avenues and approached the spot where you first observed us; the priest meanwhile keeping the conversation on general subjects.

"He recalled our life at the Seminary, questioned me in a kind manner about my affairs and future prospects, but *I* was determined to lead him to a religious discussion. He finished by yielding, but soon I perceived that I had found my master.

"With the freedom of an old classmate, with the keen perception of the priest who felt that *this* was not a case for gentle dealing, he told me, among other things, that I reasoned like an escaped lunatic. 'But,' he added, 'no one is to blame for being a madman. The guilt is in lying to the conscience, and that is what you are doing. You only speak so loud to deafen yourself, my friend. And, I tell you, that what you have just said to *me* you would not say to *everybody*. I know *one* at least before whom you would hesitate to affirm that you had no religion!'

"'Name him!' I cried, proudly. 'If it were the Pope or the Emperor himself I would not retract a single word.' 'The one of whom I speak is neither the Emperor, nor our venerated Holy Father.' 'Ah! you mean the Virgin Mary, in some new apparition like la Salette?' 'Cease your railleries,' said my friend. 'I mean *death!* I wish to tell you one thing. I have known men who scoffed at religion, whose impiety was fearful to witness, and yet who, at that supreme moment, when about to meet their terrible Judge, did not fear to brand with the lie their entire lives, returning to God with contrite and humble hearts.'

"'I do not fear death,' I replied, proudly. 'I am an honest man; I have never injured any one; God could not punish me without being unjust.'

"'Possibly you may be an honest and worthy man, yet, my friend, as we wish to talk reasonably, I beg you to remark this: It happens every day that men are converted at the last hour—learned men, men in high positions, irreproachable men, according to the world. But with that

clear vision which comes to every man at the summons of the dread messenger they see themselves convicted of having failed in their duty to God; besides, trusting only to their own strength, they have but imperfectly fulfilled that of "an honest man." While deeming themselves models of charity, truth, humility, and purity, they have allowed themselves many things not permitted by God. They respond to divine grace before it is too late. On the contrary, tell me how many Christians—fervent in prayer, giving good example, frequenting the sacraments—how many of *them* have you seen, in their last moments, recognizing that their dearest and holiest belief was naught but superstition, and changing from good Catholics to Freemasons, or infidels? You have not seen *one*, eh? Nor I. Well, I will finish by saying that, if at this very moment death would call you, I assure you we would hear something different from your lips.'

"I opened my mouth to protest anew my bravery, when suddenly a sharp and agonizing pain in my right hand caused me to start. I had been resting it upon the rustic bench where we had sat down to rest, when a viper glided between my fingers. The priest struck it with his switch. I grew deadly pale. By the flat head of the creature I had instantly perceived it to be one of the most venomous kind of serpents; it had just bitten me! We were far from any house. I was a doomed man; I was about to die! I had scoffed at death, and lo! as if to throw back my mockery in my face, behold him!

"These thoughts flashed like lightning through my brain, when the priest took from his pocket a vial of alkali and a penknife well sharpened, saying, 'I never go out without these;' and seizing my hand he washed the bite with saliva (for water), then quickly made an incision crosswise, and poured the alkali therein. 'I thank our divine Lord that I was with you. Without this prompt assistance all would have been over with you.'

"I was dumb with gratitude and terror; but those were not the dominant sentiments in my heart, for in that awful moment which passed between the bite of the viper and the action of the Abbé I had believed myself lost. It was the moment when, as the Abbé had said, my views would change, the scales fell from my eyes. It seemed as if God pleased to verify those words by placing me without warning in such terrible extremity.

"Yes, the priest had spoken truly! As though a curtain which hid the truth from me had suddenly been torn away, I saw that there was no salvation save in the practice of that religion which I had blasphemed a moment before. It availed me nothing now to act a part. I was about to appear before God; and in what condition? Alas, how would I wish to appear before that almighty Judge! Certainly with a conscience freed from that terrible weight which it had accumulated since I had abandoned the service of God. I knew not how to thank that merciful God who, while placing me in danger of so sudden and cruel a death, had so providentially placed a priest by my side.

"Therefore, when the priest had snatched me from certain death, it was not *he* who inquired the result of my experience, nor if I still thought it well to die as I had lived! No; without waiting for him to do so, I threw myself at his feet, and made with contrite tears a confession, from which you, Monsieur, saw me rise. And had every one of my infidel friends been near their presence would not have prevented me."

"You are a writer," said the Abbé to me. "Do not forget what you have seen and heard to-day. There are many men in the world who boast of their want of religion, and

make a show of infidelity. But God does not reserve for them all, as he did for my good friend here, *a viper, a vicar*, and *a vial of alkali*. They laugh at those who are converted in their last moments. Let them take care," continued the priest in an impressive voice, "lest they are not allowed a death-bed even, but die smitten with one of those thunderbolts which will cast them without preparation at the feet of their sovereign judge.

ST. MARY'S, PA.

LOVE MEMORIES.

Ay, lad, it was here that we lingered
In the still of that sweet June night,
Till the larks were up, and the cloudless east
Was flushed with rosy light;
And a redbreast was out on the hawthorn there,
A-trilling a low sweet lay
To his mate and the wee brown birds that slept
In the nest on the bending spray.

It was at your grandfather's wedding, lad,
That Jenny and I had been,
And I was the bravest of all the lads,
And she of the girls was queen;
And homeward we walked through the dewy fields,
When the dancing and mirth were o'er;
And I stood with her dear little hand in mine,
Here, under the porch by the door.

There was never a soul astir in the house,
But all was as still as could be;
And even although they had all been awake,
They could never have seen her and me;
For the ivy was thick, and we whispered so low,
Oh, they ne'er could have heard us there,
As she gave me a wild red rose from the flowers
She had worn in her beautiful hair.

Oh, the passionate love of life's spring tide!
Though now I am old and gray,
Each low-murmured word I remember as well
As if it were yesterday:
How I thrilled at the touch of the soft brown locks
That over her shoulders curled,
And trembled for joy when I dared to kiss
The rosiest lips in the world!

Get me a bit of the blossom, lad,
That wreathes on the hawthorn tree,
And leave me here till I dream awhile
Of the life that was never to be.
For the shadowy phantoms of long ago,
I see through a mist of tears:
Your hope lies hid in the coming, lad,
But mine in the bygone years.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE season is again upon us when Catholic parents are called to do that which is their greatest obligation, and which in its results must decide to a great extent the temporal and eternal welfare of their offspring, to select some good school in which their sons and their daughters may be brought up, first as good Christians, and next as intelligent members of society.

Leibnitz had reason to assert it as his conviction that "to reform the human race, it was necessary to reform the education of youth," and elsewhere he says that "the good education of youth is the first foundation of human felicity." Indeed, what is the line of demarcation between man and the lower creation? Does it not in great measure consist in the former being able to determine, from principles as immutable as their author, the practice of good from that which is evil? The knowledge of that which he is bound to observe from that which he is held to avoid? How is this knowledge to be acquired? Is the child to learn those *fixed* principles in a school where all is left to the individual yearnings, the undirected inclinations of the human heart? What is it which makes a nation, if not its possession of men; men, in the intellectual as well as the physical sense of the word. "Nations," says Dupanloup, "raise themselves, and are preserved; become young again, and are renewed *only by men*. When do we see a people becoming enfeebled, falling from their greatness, and precipitated to ruin? When *men* are wanting to them."

"But," adds this great authority, "men are doubtless given by God; yet, God wishing them thus, it is education which makes them." This champion of Catholic education continues:

"Yes, men! without doubt there are always such in the common acceptance of the term, but that which contributes to the greatness, to the moral and intellectual prosperity of a country, is not men such as they are born and ordinarily grow up, but men formed, men completed, men educated."

What is then the duty of parents at this time? Is it to send their daughters or sons to such a school, because it is fashionable, because Mr. So and so has his children in such an institution? Reason tells the contrary. Yet what is more common than to allow such childish and whimsical ideas to take sway where so important a question is at stake.

Send your children where they will be educated as well as instructed. Send them where the word of God, the sweet harmony of common prayer will begin and end the day's tasks. Keep them in that school where the spirit of sacrifice is manifest in the character of the teacher. Place them where wealth will be a secondary consideration, and where they will meet with a generous and invigorating rivalry. Let them attend a school recommended by those who labor "as being bound to give an account of our souls." We are not speaking in favor of any one institution more than another. Our interest is, not in the individuals who control education and instruction for the moment, but in education and instruction themselves. Here, as elsewhere, we are for principles, not for individuals. We have no excuse for sending our children to any but schools directed by Catholics. The number is not small of the institutions to which even Protestants send their daughters and sons, knowing that in such they will receive what no other schools can give. Every year witnesses increasing numbers of non-Catholic parents patronizing the very schools to which our own people at times hesitate to confide their children or wards.

We should not be behindhand in this great work of educating them with whom Providence has blessed us. It is heathenish in spirit and infernal in practice for Catholics to risk the salvation of their children by sending them to any but Catholic schools. An authority that all respect, that of the Apostle of the Gentiles, assures us that he who watches not over his own household is worse than an infidel. In what, we may ask, does this watching over our household so much consist as in the Christian education of those who are to bear our name, and to perpetuate our memory?

"In whatever light," says the author of those admirable letters on *La haute education intellectuelle*, "I consider the work of education, it seems to me, as one of the most admirable reflections of the action, the goodness, and the wisdom of the Supreme Being." "Who has the right to bring up this creature" known as the child? "The answer is simple. It is his Creator alone."

In education as in other parts of the divine economy, men are to do for their fellow-men the work of the Creator. To whom would this work in reason be confided? To those who reject his holy name? Who despise the attributes of his holy Mother? Who reject the teachings and deny the authority of his established church on earth? Let Catholic parents, therefore, beware of the terrible responsibility they

assume by neglecting to educate and instruct their children, or by trusting false methods of doing so.

Let us listen to the voice of conscience, to the dictates of reason, to the words of the sacred text, and to the visible authority we have to follow in this spiritual duty. Our children must be sent to schools wherein they will learn "how sweet is the yoke, and how light the burden" of the Christian life. They must go where they will learn to walk in the path wherein they must afterward tread, that departing not therefrom in their old age they may attain the object for which they are in the world.

Those who would learn more of this prolific subject should consult Father Burke's lectures on Education, Lacordaire's Letters to Young Men, Bossuet's letters on kindred subjects, Fenelon's epistles on the Education of a Daughter, Muller's "Public School Education," and many other works which do not recur to our memory at the present moment, but which it is the duty of all, and the pleasure of many, to consult.

SINCE the last number of the RECORD reached its readers, a new danger of war in Europe has arisen. The uprising of the oppressed people of the little district of Herzegovina against Turkish misrule and exactions, seems to be extending to the adjoining territories of Turkey. In Montenegro, Servia, Dalmatia, and Bosnia the majority of the inhabitants are of Sclavonic origin, and are Christians in their religious belief. They wear the yoke of dependence upon the Sublime Porte with great reluctance. If they should determine to throw it off, it would be impossible for the Turkish government to prevent them.

But their success would at once reopen questions in Europe, which, under existing circumstances, could be only settled by the sword.

The mutual jealousies of Russia, Prussia, and Austria would not allow of these territories being incorporated into the dominions of either of these powers, nor would the people of the territories themselves submit to it. Their aspirations are for independence. They would, if left to themselves, prefer probably to form a confederacy of independent Sclavonic states. But this would be a constant source of uneasiness and danger to Austria and her possessions on the Adriatic Sea. Their Sclavonic origin and religion, too, bring them into close affinity to the peoples of the adjoining provinces of Russia, and they naturally are more inclined to fraternize with them. But this would be dangerous to the political quiet of these Russian provinces, and Russia would oppose the establishment of a really independent confederation of Sclavonic states as strenuously as Austria.

The only other alternative would be absorption into Russia, or allowing nominal independence, but real subjection, to Russian rule, under the name of a protectorate. But neither Austria nor England would allow this, nor could Prussia willingly; though for ulterior objects, the disintegration of Austria and the absorption of the Austrian German states into the Prusso-German Empire, she might give a reluctant assent.

The three "great powers" are now trying to settle the matter by advising Turkey to make concessions to the Herzegovinians, and persuading the latter to remain in subjection to the Sublime Porte. These efforts, thus far, however, do not seem to have been successful. If they should fail, and the rebellion continue, it will, in all probability, become general in all Northwestern Turkey; and, as we have said, in the end, drag all the great powers of Europe into a war.

DURING the Centennial year it is quite certain that many European Catholics will visit America and Philadelphia. This should encourage some of our scholars to prepare a "History of the Catholic Church in the United States," brought down to the latest date, and containing full statistics and details of the rise and progress of the Church in our country. European Catholics have little or no idea of the condition of American Catholics. In their most able journals, a stray item occasionally is all that is ever found about America, and our political, social, economic, and religious movements are ignored. Yet this country is the theatre of a vast experiment in Catholic history; it is where all modern ideas have a free field, and can develop themselves to their final results. It is looked to with curiosity and attention by all thinkers and students, and presents its solutions of the problems of the age to those who like to study them.

The progress of the Church in this country, of course, cannot be shown under a glass case, nor can it be conveyed by perusing the pages of a guide-book. But a good history is wanted, and the year 1876 would be a good year to bring it out.

It is to be regretted that we cannot show the American or European visitor to the Philadelphia exhibition what was seen at London in 1862. In the loan collection of the South Kensington Museum, as well as in the exhibition and museum themselves, was a glorious collection of works of ancient Catholic art. Antique crucifixes, reliquaries and trypticles, paintings of saints, doctors, and ecclesiastical incidents; elaborate wood carvings, models of cathedrals, ancient churches, abbeys, and schools; il-

luminated manuscripts, costly church vestments rich with embroidery, lace, and gold-work, and yet 600, 800, and 1000 years old. These, and many similar articles, the product of Catholic art, Catholic taste, and Catholic genius, would be quite a lesson to some, even of us! Fancy a reader fresh from the perusal of *Harper's Weekly*, and with his head full of "Popish ignorance," "Popish love of darkness," "Popish barbarism," etc., standing before a case full of these gems, many of them the workmanship of the "dark ages," and listening to a voice telling him that these are only the few remains saved from destruction by the fury of the reformers.

But we have forgotten! we are to celebrate only the first one hundred years. The exhibition will be grand, and a magnificent success, but, like the country, it will be very *new*. The Catholic Church is the only ancient object here, and that is ever old, yet ever young.

THE English Polar Expedition has been heard from. A letter from a member of the expedition, written on board the steamer Discovery, previous to her leaving Rittenberk, Greenland, has been received in London. The writer gives some interesting details respecting the plans of the expedition. He says that, after proceeding up Smith's Sound making a cursory survey of its shores, the Discovery will select its winter quarters. The steamer Alert, meanwhile, will push on towards the North Pole, as far as possible without being beset with ice. It will subsequently return towards the Discovery, and endeavor to establish its winter quarters not more than two hundred miles from that vessel.

During the beginning of winter, and before its severe weather comes on, the crews of both vessels will begin to survey with sledge parties. In the spring, two of the lieutenants of the Discovery, with sledge parties, will push on to the Alert, when a start towards the pole will be made with six sledges. One sledge will leave the party and return every week or so, transferring its surplus provisions to the others. When the exploring party has thus been reduced to but one sledge, that will push on alone and reach the pole by itself. Who will have the high honor of commanding this last sledge, and of carrying off the palm of success, if success should be attained, the writer does not know, but says that he fancies it will be Commander Markham of the Alert.

ON the 10th of August, the Bicentenary of the Royal Observatory at Greenwich was celebrated. The foundation-stone of this famous observatory was laid August 10th, 1675, on Flemstead Hill, so called after the name of the first astronomer royal. The French had established one ten years before. The Germans had one at Cassel a hundred years previous.

The first astronomer royal, Flemstead, was a contemporary of Sir Isaac Newton, who used many of his observations in compiling *The Principia*. He died in 1717, and was succeeded by the celebrated Dr. Halley, who first observed a spot on the sun, by which the motion of that body on its axis was determined. He made many other discoveries whilst travelling on the continent, of which the most notable perhaps was the comet which bears his name. He was a practical co-worker with Sir Isaac Newton. He died at Greenwich in 1742. His successor was Dr. Bradly, who died in 1762. Dr. N. Bliss continued the work at the observatory until 1764, when Dr. Nevil Maskelyne was appointed. To the latter we owe the first carefully observed transit of Venus. The observation was made at St. Helena. On his voyage thither, Dr. Maskelyne determined the method of finding the longitude by lunar observations. He died in 1811, and was succeeded by Dr. John Pond, who, was said by Sir Humphrey Davy to have possessed the highest astronomical attainments. He died in 1835. Since then, during a period now of forty years, Sir George Biddle Airey, K.C.B., has directed the operations of this important and famous observatory.

GENERAL BUTLER, in a speech at the O'Connell celebration in Boston, caused considerable discussion and some astonishment by the assertion that the Celtic element of the American population, represented chiefly by the Irish, was becoming the leading one in New England. The fact seems undeniable, as the birth-rate of the Irish is greater than that of the old Puritan stock. From 1847 to 1854, there was an average Irish immigration into the United States of 150,000 a year. But of late years the immigration is not so large. Only in the year 1867 did over 100,000 arrive in a single twelvemonths.

The great immigration of the future, no doubt, will be from Germany, and particularly Catholic Germany. For the last ten years Germany has sent more immigrants than Ireland, 133,000 arriving in 1873. These facts, however, only show, as far as Catholicity is concerned, that the future Catholics of the United States will be thorough Americans. The Irish, the German, and the English elements will blend and mingle, and it is much to be desired that the result will be satisfactory.

CATHOLIC literature in foreign countries has been reasonably fertile lately in thoughtful works of history, biography, controversy, and art.

In England, the Chevalier O'Clery, M. P. for Wexford, has brought out the first volume of *The History of the Italian Revolution*. It treats of the period from 1796 to 1849, or the "Revolution of the Barricades," as it is called by the author. The period from 1849 to 1870, when the work was finally accomplished by the capture of Rome, is called "The Revolution of the Bureaux." In the first period mobs and tumults, together with the multiplied agencies set on foot by secret societies, were employed to destroy the temporal sovereignty of the Holy See, as well as the governments then existing in Italy. In the second period the work of Italian unification was sought to be accomplished by the agencies of cabinets, kingdoms, and the acts of a treacherous diplomacy.

WE have often wondered why it is, that the Association for the Propagation of the Faith does not receive a larger income from the United States. One cent a week, and a simple aspiration, "St. Francis Xavier pray for us!" is all that is needed to become a member. Who is there that cannot afford so small a sum himself, and cannot interest a few others in the same work? The Bishop of Wilmington has written a letter, urging the claims of the Association, whose funds have lately fallen off considerably in consequence of the disturbed condition of Europe. The Association distributes its annals every two months in the proportion of one copy to every twenty-six francs ($5) collected; and these annals are edifying and most delightful reading, and really should be far better known to Catholics than they are.

MONSIGNOR RONCETTI, the Papal Ablegate to this country, has been appointed Delegate Apostolic to several South American republics, Ecuador, Peru, Colombia, etc. In Ecuador he will find a Catholic nation that has just lost its President, Senor Garcia Moreno, by assassination, and is torn by civil dissensions. The contrast between the condition of most of these republics and the United States will, no doubt, impress him, and he will inquire the reasons of the difference. We have no doubt that Monsignor Roncetti's experience in the United States, and his intercourse with American Catholics, has given him much food for reflection; and no doubt his present appointment will result in great benefits to South America and to the interests of the Catholic Church in the Spanish republics.

THE Catholics of Ohio have good reason to be proud of their efforts for Catholic education. Nearly every parish has its own school. In the archdiocese of Cincinnati there are 140, in the diocese of Cleveland 100, and in the diocese of Columbus 25. These schools educate from 60 to upwards of 2000 children in each parish. Thousands upon thousands of the future citizens of Ohio are being educated, *free of cost to the State*, to fulfil all their duties; and because the Catholics are doing this, they are called "enemies to public instruction," and are taxed to support other schools which they neither use nor approve of! Neither of the two great parties of the State have, however, inserted any "plank" in their political platform to remedy this state of affairs, and consequently neither are justly accused of being friends of Catholic education. Public opinion in the State does not, we presume, make it justifiable to raise the issue directly at the present time.

WHEN His Eminence, Cardinal McCloskey, left for Rome on August 7th, *via* Havre and Paris, the Catholic Union of New York sent through him an address to His Holiness the Pope, in which reference is made to the fact that at the commencement of the present century one small church, in New York, was able to receive the Catholic congregation, while throughout the State the true faith was unknown. Now there are fifty-two churches in the metropolitan city, and many more in its suburbs, while throughout the land others daily rise wherever men are to be found. His Eminence is now in Paris. He will receive his "title" when he reaches Rome.

ON the 29th of July, Archbishop Alemany, of San Francisco, completed the twenty-fifth year of his episcopate, having been consecrated Bishop of Monterey in 1850, and promoted to the Archbishopric of San Francisco in 1853. His Grace received a purse of $5000 in gold from his people, who celebrated the day with much pomp.

From half a dozen priests, a few old ruined Spanish churches, and a concourse of rough and uncultured people, mad to accumulate wealth by any means, has been developed, in the course of a quarter of a century, an orderly and settled Catholic population of 200,000, governed by an archbishop, three bishops, and 193 priests, and worshipping in 187 churches. There are also twenty-eight ecclesiastical students, four hospitals, twelve asylums, and seventy-three colleges, academies, and schools.

ON the 24th of June, Dr. Croke, a distinguished prelate, and the Bishop of Auck-

land, New Zealand, was appointed by the Pope, Archbishop of Castel, succeeding the late revered Most Reverend Patrick Leahy. Dr. Croke pursued his ecclesiastical studies at Paris and Rome, was on the mission in the diocese of Cloyne, and respectively Professor and President of St. Coleman's Seminary. In 1870, he was consecrated Bishop of Auckland, succeeding Dr. Bompallier.

The Province of Castel embraces the dioceses of Castel and Emly, Cork, Killaloe, King, Limerick, Waterford, and Lismore, Cloyne, and Ross. It comprises most of the south of Ireland, and contains nearly one thousand priests, seven hundred churches, and one hundred and thirty-five houses of religious men and women.

OUR neighbors in British America have lost a bishop, Mgr. Charles La Rocque, of St. Hyacinth, who died on Thursday, July 15th. He was born at Chernbly on November 15th, 1809, and was consecrated bishop of St. Hyacinth on July 29th, 1866. The diocese thus widowed comprises five counties in the Province of Quebec, and was established twenty-three years ago. It contains 106 priests, and a Catholic population of 100,000, who have *four hundred schools*. This latter fact is most creditable to a population so small and scattered as that of this diocese.

JOHN LEE CARROLL, the great grandson of Charles Carroll of Carrollton, nominated on July 22d for Governor of Maryland, will appropriately fill that honorable position in the Centennial year. The descendant of that most knightly and chivalrous Catholic patriot, who pledged more property to the cause of the Colonies than did any other, and who was the "last of the signers," how appropriate it is that he should fill the gubernatorial chair of Maryland, that old Catholic State, which his grandsire so ably and forcibly represented in 1776.

THE news from Spain is very unfavorable to the Carlists. They have been worsted in several engagements, and have lost several important military positions. The surrender of the strong post at Seo de Urgel, and the taking prisoner of General Lizzora, have been heavy blows to the Carlists. The cable telegrams represent the adherents of Don Carlos as greatly discouraged, and hint that Don Carlos himself is seriously considering the expediency of disbanding his forces, and awaiting a more favorable future juncture of affairs to renew his efforts to ascend the throne of Spain.

ANOTHER victim to the mania for Alpine climbing has been announced. It was a Swiss guide named Antille. He was descending, along with his party, one of the passes near Monte Rose towards Zirval. He was not attached to the others by a rope. When half way down, his foot slipped on the melting snow, and he fell from rock to rock to the bottom of the immense ravine. His comrades hastened to the rescue, but they only found his remains entirely lifeless and horribly mangled.

THE miscalled "journal of civilization," *Harper's Weekly*, together with the *New York Times*, and a few other journals, have been endeavoring, and are now at work, to excite an anticatholic agitation in Ohio, with the view to forward the interests of one of the political parties in that State. For this purpose, caricature and misrepresentation have been liberally employed, but as the results will show, without the effect intended.

SOME important legal decisions have been given lately. In the case of the Congregation of Portsmouth, N. H., the Supreme Court of New Hampshire has decided that contributors, as such, acquire no rights of ownership to churches they may assist to build, if the legal title is not made out in their names.

The Supreme Court of Ohio, sustaining the Superior Court of Cincinnati, has decided that Catholic schools are not public schools, and that they, as well as parsonages, are taxable.

ON the 7th of September the people of New Jersey vote on several amendments to the Constitution, one of which forbids any donation of land or appropriation of money, either by the State or any municipal corporation, to any society or association. This is directed against Catholics obtaining any aid for protectories, reformatories, schools, asylums, etc., and is expected to be rejected by the people.

WE lately came across the following item, anent the Centennial celebration:

"The Centennial Committee of the 'Winebrennarians' have determined to publish fifty thousand copies of a pamphlet, descriptive of the rise, progress, faith, and practice of their church, for distribution during the Centennial Exposition in Philadelphia. Space has been secured by them for their use in the Exposition building."

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THE NORMAL ELEMENTARY GEOMETRY, etc., etc. By Edward Brooks, A.M., Philadelphia: Sower, Potts & Co., 530 Market Street.

Whatever tends to simplify the abstruse study of Geometry, without taking from that *drill*, so necessary to beget the strength and constancy of mind to which the study of Geometry so greatly tends, will be hailed by every teacher of mathematics as a step in the right direction. We have often heard Brooks's Geometry spoken of in the highest terms. The practical character of the "test problems" given at the end of each book, has more than once been called to our attention, while the common-sense character of the elucidations has more than surprised us.

Any class of ordinary talent, and blessed with an average teacher, can master the entire contents of Brooks's Geometry, which also embraces trigonometry and analytical geometry, in two years at most. This is more than can be said of any other work on these subjects with which we are acquainted.

But the crowning character of this work is its "practical" department. We cheerfully recommend it to all our Catholic schools and colleges. Having been already introduced into many of the Catholic schools in Philadelphia, notably into La Salle College, is the best criterion of its work.

THE PREMIUM CATHOLIC LIBRARY. New York and Cincinnati: Benziger Brothers. 1875.

Under the title of the *Premium Library*, Messrs. Benziger Brothers have recently published six exquisitely bound volumes of Catholic tales translated from the French. These tales are all of them full of interesting incidents, and cannot fail to be attractive to youthful readers. The spirit, too, which animates these tales, is excellent, and the religious lessons which they indirectly inculcate very edifying.

The same enterprising firm has published, in a very beautiful volume, THE HOLY ISLE; or, *The Lives of the Most Notable Irish Saints, as a sequel to the Life of St. Patrick.*

The saints, whose lives are given in this volume, are St. Bridget, St. Columba, St. Malachy, St. Lawrence O'Toole, St. Pallidius, and St. Columbkill.

THE SIXTH READER of *The Young Catholic's Illustrated School Series of Readers* has been sent us by the Catholic Publication Society of New York.

We have previously noticed in the RECORD in commendatory terms the antecedent volumes of this series. *The Sixth Reader* does not fall short of them in excellence. The matter has been selected with care and good judgment, and the whole forms a volume well adapted for the use of advanced classes of academies and colleges. Prefixed to the *Reader* is an "Introduction," which contains clear and practical instructions on vocal culture and elocution.

THE YOUNG LADIES' READER, also from the Catholic Publication Society, form a part of *The Young Catholic's Illustrated School Series.*

It has been compiled, as we learn from the preface, with a special view to the words of the young girl who has soon to leave the school-room to enter upon her life-work. The same care and good judgment, as regards the matter which forms the reading lessons, marks this *Young Ladies' Reader*, which we have already said characterizes the other volumes of the *Series.*

THE second series of THE TROUBLES OF OUR CATHOLIC FOREFATHERS, related by themselves, edited by Robert Morris, S. J., has appeared.

The author opens to English readers, in this work, the touching narratives of the persecutions endured by their forefathers in the reigns of Elizabeth, James I, Charles I, and Charles II. We await with much interest the period, when he will have to speak of the ancestors of our Maryland Catholics. At present the learned author is in the reign of Elizabeth; and, in the life of Father Weston, S.J., and of Anthony Tyrrell, the modern reader may form some idea of the state of Catholics in the "golden days" of Good Queen Bess.

THE Abbe Feret has written a work on HENRY IV AND THE CATHOLIC CHURCH. The portion of French history, covered by this work, is very important; the latter part of the sixteenth and the commencement of the seventeenth century being the time when it was decided whether France should be a Catholic or a Huguenot nation. How near it came to be the latter is known to comparatively few. Abbe Feret thinks that Henry IV's conversion was sincere, and that the Edict of Nantes was a necessary and statesmanlike measure.

THE

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PATRICIUS EUGENE MORIARTY, O. S. A.

"Behold the great priest, who in his day pleased God, and was found just." (*Ecclus., ch. xliv.*) *Text of his Funeral Sermon preached by Bishop Quinlan of Mobile.*

A FEW months ago sped far and wide the sorrowful news of the death of a great man, of a great ecclesiastic—the Very Reverend Doctor Moriarty, a man eminent in most of the walks of life, a rich ripe scholar, a gentleman by birth and instinct, one of God's noblemen, courteous, polished and, above all, a zealous and untiring priest, one who had ever "loved justice and hated iniquity."

In him religion lost a valiant defender, the people a sturdy champion of their faith and liberties and science a master in many branches.

Saddening, indeed, was the news of his death to those of our own land, many of whom, with their fathers before them his friends, had been by him instructed in the faith of Christ, taught in youth, counselled in maturer years and by his priestly hand and solacing voice soothed at death. Saddening too it was to all to see gathered to his fathers the great high priest of the temple, the ornament of religion, the admiration even of his foes.

Yet not only they, but other lands besides will breathe a prayer for his soul at this same sad message, known so well as he was in the Old World and the New.

Many the wanderers he brought back to Peter's fold and many the thousands who had been consoled by him and by him reared up in wisdom and in virtue. The shrines of the Old World he prayed at will now miss his step; the cathedrals he filled with his matchless oratory, will no longer resound with his voice or be stirred by the magic of his presence, and the far-off sunny lands of India and Italy, of France, of his own dear Erin, and the busy marts and crowded cities of his adopted fatherland, that for well-nigh on to fifty years had been the scenes of his labors and the witness of his triumphs, will now no doubt be mourners at his tomb.

The Very Reverend Dr. Moriarty was no ordinary man, but one of those that come at times only to grace an epoch by their sway. He was richly learned in ancient and classic lore. For his was a mind that had many a Golconda of quaint erudition at command, of old customs and laws stored within, that needed only the appreciative attention of a hearer to unearth itself in sparkling classic diction, whose gems of brilliant thought would instruct a scholar or even entertain a child.

He was a poet too, of no ignoble lay, and an historian, as well attests the care bestowed upon his lectures and his writings. What moments of delight to hear him speak! Yet, why attempt to portray his oratory? None who heard him but had to bend a willing ear to those lips that fairly dropped with wit and erudition, with tales of the past, with his labors in the Eastern clime, his travels, his missions, and withal such good advice that rarely failed to find some fruit, even when most unwillingly hearkened to only that it were faithfully observed. Well then might his land treasure his name with pride and sing joyfully his praise.

But apart from these his natural gifts, he had that which few have in so eminent a degree—the unction of the priesthood. For who more than he was zealous for the Faith? Or who toiled so long at its barriers ready to ward off its foes and prompt to ease its allies?

Apart from his wondrous gifts of mind and heart, they had been lost only that he moulded them to the honor of the Faith. Apart from his genius, it too would have glimmered only, and been quenched, had he not linked it in all earnestness with the ray of grace that the Spirit lavishes on the true, while his grand emotions would have been as the bursting of the thundercloud, as harmless and as barren, only that he curbed them to his mission of leading a life in the service of his Maker.

If then we measure the worth of a man by the influence he bears, great assuredly must have been the Doctor's. He was a priest, a true minister of the Most High, fervent, zealous, a veritable apostle, one of whom it may be truly said, "his life was his Master's," and this same priestly dignity shone out along the many years of a long life devoted to His cause. It elevated him far above himself (as whom should it not?) to be above the man. In him the man was great, the priest far greater. The priestly unction seemed to have raised his mental gifts to almost a prophetic pitch in his clear; broad portrayals of God's mercies, of His Church, His sacraments and of His glories, while his rich oratory, varied and versatile as a poet's strains, knew no bounds when enkindled for His Master's honor. It towered in its denunciation of hypocrisy and guilt; it wept in its heartfelt pleadings for love and mercy. His invective was as withering as a Jeremiah's, and his sympathy as tender and soothing to the heart as is genial the warmth-giving ray of a fair May's sun.

But while the Doctor shone in his cleverness as a scholar and charmed by his dignity as a priest, he was not wanting in those lesser graces that do so much to smooth away the little roughnesses of society. For he was a gentleman, one of the old school, rare in his attainments, polished in his ways, very courtier-like, urbane, and with that comity that comes from much travel and frequent intercourse with the gifted of many spheres and of other lands and blood. It was in company with these, no doubt, that the brilliant parts of his soul and mind were trained. And what a host they were! the famous Doyle, Byron, O'Connell, Webster, Clay, the soldier Jackson, the poetic Moore, the sainted Cheverus of Bordeaux, the many-tongued Mezzofanti, and what bishops! what statesmen, scholars, poets, saints! And in his converse how his mind and

heart shone out! What wit there was! what racy humor in his words! How was passed around joke, *bon-mot*, and repartee, yet with a decorum that bade avaunt to unkindly thought, an exuberance that amazed by its fecundity, and with a depth and breadth of conversational power that held enchanted the favored listener.

Yet a truce to laudation. We would see the man in his outer life. To delay so long in eulogy savors of the enthusiast, and tends to pall on the friend who will maybe skim these pages, to learn of the Doctor's life in detail, of his birth, his youth and his labors.

The Very Reverend Dr. Moriarty was born in Russel Street, Dublin, of Eugene Moriarty, gentleman, and a Miss Lynch of the Lynches of Galway. Both his parents were of good family, of influential standing and related by kin to many of the great people of the day. His father was originally from County Kerry, a lineal descendant of the O'Moriartys and related to the present bishop Moriarty of that diocese, besides being cousin to the "Liberator of Ireland." Good family to start with, we may say. No wonder piety and eloquence were natural to the Doctor with such ancestry as his; while good old County Kerry whose wild dashing waves of the free Atlantic kept ceaselessly singing to the child of the free land beyond, in tones that could find response only in those who were born to live and die in greatness, shewed her fitness to be the cradle of patriots and orators.

The subject of our memoirs was the fourth born of four sons and of eight children, all now dead, save an only sister, Julia, who can look back along her line with thankfulness to God that hers at least died well for the Faith, *preux chevaliers et honnetes dames*. The Doctor's elder brothers, Daniel Lyon, John Edward and Eugene Michael, filled brightly and piously their respective paths in life. The first was a lawyer, then government officer, and finally we find him marrying the daughter of Governor Rollins of the West Indies. The second-born too was first a lawyer, but afterwards filled for twenty years the highly responsible position of paymaster-general in the East India service, where he died of climatic fever; while the third, after finishing his studies, went to join his brother Daniel in the West Indies, but died on the way at Barbadoes. All three youths were highly educated and true Christian gentlemen. Three of his sisters, Ann, Honora and Mary, died young when just budding into blooming womanhood. A likely family of brave sons and fair daughters.

Patricius Eugene Moriarty, the youngest of the four brothers, was born on the 4th July, 1804, and baptized by a clergyman from Arran quay Catholic church. So much for his parentage and birth. The full particulars of his early youth are denied us, the more's the pity, since it would greatly interest us to learn what manner of child the man was, who in after years gained so much renown in the Old World and the New. Certain it is that he was led to the Sanctuary by his pious parents, to serve the Lord in His Temple, and doubtless he had the same battles to fight as most men have who leave kith and kin for "the better part."

The young Patricius entered school early at the age of five in an academy in Denmark Street, which his father had erected for the instruction of Catholic children. The course of teaching was wholly Catholic in tone, and under the supervision of the clergy. The names of some of these have been preserved us — Fathers Harold, McGowan, Sennett and Walsh.

Such was his youthful love for holy wisdom that the silver medal for diligence and learning was awarded him

at the age of seven. Under these good priests he remained for two years longer, when the academy was closed in part by their death or occupation in other pursuits. Thus far we can track him after a manner, discerning clearly every now and then the tiny scintillations of his future genius. He was now eleven years of age. After this he was sent to a private school for a short time, and about his twelfth year was withdrawn at the death of his father,—a sharp blow that he stilled however by more earnest attention to his studies. It was during this period that the celebrated Augustinian bishop, Doctor Doyle, took notice of the young Moriarty, and with something akin maybe to an intuitive perception of the youth's hidden worth, had him entered at Carlow College, where he studied until his sixteenth year. We have it from one who was his coeval that his deportment there was such as to make his companionship coveted by all his fellows for his bright mind, his cheerful disposition and more than ordinary attention to his studies. It was under the guidance of his great patron, Dr. Doyle, that he now betook himself to Callan, in the County Kilkenny, to the Augustinian Convent, where he entered in 1820, and began the study of philosophy, with whatever kindred studies that usually accompany this queen of science.

The aspirant to the ministry in the Catholic Church has never much choice about what he has to study. The *curriculum* for the priesthood is fixed, and whether secular priest or religious, he has the same general course of mental and moral lessons to con, whether he study in Rome or Valparaiso, only that in the Orders the course is longer and more thorough.

The Augustinian discipline is not different from this. With them as with all in religious houses, there was the unavoidable opening course of logic, of mental and physical philosophy, together with the mathematics and chemistry.* This ordinarily took up three years, and whether the *alumnus* was smart or dull, this was sure to be his fate, before entering the portals of theology, the queen of revealed knowledge as philosophy is of the human. The course of theology took up another four years. And all during these long years of study, had each student day by day in turn to write and defend his thesis (*quæstio* or *question* as it is not inaptly termed in school parlance, mayhaps from the mental torture it brings the youthful knight, who is bound by the rule of the school to bear the tilt of every opponent of his theses). These cover all the ground passed over in his class-books. And by the way this species of mental training has its counterpart in the moot-courts of law schools, and no course is better adapted to draw out the talents of the scholar than to have him put them to continual test.

In the monastic schools, the long and careful training in dialectics is a school of wits. No befogging there of the mind, but acumen and clear, crystal-like reasoning. And although subtleties may therein have first found their birth, they are such as to call forth and test most amply, the prodigious resources of brains devoted to lofty thoughts and broad views on every science. The famous schoolmen are proof sufficient for this verity. Moreover it is requisite for each defendant of a thesis to establish his position clearly, to have all arguments brought to bear properly, all objections answered and all sophisms exploded. Then each adversary must be answered in turn, and well

* "The disputative powers of the Augustinians were far-famed from the earliest ages of the schools." *V. Newman's Historical Sketches of Universities*, p. 330, and again, "The practice of holding disputations *Apud Augustinenses*, colloquially called, 'doing Austins,' continued down to the introduction of the new examination statute (in the university schools in England, A.D. 1800). They were held in the School of Natural Philosophy every Saturday in full term; and every B. A., after his Lent determination, was bound to dispute there once every year, either as opponent or respondent, before he could proceed to his Master's degree."

answered too, for great is the shame and long the disgrace for one who, after preparation, hasn't the grit to hold his ground against cavil and untruth. Dr. Moriarty owed doubtless much of his skill and success in controversy in after days (for good logician he was averredly), to the large preliminary practice he had at Callan and afterwards in Italy. And such is the training the Levite gets; in some places better, in others inferior. Thus does the Church rear up her soldiers from the very cradle, we might almost say, for the deadly warfare to be waged against sin, heresy, error and abuse. In college or monastery-halls, the training is almost alike. It is carried on from year to year in philosophy, theology, moral, dogmatic and polemic, in history sacred and profane, Scriptures, liturgy, and canon law. For the Catholic priest there is no limitation of duty. His is the world to conquer, to teach mankind. Passions must be guided, the afflicted soothed, the erring warned and the humble taught. Each and all come to the altar of God for their share, the idiot, the statesman, the felon and the monarch. Well then must he know the medicine for each, to curb each passion of the heart, to counteract each distorted fancy of the brain, to guide each soul onward wisely to the goal.

Dr. Moriarty was sent from Callan to the Holy City in 1820, at the request of Dr. Doyle, to complete his studies, which he carried on at the general study-convents of Perugia, Lucca, and the mother-house of *Sant' Agostino* in Rome—the famed *Cœnobium S. Augustini*, so well known to tourists for its lofty proportions, its noble corridors, its richly decorated church and its world-renowned library—*L'Angelica*. Here he pursued the accustomed studies till his ordination to the priesthood in 1828. We will here step back for a moment to describe an event in his monastic life, that generally, as it did with him, marks an epoch. It was St. Catharine's Feast-day, the 25th November, 1825, that the Church of *Sant' Agostino*, began from early noon to be filled with reverend ecclesiastics, prelates, members of religious orders and with maybe a scattering here and there of laics attracted by the *cartel* affixed on the church portals for the information of the public, that "the Rev. P. E. Moriarty will, in public debate, take upon himself to defend the following theses," etc. And here follows a goodly list of propositions culled from the dogmatic theology and ethics. This was his turn at the "*disputa*" or debate, we referred to on a previous page. Every scholar of mark in the Augustinian school, had to defend publicly, at stated times, theses taken from his class-books. These *disputas* were not infrequent, nor were the theses easy. Strangers were there, some as friends, and others as opponents, for the lists were free to all, but all tending, as is natural, to abash by their presence rather than encourage the youthful aspirant to honors. It was certainly a critical moment. Success would mean ulterior promotion, defeat—well, such a thing was not to be thought of. The knight that failed to win his spurs might bid adieu to any hope of condolence and the scholar that failed to keep his laurels would find hard work to retrieve his name. We must pass over the details of the *duello* of words and wit in which Father Moriarty and his opponents spent the allotted time. Enough that St. Catharine must have helped the young combatant in the theological arena, who had chosen her his patroness. The Doctor won the day, and what is more the proud distinction of being complimented in no measured terms of praise, by that great churchman, and sterling patriot the illustrious Augustinian—Doyle, who presided at the *disputa*. Right fitting was it, too, that the great defender of Ireland's liberties at home,

should crown the future defender of Ireland's Faith abroad.

The Doctor was ordained priest, the 28th of January, 1828, and almost immediately remanded to Ireland on missionary duty. This was a great sacrifice to the Doctor's hopes and wishes, and must have caused him much deep inner struggle to submit to a life so distasteful to his natural feelings. But the spirit of obedience triumphed in the soldier of the Cross. We find him now setting out for home, hopeful however all along his journey that the father-general might perchance relent in his course and countermand his orders. We find him now at Pisa, where he became acquainted with Lord Byron, then at Genoa, where had just arrived a Brazilian fleet, bearing to his last home one of the princely scions of some noble house. The chaplain of the fleet, it seems, had died on the voyage, and the Doctor quick to see an opening for him here, volunteered to replace him, if his superior would assent. Again he entreated the father-general to allow him to enter this new sphere of action, to sail under South American colors, but no! came the word in reply, just as he had, to use his own expression, "all his traps on board." There was now not a single ray of hope for a reprieve. Onward he went by Switzerland, through France, till he got to Bordeaux. Once passed it was very certain there would be no stepping-stone till he got to Kingstown harbor. It was his *ultima Thule*. Again he petitioned, and even prayed the father-general to pity him. In the meantime, the Cardinal Cheverus, the archbishop, received him right hospitably, and thinking to divert his mind from its engrossing gloom, gave to his charge the parish church of Chateau St.-Julien, until the general's letter should arrive. The Doctor's versatility of resource turned here to good account. The Sunday of his taking possession of the parish, he gave his flock a good reminder that they had no stranger among them, by turning round at the Mass and giving them a good old-fashioned sermon in classic French. Thus he whiled away the torturing moments, 'midst hope and fear, till the close of the autumn. The letter came at last. It was most decisive, nay even imperative, of immediate return. The die now was cast. The Doctor crossed his Rubicon, and on the 1st December, 1829, we find him stationed at the little Augustinian Convent in John's Lane, Dublin, a member of that community.

The Doctor's lines however seemed to have been cast providentially among the great. As in his earlier years we find him the *protégé* of the illustrious Doyle, so now had he for consorts brethren whose names alone should avail to nerve the most timid even to deeds of heroism for Mother Church. Here was stationed with him the sainted Gahan—Father William Gahan, and who that reads the English tongue, but knows of him as one of the most gifted ecclesiastics of the century?—Gahan who alone was fit to adorn an era, the most zealous of the zealous, the hard-working, earnest, untiring laborer in the vineyard, and Father Nicholas Molloy, the gifted preacher. In very truth it was a little circle of brethren that made Augustine's name honored by their wisdom and exalted by their virtues, even in that land of sages and of saints. In Dublin, Doctor Moriarty worked and waited patiently and eagerly, with the sick and the sinner, ever prompt to shrive the weary at the confessional, or to preach the Word from the pulpit, and here he inured himself for those tasks he was afterwards to be called to bear on the shores that had been watered by St. Thomas's blood and illumined by a Xavier's zeal. It was during his stay at Dublin, that he got permission to go to Portugal on a visit. He loved travel dearly, and although Portugal was at that time in the midst of civil war, yet

what mattered it? Had he not come to see foreign lands? to study the customs of the country? The merchant vessel that carried him ran the blockade into Oporto. There was some excitement as a matter of course, and some resistance too. All were taken prisoners, the Doctor among them, but shortly released, and now the Doctor found himself safely landed where he wished to be. Although the kingdom was divided among the partisans of Donna Maria and Don Miguel, each a claimant to the throne, and travel thereby made less pleasant, nothing could daunt our hero. To him all difficulties were but a relish, a part of the programme gotten up for his sole amusement. His travels—and how varied they were, through that land of the olive, his escapes from the soldiery and hordes of bandits that such wars always bear, his sight-seeing of the cities and provinces, his acting as friend and Samaritan to the poor wounded of either side, would almost sound as fiction, did we not know how checkered a life was his.

It is a foreshadowing of the indomitable courage the man afterwards displayed in India and America, and the natural result followed. In his meanderings around that classic land of the Cid, he was entrapped and made prisoner, and only released by some ambassadorial contrivance as a non-combatant. During his stay he travelled very extensively, making valuable observations regarding what was of worth, until his six months' furlough had expired, when returning to Dublin he continued to live with his brethren until the year 1834.

We may notice here that this incident just related seems the forecasting of a life full of strange adventures, yet of happy endings, that were to mark him so plainly as one that God had reserved for great deeds and stirring events.

We will relate one in which the Doctor afterwards took so prominent a part. It was the schism of Goa in the East Indies. The Catholic population in the Presidency of Madras, or more properly in and around the city of Goa, had for many years been a festering ulcer on her fair history in that once sainted land of the apostle Thomas. A schism was busy there between the Catholic hierarchy and the Holy See. It was called the Schism of Goa, or of the Catholics of *San Thomè*. Though the full details are not likely to be known, at least for a time, it were well for the reader to pause in these pages, and learn the origin of the abuses that have served so much to loosen the ties of religion, not only there, but in all the Portuguese dominions, and for that matter in very many other countries of the civilized world. India had been settled by the Portuguese under Vasco de Gama as far back as 1495. Then the new settlers were pious, zealous and devout, and their prelates remarkably attached to Holy Church, while she in return for the obeisance of their kings had allowed them ample favors and privileges. To Philip III especially was she lavish in her benisons. To him she waived her right of filling the several sees independently of the monarch's choice, and allowed him a voice in the appointment of the various prelates whose jurisdiction lay within his domains. This concession, on the part of the supreme Pontiff Paul V, was given in 1606 and is called the right of nomination. Yet it was not peculiar to the Spanish monarchs alone. Others too had had it given. In fact every Catholic king in his turn had had at times this or similar prerogative in reward for his docility to the faith. As long as the son proved dutiful to his Mother, the Mother deemed it only meet and proper for him to propose from among his subjects such as would to his good knowing honor the mitre. The tiara of the Church in those old-fashioned times was dearer to the prince than his own diadem. It

was a true union of Church and State. The king's nominations were judicious, and the selections probably the fittest. Both Cæsar and Peter worked in unison for the honor of God and fatherland, the one suggesting the means and the other approving of the end. Would it not be wise to wish for a return in these our own times to the same goodly spirit of amity? Or is it Utopian? Must the Pope be ever struggling for even the catacombs? However, while this right of nominating prelates to their various sees was a boon when wisely directed, it became a curse when acted on from only worldly motives, a source of rebellion against the Church, by proposing and presuming the elevation to the hierarchy of not the best, nor the holiest, but only menials, time-serving churchmen, and that on grounds of mere state policy. In such case the Sovereign Pontiff has but one line of action to follow, he withdraws the right of nomination, and thenceforth continues to make his own appointments regardless of the whims of the monarch.

The right of appointment, as we have noticed, was given to the Spanish kings by Pope Paul V, and was withdrawn sixty-seven years after, on the 10th November, 1673, by Pope Clement X.

This was the remote cause as alleged for the schismatical course of the Indian hierarchy of Goa, first, because as they complained, Pope Paul V, had solemnly vested the right of appointing to the see of Goa, in the kings of Portugal and Algarves and their successors, and secondly, because Joseph I, by decree of May 6th, 1765, had ordained that "no papal rescript, constitution or bull of the court of Rome was to have any force without previous royal approbation."* Both reasons are simply inconsequential, the first because such concessions are neither perpetual nor irrevocable, and the second, because the Church in her own household is pre-eminently supreme.

The immediate causes however of the schism seem to have been petty rivalries between the various religious Orders, with encroachments on one another's prerogatives, besides a jealousy of the several appointments of Rome to the various sees and vicariates. Such was now the state of affairs in and around Goa in 1834, and with little difference throughout nearly all India. About the date we treat of, Pope Gregory XVI had erected (April 18th, 1834), the apostolic vicariate of Bengal, intrusting it to the charge of a Jesuit Father, Robert St. Leger. This was the most important of the three Indian vicariates in Hindustan, its capital city of Calcutta being the residence of the supreme governor of the East Indies. Besides it there was the apostolic vicariate of Thibet, which extended into India, under the charge of Father Anthony Pozzoni, an Italian Capuchin, who was also bishop of Esbona, and vicar-apostolic of Frederic Cao, bishop of Zama and vicar in Ava and Pegu, while the third was the apostolic vicariate of Madras, erected by the same Pope Gregory on the 25th of April, 1834.

Thus Goa suffered as all will and do suffer who live in rebellion. They were very near losing their faith. Their clergy were ill-lived, and trained in the spirit of pride and resistance to lawful authority. Pampered by state patronage, they yielded to Cæsar what belonged alone to God and His vicars. The people, as a matter of course, were ill-taught too; their missions ran to weeds; their schools were without learning and their sacraments abandoned.

It was this deplorable condition of religion in the East Indies, that had called for the vigilant intervention of the Pope, to save to the Faith the land that the Apostle Thomas had once brought to the light of the Gospel. We have seen how Pope

* V. Madras Catholic Expositor, Madras, 1838.

Gregory provided for the other two provinces of Hindustan, and how in the same year, 1834, he erected Madras to an apostolic vicariate. He would also defer to the desire of the English speaking inhabitants and residents of Madras, and the provinces subject to the presidency of Fort St. George, and send thither an English-speaking bishop.* He, therefore, preconized on the same day its first vicar, the Very Reverend Father Daniel O'Connor, an Augustinian, for many years provincial superior of his order in Ireland. In this Pope Gregory seems to have inaugurated a new departure from the policy of his predecessors, by seeking to infuse new blood into the sluggish veins of the Eastern hierarchy. Father O'Connor had been recommended to this position by Archbishop Murray of Dublin, and his confrère in the order—Dr. Doyle, who had also been his preceptor in the College of New Ross. Father O'Connor lacked not outside friends, as he had been on frequent terms of amity with the Duke of Wellington, Sir R. Peel and other men high in state. Accordingly he was consecrated, August 3d, 1834, in the little Augustinian chapel in Brunswick Street, Cork, receiving the titles of Bishop of Saldes (in Africa) and Vicar Apostolic of Madras. As his orders were imperative, he began immediately to cast around for volunteers for the land of the Indus, and, with the assent of the father-provincial, took with him Dr. Moriarty and nine other priests and students, who hoped to restore to the Augustinian missions of Goa their former *prestige* in zeal and learning. The Augustinian hermits had first come to Goa in 1572, being twelve in number, under Father Antonio de Paixao, their first provincial. They soon increased greatly in numbers and influence, and, in 1830, they had the two Catholic churches of Calcutta, with all the churches in English Bengal, under their charge. They reckoned in all about fifty members, besides three or four at Macao, and from twelve to fifteen in Bengal and other parts of India. For nearly a century the bishop or administrator of *San Thomè* or Meliapore near Madras had been a religious of this Order, while the only nunnery in the city was that of *Santa Monica* of the Augustinian nuns, about thirty in number, who were much respected for their industry and exemplary life.

Up to this time the Portuguese Augustinians had charge of the mission of Meliapore, while the Capuchins, chiefly Italians, had that of Madras. Bishop O'Connor was placed over both. On his arrival, his first move was to communicate with the schismatical vicar of Meliapore, or of *San Thomè* as it is sometimes called, to seek to dissuade him and the clergy under him from their scandalous course.

Dr. Moriarty who, from the outset, had been chosen by the bishop as his secretary and vicar-general, was in this and subsequent interviews with the schismatical clergy his mouthpiece and adviser. Success seems to have blessed their labors. In 1838, the 24th of May, the schism was spent* and possession taken by bishop O'Connor of the vicariate of Meliapore,† on the feast-day of our Lady of Consolation, chief patroness of the Augustinian Order.

* A memorial had shortly before been presented to Parliament by the Roman Catholic inhabitants of Madras and the provinces subject, showing the great need they had for a clergy speaking their own tongue; that the priests in Madras were almost exclusively French, Italian and natives, and that while Protestant Presbyterian ministers were recognized by the government, no such provision had been made for its Catholic subjects, etc., etc.—(*V. Madras Catholic Expositor.*)

* We know this from the Doctor's own lips, who, in describing afterwards the particulars of his reception by Pope Gregory, often related that almost the first words spoken him by that zealous and overjoyed Pontiff, were, "Dr. O'Connor has crushed the schism of Goa."

† In 1629, Don Father Sebastian a San Pedro O.S.A., was first bishop of Meliapore and afterwards bishop of Cochin, and finally archbishop of Goa. He completed the building of the cathedral of Goa, as it now appears, and consecrated it anew. He died 1630.

Much historical information on Goa and its missions may be found in the work of the Rev. Denis L. Cottineau de Kloguen, styled *An Historical Sketch of Goa*, Madras, 1831.

Thus ended the great contest between proud revolt and just submission to lawful authority, that for years had imperilled countless souls in the East. The land of St. Thomas was once again to bloom with the flowers of Christian piety, and its temples resound with *alleluias* chanted in unison with the hierarchy of the universal Church.

Of this joyful change, Dr. Moriarty had been witness from the beginning. Ever-watchful of the interests of Holy Church he was an earnest co-worker with his bishop to support the authority of the Pontiff among the highest and the lowest. And revered by the pariah he was also esteemed by the peer for his lovable social virtues, his geniality, his buoyancy of spirit that nothing could dampen and his stern upholding of the right that scorned all compromise.* While at Madras, besides the labors necessarily weighty of his office as vicar-general, additional ones were allotted him as chaplain of the British forces stationed there. In fact he was the first Catholic chaplain officially recognized by the English government since the times of Queen Elizabeth.

Always on the alert for the welfare of his beloved soldiers, it is related that on several occasions, when the troops ordered to distant outposts in the jungle gave distrustful and not ready heeding to the command, Dr. Moriarty was wont to place himself at their head, and so inculcate through parental love what military discipline failed to teach. On one occasion, in an affair requiring great coolness and wariness of action, the Doctor would not go with them on an expedition that seemed to entail considerable anxiety from the well-known unreliability of soldiers when under the influence of drink, until by his description of the evils that were sure to happen them, both from a military point of view as from the moral outlook, he had brought them all to their knees, when standing at the front, he recited with them a pledge to abstain from all intoxicating drink.

Thus the Doctor initiated on the banks of the Ganges his campaign against intemperance, that he was the first to proclaim in 1841, in another hemisphere, on the banks of the Delaware. It was also for the benefit of these his *enfants de guerre* besides that of the citizens, that led him to start the publication of tracts (known as the *Madras Catholic Expositor*) for the dissemination of Catholic truth. By such and similar good offices in the cause of faith and morality, the evil remembrances of the schism gradually wore away, and pagans and Protestants united in their lauds of a religion that acted as the champion of good order and virtue.

It was while stationed at Madras that the Doctor exercised to the full his magnetic talents over all around. Here he was thrust in a foreign land amid a foreign soldiery, and not that alone, but one of a foreign faith too, of one in which they had been reared to cast obloquy on his Faith and taunts of viciousness and ignorance on his fellow-clergy. Nor had their opinion been bettered by their intercourse with the native clergy of India, who were, as we have remarked, a schismatical and scandalous class, and schismatics are not the models reason would suggest as instances of propriety and order, nor the ones to conciliate aliens in religion when themselves give such open token of revolt. The English powers felt more or less disgust for such moral degradation, which, though not their policy to preserve, they were unable to correct. What wonder then that the learned, jovial, quick-witted priest, so companionable, so clever, so fresh from the schools, with all the buoyancy of a comrade, as poetical and eloquent as an Oriental himself, should endear himself to the English rulers and

* This testimonial to the Doctor's good services in the cause of Religion and order appears from a letter addressed him by his bishop, Dr. O'Connor, in 1844.

officers? And right good friends they were. There was between them a fellow feeling that deadened all political and religious animosities, and showed them only as men, kindly, generous and true. It was a feeling of admiration, and even of more than that, of deep esteem for the priest. Nothing that he did not do to enhance the priestly dignity. No peril so great as to cause him to shirk his duty. Whether it was to visit the lazar-houses, to confer the last sacraments on some poor wreck of humanity, or brave the terrors of a midnight journey through the jungle, nothing could deter him from ministering to the sorrows of his fellow-men. He was a knight-errant of the Faith, always on the alert for calls on his sympathy or his duty. And Doctor Moriarty was a man—generous to a fault, noble-hearted as one well could be, with all that dignity besides that comes from natural refinement of character, and which with that other dignity of the priest made him attract all to honor and revere him.

The East India soldiery took a most *unique* way to honor their favorite. It must have been heart-felt anyhow. It was nothing more or less than for the officers of his regiment to hold a solemn meeting, to deliberate on the most fitting way to convey to their loved chaplain their sentiments of esteem. They accordingly met; conferred together and, after proper interval, voted that the highest honor they could possibly pay him, their esteemed comrade and beloved chaplain, was to make him a member of their mess. In very truth a soldier's way of paying a soldier's compliment, yet a right graceful one it was, when we learn that the British officers' mess-room is as sacred almost from the profaning tread of outsiders as a Polynesian *taboo*.

It was now almost four years since Dr. Moriarty had come to India. During this period he had witnessed the downfall of the schism, the establishing of rightful authority, the interchange of kindly feelings between citizens of all views and the aurora of a new era for the Faith. It was the dawn too of a new era of prosperity in the history of the Catholics of Hindustan. His bishop decided now to send him to Rome to report the good tidings to the Holy Father, and Propaganda too would naturally wish to hear good account of their mission. Dr. O'Connor commissioned him to attend the summons. He was also the bearer of an address of thanks, signed by twenty-seven hundred of the Catholics of Madras, to his Eminence the cardinal prefect of Propaganda. On Dr. Moriarty's arrival at Rome he was handsomely honored by the Holy Father. At a private audience accorded him by the Pontiff, he received such eulogy as would amply repay for the hardships of a lifetime amid the malarial jungles of the East. But the Pope would honor him in right royal manner. It was not enough to praise his labors alone. He accordingly conferred on him the title and dignity of doctor of divinity, and besides offered him the position of coadjutor to Dr. O'Connor in the episcopacy of Madras, with the right of succeeding him in the bishopric. This we have from the Doctor's own lips. He refused the mitre, however, preferring to withdraw now to the peaceful quiet of the old monastic cloisters of *Sant' Agostino*, where eighteen years before he, now the honored of the Father of Christendom, had entered its portals as an humble votary at the shrine of wisdom. Here he would stay, yet not even now was he allowed long time to rest. There was work to do, and he was to do it. The father-general had been requested to send aid to the Augustinian missions in the United States. The brethren there were very few, only three—Fathers James and Nicholas O'Donnell and Thomas Kyle,

while their labor in inverse ratio to their numbers was very great. The Doctor, who was always at the head of some forlorn hope or other, was intrusted with carrying help to this mission, receiving as commissary-general of the province of Philadelphia, full power over all its subjects, with the right to build churches, found monasteries and receive candidates for the Order. One hemisphere had already sung his praises; another was soon to learn to re-echo his fame. Both Europe and Asia had testified to the greatness of the power of this man, whose zeal and learning had helped to crush a schism, and whose native oratory, so brilliant and so varied, was a fitting channel through which to pour forth on enchanted multitudes the words of the Holy Spirit, from pulpit or rostrum, whether among the cultured European, or the drowsy yet poetical child of Vishnu, or the soberer yet not less accomplished people of the West.

The writer of these pages should perhaps crave digression for a moment, to enter brief protest against any possible misapprehension of his sketch. Though he warms evidently to his theme, he is no sycophant, and none quicker than he to own the folly of fulsome praise in a subject such as this. On the contrary he would be the fair, impartial writer of the Doctor's life, not concealing his merits nor overlooking his faults. Yet withal he too is human, a lover of virtue, at least in others; an admirer of the great; a worshipper of genius. Can he then be blamed if he prove somewhat enthusiastic or seek to express his sense dogmatically? to hold his own views in preference to others' opinions in matters of option? The Doctor assuredly was great, great in many ways that only a lofty mind, another such as his could weigh and balance, while we so little should seek reverentially to look at him and imitate his virtues, who in after-life soared as much above us as giants are 'bove pigmies. An admirer then may well be pardoned if he strive to throw such light upon his picture as shall bring out full and clear all its lines and tints and fair proportions, and ward off such shadows as would mar it. Waive then, kind reader, your opinions if they clash with mine. Pay homage only to the facts. The first are optional to admit or not, the last imperative.

But besides this wonderful sway which, as we have remarked, the Doctor held over his hearers, there was that in the appearance of the man that riveted the gaze of the beholder. Of middle stature, he was of that mien we are wont to couple with the *beau ideal* of a ruler. The Doctor was one you could not pass unnoticed. Not heavy, yet of full proportions, erect, firm and dignified, with a high, broad and massive brow, he walked the peer of the noblest. One would almost regard him as a man of martial training rather than a priest. You could easily detect in him a master-spirit. He looked every inch a man—a man of mind, of intellect, of will. But it was the face that impressed one most with admiration for him. His were not the features of an ascetic, cold, wan and harrowed with constant fast and vigil, as one that was working heavy penance for his wrongs. Such we can imagine old St. Anthony the Recluse to have been in his desert cell. Nor yet were they of the man of the world. They were too serious, too reverential for that. Fair they were, but there was naught in them of the time-server or the diplomatist.

They were peculiarly his own, firm, sturdy, and full of enthusiasm. None could ever forget them. They were classic, what we seek in a Chrysostom or a Montalembert. Besides, on a well-knit frame rested a head—a massive head, not round nor yet oval, but between the two, with every nerve electric, every prominence a study, with eyes deep-set,

dark, sharp and bright, telling of thought within, with bushy eyebrows and a mouth that would honor a sculptor's chisel. Eye and mouth were truer index in him of what his spirit was than any words could tell. His whole soul gleamed through them. There was firmness, pity, the boldness he afterwards displayed as a polemist, the resignation he bore in his suffering.

Such was the man that was sent to America as envoy of new hopes to his brethren, that were overloaded with the heavy work bequeathed them by the sainted Carr, in 1796. He had planted the seed of the first Augustinian mission among many thorns. After him its culture was intrusted to Fathers Rossiter and Hurley, and now came Doctor Moriarty to help it bloom. When he landed there were only three Augustinians in America, and sorely did they need his help. Their influence was great, but the increasing number of Catholics demanded an increasing number of co-workers. Rome sent them only one, but that one was a host, a very Hercules for endurance, graceful as an Apollo, learned as a Doyle, fluent as a Bossuet, and a man in the prime of life, in the fulness and freshness of mental activeness, in rich ruddy manhood, with every nerve of steel, with every thought of amber; one who was fit to control and mould and create, as it were, a love of virtue, a love of patriotism, a love of faith among a people fit, in a word, to breathe new life into the Catholic Church in Philadelphia.

At no time perhaps more than at this, had the Catholics greater need of a champion. It was the same all over America. They were in sore distress from the arrogant tyranny of parties, some religious, others political, that in default of better quarry sought (as they always do), to hawk the dove of Christ.

Parties and party feeling have been the boon as well as the curse of the United States. Charlestown, Massachusetts, had witnessed the beginning of the fray in the burning of the Ursuline Convent, in 1834; New York was now under the evil domination of sectarians headed by the Methodist Harpers; Philadelphia had had her recreant Hogan, and so on in every corner of the land, the Catholic was looked on as an enemy of mankind, a puny outcrop of European despotism, a wild beast of society, that every hand would do well to exile or burn.

Talk as one will, America the land where true liberty may flourish freely, has been the victim of every excess and false interpretation of its votaries. The Juggernaut never had, in the wildest days of paynim superstition, blinder followers of a misunderstood dogma. In all questions it was the same, in politics, religion, finance, tax, or trade, the extremest views have been held. There is no one of its 999 sects in religion, that does not hold some fundamental opinion diametrically opposed to that of another, and the same divergence is rife in all other cases. In one part of the Union, Catholic Maryland had a century before proclaimed the right of freedom of conscience for all her citizens; in another, Protestant Massachusetts had burned the Quakers, because they would exercise the same dear boon. At one time, Calhoun by a stroke of his pen favored the nullification of state rights; at another, Jackson by a sweep of his sword, swept away the whole system of United States banking, while to-day, one vast party upholds free trade, and another the protection of home industry, which involves, however, exorbitant custom-house duties, and so the very spirit of the people, unguided or misguided, tends from early infancy almost to taking sides on all questions. Whenever there is a lull or *quasi* cessation from party argument, then the Catholics are attacked, for the purpose (one might suppose) of not keep-

ing their hands idle. In the early days we speak of, in 1839, Catholics were advised not to interfere with either side, to stand aloof. Freemen forsooth would not hearken to foreign intermeddling in their home interests, and were not Catholics the minions of a foreign despot? So argued fanatics and sectarians, and while good patriots were generous enough to invite foreigners to their shores, to share the benefits of true government, after they were come, these others were unjust enough to give them more kicks than halfpence, because they wished to be free in reality, to worship God as they wished, and not the American eagle.

At the present time we are not so illy treated as then, for numbers and influence give us a respectability that cannot easily be overlooked, especially at the polls, where the Catholic population can either make or unmake a candidate for election.

But in those days the Catholics, though eminently respectable in point of talent, of virtuous life and genius, were by far in the minority, and very weak in influence. In fact they had none except what was accorded to individual merit. Accordingly they were the victims of every gunpowder plot fanatics might wish to fancy. Such then was the condition of most parts of the United States in 1839, and such was the condition of the Catholics of Philadelphia on the Doctor's arrival. They were but few, scattered, downtrodden, downspirited and looked on as outcasts and felons. To profess one's religion was to invite a kind of social ostracism, so that it seems almost providential that one had come both able and willing to help them assert their rights. The Doctor must have seen at a glance the woful state of affairs his fellow-religionists were in. No need of much acumen for that, but great need of courage to dare attempt to beat down the barriers of falsehood, calumny and abuse. Many a time has he said that when he first came to this city he was shocked, and even almost disheartened, at seeing the weakness of his people, and their neglect of the holy practices of their Faith. There would be maybe of a Sunday only four or five at the communion rail, and in the class of Christian Doctrine he found but thirty children, and these taught by only one teacher, while so impressed all seemed to be with their utter helplessness, and the dire necessity of their doing or saying naught to hurt the hobbies of their dissenting brethren, that strong men would tremble, and their cheeks blanch with fear at his bold denunciations from the altar of Protestant error and fanatic oppression. However, the Doctor was one who would neither be considered an alien, nor have the Church so. He would have her free from even the shadow of toleration by Protestants. At least he would be free—free in his coming and going, free in his speech and free in his doings.*

For was not he the peer of the noblest? and need we say that he succeeded? that he triumphed among the white savages of the East as the Jesuit Father De Smet, good old apostle, was doing in the West among the red? Yes, he did triumph! They calumniated him first, it's true; then they even burned his church, but the blaze of the burning sanctuary that bade adieu to his home was but the harbinger of a new light to come, of the light of popular admiration with which the Doctor was hailed in after-years, when he had reached the zenith of his glory. The smoke of calumny could not darken it. Besides, Americans like stamina, daring, and the Doctor had it. They like the gift of speech (*vulgo* gab),

* This freedom of speech and action of the Doctor was what he sought to gain for others. Like O'Connell, he was opposed to every species of tyranny and slavery. Often and often has his eloquent tongue rang out in fierce denunciation of the inhuman practice of slave-keeping. And of it he had had sufficient proof during his travels and residence in various parts of the South. An oration he delivered in New York some fifteen years ago on the evils attending the oppression of the colored race called out the warmest praise of Horace Greeley.

and oh! who better than he could convoke a gathering of hearers, and keep them spellbound too? They like learning, at least a fair show of it, and Doctors Tyng, Durbin and others who assailed him, were soon advised of that at their cost. On his arrival he found but five Catholic churches in Philadelphia, St. Mary's, St. John's, St. Joseph's, Holy Trinity, St. Augustine's, with many people and poor attendance. It was an herculean task to unite his co-religionists, to embolden them in their faith and lift them up to the respect and esteem of their fellow-citizens. It needed a bold heart indeed, to have to combat, weekday and Sunday, the bitterest passions that mother Eve has handed down to us. It needed learning, too, to combat every error prompted by fanaticism and ignorance, that was held up as an argument against the Church by her enemies. It needed perseverance beside to follow up for over thirty-six years of missionary life, the quick, sharp warfare against vice and sin. The Doctor was not a believer in the doctrine of passive resistance. No sitting down for him to await the blow. He forced the fight. Others might sheathe their weapons if they would, but he would not. In New York, Bishop Hughes worked for years to raise up his Catholic citizens to their proper level. Yet he did it, and what he did for New York, Dr. Moriarty did for Philadelphia. He gave them a standing, religiously, politically, and socially. They had besides for their representative a scholar and a gentleman. And it was he that made known their claims to respect for their manliness, to admiration for their virtues, to honor for their patriotism, and as firm believers in that Faith, that while it alone preaches the divine Word, it alone is the true exponent of real liberty.

Dr. Moriarty, as we have stated, came to work. Work was nothing new to him. It had been the dream of his early days, and his love for it was ever untiring even when at the sunset of his life an assistant had to bear the wearied old hero to the altar. And in very truth work was not lacking. He sought it; he invited it and he welcomed it.

With a native restlessness in him that would ill brook rest or quiet, and his bright burning love for the Faith that would not stand insult or calumny, he early inaugurated, at St. Augustine's church in Philadelphia, a series of sermons, explanatory of the chief dogmas and tenets of our Faith. These were masterly and full of research, and were as cogently clear in their exposition of the truth as they were supremely open in their lashing of error. The Doctor was free in his speech on every topic. He had already tired of hearing Catholics denounced as hypocrites and idolaters, and while his sermons on the Blessed Eucharist were models of rich exposition of biblical knowledge, of patristic lore and of the most recent exegetical discoveries in that line, his taunts and counterflings of ignorance and malice on his opponents, especially on the Methodist preachers, were as incisive as an adder's tooth. These were always snapping at us Catholics, always provoking abuse on the Catholic Church. It was wholly misrepresented (as when was it not?) and so far had their enmity gone, that a band of twelve preachers, whom the Doctor with telling effect styled "the swaddling menagerie," went around, inciting riot against it and against the Catholics. We recall the names of some of them. There was a Dr. Tyng, a Dr. Durbin, an Irwin, and an R. W. Landis, of Allentown, Doctors Berg and Kirk and—the rest we forget. Anyhow, they sought to carry out their purpose by issuing a pamphlet embodying numerous reasons for discountenancing the hire of Catholic help, the giving of aid to Catholic charities, etc. Against this unholy and unchristianlike mode of warfare, the Doctor girded himself in right ear-

nest spirit as became the Moses of his people. Like some ancient Roman gladiator or Christian martyr, he leaped alone into the arena, to cope single-handed with men more savage far than any wild beasts. Accordingly, in the latter part of 1841 and the beginning of '42, he delivered a course of nine lectures, and so fierce was his onslaught, so biting his sarcasm, so unbearable his ridicule, and so unanswerable his arguments, that no rejoinder was then even attempted. The "swaddling menagerie" migrated. Baffled malice hid its face and fled, and the pamphlets were withdrawn from circulation. It was time too. It was a shame on the intelligence of men that a religion should be scoffed at, that had borne a Lafayette, a Barry, a Moylan, a Fitzsimmons and a Carroll.

Philadelphia needed badly a daring leader for her few Catholic citizens, and it was about time that every itinerant fanatic who fancied he had the gift of the Spirit should be silenced. And St. Augustine's soon became a famous place of meeting. It was the trysting-spot where Catholics flocked for fresh supplies of mental weapons to fight their demented foes. And oh! how these hated that church. Vandal fury never burned more bitterly against him of Hippo than the smothered rage and venom of baffled malice hissed and fumed against him of St. Augustine's. It was noised about before long that the Catholic party was active, was rising in fact to advance their own interests. Much comment was excited at this, and many surmises hazarded at the proper line of action others should take. Was not the Protestant religion in danger from this fanatic priest? and then the liberties of the whole United States, were not they too in jeopardy? People must see to this. It was quite a serious matter for Catholics to be talking about liberty, and freedom of conscience, and so on. Their proper place was to be governed, and not to govern. That would never do. And so St. Augustine's became famous among Catholic and Protestant and all flocked to hear the great preacher Moriarty, evolve in his own masterly fashion the truths of the Christian religion. And probably he has done more than any other priest in America towards familiarizing non-Catholics with the doctrine and practices of Catholics. Catholic and Protestant, all felt the masterly way in which he treated his subject, and all bowed to him, if not with conviction for his arguments, at least with admiration for the scholar's way of putting them. These sermons on the Eucharist were followed by others preached in many places and on all kinds of occasions. Was the corner-stone of some new church to be laid? The ceremony was incomplete unless the Doctor preached. The same at the founding of asylums, before literary societies, at the blessing of new organs, in aid of charitable institutions, or at funerals, in a word, wherever there was a want the Doctor was called on to fill it.

Besides all these gratuitous exertions on his part, he had the work of his own church to attend to, work at the confessional, at sick-calls and funerals. All this had to be seen to, and yet we find him collecting for charitable objects in nearly all the cities of the Atlantic States, in Brooklyn, Charleston, Savannah, Detroit, Boston, Buffalo, from Cape Cod to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. He was everywhere, never resting and yet never wearied.

In 1840, November 1st, he preached at the laying of the corner-stone of St. Matthew's Church in Washington, D. C.; at St. Philip Neri's in this city, and at St. Patrick's (1841, July 4th) on similar occasions; also at Charleston, August 1st, 1851, at the laying of the corner-stone of its new cathedral. But it would be impossible to enumerate the countless places he officiated at in the course of his long mission.

In 1842, October 9th, he was called to Washington on an important occasion. It was at St. Matthew's Church again. His theme was: "One Lord, one Faith, and one Baptism." It was nearly two hours in its delivery, and was listened to by the President of the United States and the *corps* of ambassadors and *attachés* of the foreign legations. The wonderful fertility of the Doctor's language and thought, his quickness of resource at almost a moment's notice, was publicly commented on and recognized as the art of a master only. Two instances will serve to show his genius in this respect. They both occurred in Washington. On one occasion, in 1851, the Doctor was at Baltimore. It was the 23d of March that he had been called there to deliver a lecture in aid of the Orphans' Home which was under his charge. The same night a messenger came to him from Washington, with an urgent request for him to preach the funeral sermon the next day over the remains of Madame Carvelho. She was an American lady of many accomplishments of mind and heart, and earnest in her practice of religion, well known to all the *elite* of Washington society, and the wife of the Minister of the Republic of Chili. As the event called for much pomp and solemnity, those who had charge of the arrangements had invited a eulogist of some renown in due season; but at the last moment he declined the office. It was only then that they heard of the Doctor being in the neighboring city, and, naturally enough, had recourse to him in the dilemma. The Doctor assented to preach. That evening he passed with his friends in social amusement in Baltimore, and the next morning, the 24th, started off for the capital, without having for a single moment apparently made his task the burden even of a thought. Arrived at Washington, he found a brilliant gathering at St. Patrick's Church, of men distinguished in all the walks of life. There was the President, Major-General Scott, Webster, and nearly all the foreign ministers, already awaiting his coming as the signal for opening the ceremonies. The Doctor's eulogy of the deceased lady was admirable. As an instance of impassioned oratory, it is said to have been a masterpiece of rich, fervent resignation to the will of God, of the portrayal of the matron's virtues, her charity and her lifelong devotion to her religion. The *New York Herald* had it in full the next day. At a public banquet given shortly after to the assembled dignitaries of Washington, Daniel Webster took occasion to compliment the Doctor publicly for his masterly oration. It was by such rapid, unprepared outbursts of eloquence, that he so easily established his fame as an orator. He has told the writer of these pages that on his entering the sanctuary railings, he had not a single thought of what was to be said, beyond a few general points of information that were current of the lady's life, etc.; but that when he saw seated directly in front of him the Minister of England, that then he felt an inspiration, a daring, a resolve to show him and the land he represented what the sons of Erin could do.

His second great triumph at Washington was on the occasion of a convention of the American Bible Society, which had met under the chairmanship of John Quincy Adams, to form an Evangelical Alliance, as it was called, of ministers of all denominations. In reality it was the inauguration of these periodical gatherings we witness in our own land, and in others too where under the guise of promoting religion by a course of healthy, united co-operation in the interests of virtue and morality, the ministers of different sects meet to unite really in only one thing—their undisguised hatred

of everything Catholic and their virulent falsification of everything Roman. Dr. Moriarty chanced to hear of this meeting, and induced Father Boyle of St. Patrick's Church to go with him to see what was doing. On entering the crowded hall—I believe it was the Hall of Representatives in the Capitol building, or maybe it was the Senate-chamber,—Dr. Tyng of New York was speaking on the necessity of distributing the Bible among all classes. So far all well. But in his discourse he alluded to the Church and to the Irish Catholics in the most offensive terms. For them he had no others than such as are prompted by the vilest feelings. He denounced the ignorance and superstition of Catholics, and the Irish as a low, besotted race. The Doctor listened to this diatribe to the end, with what feelings of scorn and pity we may well imagine who know how his faithful patriotic soul never slept when the cause of Faith or fatherland was assailed. To the end he remained passive. In fact, he had been so far unnoticed by the assembly. At the close of Dr. Tyng's speech, he quietly said, "Mr. Chairman, have I liberty to take the floor?" They now knew who he was. "Certainly," replied Mr. Adams, inviting him to ascend the platform where the dignitaries were seated. It wanted nothing else. In an instant, as quick as the wild outburst of some mountain torrent, there flowed from the Doctor's lips such a stream of controversial eloquence that wholly turned the tide of false impressions left by Dr. Tyng in wonderful admiration for the speaker.

He answered him argument for argument; he denounced his calumnies on the Faith, his unprovoked assault on his own land, and concluded by calling to witness every stone, every column in that vast pile, reared to the genius of religious tolerance and civil liberty, to give the lie to the Doctor's imputation on the Irish Catholics, of ignorance, want of patriotism, or unchristian-like life. It was a magnificent rejoinder. Dr. Tyng offered him an ample apology, by disavowing all unkindly motives in his remarks, and so ended the first Evangelical Alliance in this country. The fairness shown by both the chairman and the reverend scholar might have been commendably imitated at the late Evangelical Alliance in New York, where another scholar and honest man, Dr. Ewer, I think, of Virginia, was silenced for his attempting a similar reproof of the narrow-minded illspirit shown by its chief promoters.

Bostonians must remember well the brilliant course of lectures the Doctor delivered in their city on "English Misrule in India," a subject he was fully able to handle in masterly style; nor does Philadelphia forget his frequent lectures in aid too of her abodes of charity; his *exposé* of spiritualism, so forcible, so ludicrous and yet so conclusive, or his discourse on "Music" given in St. Augustine's Church at the opening of her new organ in 1852 or '53, an amazing display of the most melodious oratory, and the wonderful copiousness of his research into the subject. And in after days, when the fair walls of the Academy of Music had reached completion, no brighter mind enchanted nor sweeter voice re-echoed through the thousands there assembled than Doctor Moriarty's. He was the first Catholic lecturer and priest to speak in this Academy. His first lecture there was given in November, 1862, and his last, the last time he spoke in public, on the 17th March, 1875, on the "Antiquity and Perfectness of Irish Civilization," in aid of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. Every year it was his wont for many years back to deliver two lectures at least, one in the city of Washington in aid of the hospital under the care of the Sisters of Charity, and the other here in the Academy for the House

of the Good Shepherd. He was besides a warm and constant patron of the orphans of St. Joseph's Asylum in this city, and year after year (till increasing infirmities forbade him,) did increasing multitudes throng there to hear the silver-tongued Nestor of the American rostrum. His name was ever a guarantee of success, of ovations, that we may well say that never priest in America gave longer and brighter token of the dignity of the priesthood, of the learning of her scholars, or the daring of her sons, than did our Doctor.

His sermons, chiefly polemical, were of a different cast from his lectures, and more like the massive blows of Augustine's pitiless onset against the African Manichee and Donatist than the sweet words of peace of a Bernard. Yet at times did he singularly soften, especially in his discourses on the Blessed Virgin, on Grace, or Heaven. His funeral sermons were always grand, full of pathos, breathing of earnest resignation to God's holy will. At St. Michael's church, Philadelphia, on July 19th, 1856, he delivered probably his finest funeral discourse. It was on Father Sheridan, the pastor, and the many others of his flock, who had been slain or burned with him by a grossly negligent wrecking of an excursion train on the North Pennsylvania railroad. We might say that never had a hecatomb of saints been hurried sooner into eternity in a more frightful agony than these, nor man a more beautiful elegy sung over his remains than was the Doctor's oration, delivered as it was with all the bitterness of grief and plaintive pathos of a brother priest and friend.

But if he surpassed all by his mighty reaches of genius in the pulpit, in the rostrum he surely outshone all by the magnificence of his words, the brilliancy of his thoughts and the fascination of his action. He was singularly suited to be an orator. His was a voice, a bearing, that needed only the toga, to carry one back to the palmy days of yore, to the storied sages that graced the Athenian academy and Roman forum. As an index to the remarkable melody and power of his voice, we may remark that it was one of unequalled richness and sweetness. It had all the softness of a lover's plaint, all the power of some mighty chieftain haranguing his braves to battle.

It was a voice of remarkable compass. Its natural tone was, in musical parlance, styled a baritone, or perhaps a *tenore robusto*. Of an endurance most unfatiguing, the Doctor was never known to weary. He could speak continuously for hours, and without an effort. More than that, many a time has he kept his audience spellbound for all that time. Most Philadelphians will even yet remember the beautiful way the Doctor had of chanting the church music. The Gregorian chant, as is known, requires in its ministers not so much a knowledge of the technical details of the art, as a soul to read properly the sentiment to be conveyed. Dr. Moriarty understood this fully. He felt deeply what he sang, and what grandeur in the old priest's chanting of the Mass! To hear him was alone a treat. What expression, too! His voice, clear and full enough to fill the mightiest cathedral dome, would yet give each inflection to every tone of the sacred song. Often and often did he for many long years sing the entire office of the *Tenebræ*. All know how fatiguing that is. And besides, for years was he accustomed to chant the whole Passion, until latterly, when his strength was failing, he would sing but the two parts of the Evangelist and Christ, leaving the third to the choir.

But besides the charm of his voice, nature had lavished on him another gift, the grace of gesture. In it he was a master. Eyes, lips and hands were all as obedient to the breathings of his genius, as Eastern caitiff to his master's will. What expression in his features! What appositeness of gesture!

Even tragedians, actors grown gray on the Thespian arena, or aspirants to forensic eloquence, would come and sit beneath the shadow of his pulpit at old St. Augustine's, and learn how masterly even in small details were the preacher's words and acts, when inspired by the spirit of the Most High. God had certainly distinguished him in this respect.

And then his language. There was a splendid, a fascinating way in his whole oratorical manner that riveted the attention of thousands when he spoke. For who could make bolder flights than he or who so well? Who had a more rapid, more impassioned flow of stirring and picturesque wording? Who could excite so easily feelings of sympathy and love, of abhorrence and contempt, or who had such resources of sarcasm? Who could spread such sparkling wit throughout a discourse, or who had half the humor?

The Doctor was a skilled master in all the weapons of oratory. Satire, ridicule and the most undisguised contempt would portray itself on his every feature.* These were among the ablest weapons he had in his well-stored arsenal of retort. For the Doctor was combative, and need we say his opponents in religion were the same? They had, however, met their match. His quickness in argument, his resources of learning and his inimitable wit and grace, were equal at all hazards to theirs. But when his Faith or country were assailed, then was he far, far their superior. Keener than Damascus steel and weightier than Norman falchion, fell his words of retort on the calumniators of his Church or fatherland. His foes might well have slept beneath the steel or borne the falchion stroke right manfully, but his words they could not. They cut to the quick, they pierced to the heart, and there rankling quivered festering in the wounds, he gave to ignorance and conceit. Language cannot paint the scathing lightning-flash, nor words the withering sarcasm with which the Doctor paralyzed his luckless opponents. Few that felt the marvellous sharpness of his tongue even dared meet him again in the polemic arena. About the year 1840 or '41, a certain Dr. Durbin had fiercely assailed the Catholics in a book filled with foul aspersions on their name, besides continually attacking them on all occasions. The Doctor reviewed this work from the pulpit in a series of lectures on "The Relations between Protestantism and Catholicity to Civil and Political Liberty," to which he invited the attendance of Dr. Durbin. Whether he came or not we cannot state, but one thing at least, his pen was ever afterwards most respectfully silent.

Dr. Moriarty's polemic studies were a problem to be mastered. In them was the most resistless argument, from which there was no escape; there was method, rhetoric too with much Scripture reading and patristic lore, then history, science, all in fair array. In a word he abounded in argumentative resource, and brought them all Pelion-like either in support of his own thesis, or to smother his opponent's. Add to this his fine figure, his features all aglow with earnest indignation at the wrong, and he would recall to mind some old crusader of the Church, alone among a host of foes, himself a host, and one determined to do or die. His task all through his long public life, from 1839 to the year when physical inability debarred him from active labor, was herculean. The oftener he spoke in defence of the Truth, the more foul ran the stream of fanaticism and abuse. In default of scholarly reply,

* It was a clever answer he gave in Boston to a minister, one of the fashionable preachers of that Athens of America, who had attended a lecture of his, and was asked how he liked it, "Oh! I liked it very well, but the—the surroundings smelled too much of the stable." "Ah!" said the Doctor, with that peculiar naiveness so very expressive on occasion, "ah! indeed, I'm sorry for that. Still you cannot wonder much, as most of us present were followers of One who was born in a stable, and the smell clings naturally to us yet."

every species of low, unmanly cunning was brought to bear against him. An instance of this low deceit to arraign Dr. Moriarty at the bar of injured public opinion may be adduced here. In 1841, the Doctor, on starting the Temperance Society of St. Augustine's in Philadelphia (the first one banded in the cause of temperance,) had painted on their banner a figure of the patron saint of his Church, represented as trampling under foot the demon of ignorance and heresy. The painting was a counterpart of the magnificent statue of St. Augustine that used to grace the main stairway of the mother-house of the Augustinians in Rome. In this instance the devil was painted after the conventional way, black and with curled locks and horns. The enemies of the Doctor raised the cry that he was intent on the trampling down of the negroes; that he had even gone so far as to inaugurate St. Augustine's as the prime centre of all operations against them in this most unholy crusade, and that the people had best come to the rescue of their colored brethren. Popular indignation was naturally aroused against this daring emissary of Roman Catholic tyranny, and the poor innocent banner had to be withdrawn. So much had fanatic fancy distorted even the holy cunning of the artist's pencil from the real fact. Ever and anon too would the sectarian hordes of Philadelphia break out in muttered curse and threat against the unrelenting polemist of St. Augustine's. His sturdy defence of Catholic doctrine, his preaching the most unpalatable truths to his dissenting brethren, his unceasing warfare on malignity, low-mindedness and the spirit of vile abuse, with which his opponents retorted his arguments, although of incalculable value to his cause and the cause of the Church, was such that while it won for him the heartiest admiration of his own co-religionists, brought down upon him, however, the direst hatred of his foes. Bishop Hughes of New York, on occasion of a visit to Philadelphia, praised the Doctor right heartily for his work and gave him his best God-speed in his mission for the Truth. The end of the argument was, that in 1844, the 8th of May, while the Doctor was absent in Savannah to preach there for some charitable purpose, they burned his church and convent in Philadelphia with all his books, about one thousand in number, with his paintings and everything else. One would have thought that in the nineteenth century, disputants might have revelled, by reason of its much vaunted superior progress, in other light than that of burning churches. Saracens might have been allowed their preëminence in this way of combating error, but for a civilized people to sanction such desecration certainly calls for some rebuke, the more merited that we Americans are popularly supposed to beat the world in originality of invention. Assuredly, then, they might have adopted a more Christianlike way of answering an opponent in argument than by burning his house. Lewis C. Levin was the chief participant in the onslaught against the Doctor about this time. It was strange, too, for this man had a most undisguised admiration for him, and often has the Doctor said that had he been at home that act of vandalism would never have been done "except over his dead body." Levin and he had been friends and were friendly even for years after the riots of 1844; a proof that while he hated the Doctor for his religion he could not but respect him as a man.

But it was chiefly on his native land that the Doctor could speak the best, and at all times. His lectures on Ireland are pure *chef d'œuvres* of eloquence. Patriotism was inborn in the Doctor in a marvellous degree. He never tired of holding up to the fond gaze of his fellow-patriots, and with all the devotion of a worshipper of genius, sanctity and

learning, his own most beautiful land. And richly deserving was she in truth of his homage, for richly had she inspired her son to perpetuate her glories. Add to this his varied knowledge of other lands, his acquaintance with their codes of law, their customs, manners, their habits of life, and you would acknowledge in him a surprising fund of thought to draw from in depicting the history of Erin. Like that other incomparable orator and ecclesiastic, in a later generation, the Dominican Father Burke, the Augustinian Moriarty sang sweetest when visions of his sea-girt fatherland shed bright halos around his mind, of a land unrivalled in story, a land of saints and sages, a never-failing oasis of learning and religion, which, amid the rough barbarism of Saxon, Frank and Dane, bloomed afresh, year after year, century after century, with sages, warriors, saints and heroes. His St. Patrick's Day's lectures, always on this subject, were real treasures of fervent patriotism, of learning and of history. Philadelphia at least will never forget them.

We may now be allowed to turn back our thoughts to what transpired after the riots of 1844, that had burned his sanctuary-home. In the September of that year, he left America for Europe to collect means to rebuild it. With a highly commendatory letter from the Rt. Rev. Bishop Kenrick, bespeaking for him the good wishes and kindly co-operation of his brother prelates in Europe, he started with Father Thomas Kyle, to canvass for the "sinews of war." He went successively through Ireland, England and France, lecturing by the way and bending his steps as the palmer of yore, towards the Holy City. In Dublin, his native place, he was presented to the Irish Repeal Association by his friend and kinsman, O'Connell, who presided over the meeting, besides being benefited by him in other and more substantial ways. Thence he travelled to England, where he stayed off and on for more than two years. At Chester he preached at the laying of the corner-store of its church, and in Bristol, he was long and urgently besought by Bishop Ullathorne, O. S. B., to take up his quarters among them, promising to give him a church and a location for a convent, if he only would introduce his Order there. But the Doctor had other plans to mould. For a time he resided at Alton Towers, as chaplain to the Earl of Shrewsbury, and then he went to France, still to collect aid for his church in Philadelphia. But success gave him little to look for there. We lack here further details of his wanderings. However, we know that after a short stay in France, he returned to England, remaining most of the time with the Benedictine Fathers of St. Ann's Church, Liverpool, until 1847, when he was called to Rome. He was there elected one of the four assistants-general of the Order, with the title of assistant of Ireland and England. In 1849, he was sent to Ireland by the father-general to visit the several houses of that province, and in the spring of 1850, we find him once more at St. Augustine's in this city, the new church having been built in his absence.

We have now depicted his pre-eminence as a preacher and as a lecturer; may we not say a few words in his praise as a gentleman? as one who, by his social accomplishments, added still greater lustre, in a popular view at least, to his dignity of priest. St. Augustine's Church was the favorite church of Philadelphians, where they might come and be sure to hear the sweetest music and the richest expositions of the sacred text. It was a grand old temple of religion, and religious ceremony was there carried out in all the completeness of detail and splendor of decoration, that charms even involuntarily the casual visitor who may come only to scoff. And

the Doctor was the great high priest. Yet, with such a fund of natural gifts so befitting the gentleman and scholar, need we say that the Doctor's influence was very great even outside the temple? that he numbered in the circle of his friends and acquaintances, very many who were not of his views in religion? In Philadelphia all knew him. In fact, in every city of the Atlantic seaboard and even in many of the far West, his name was as familiar as a household word. And eminently worthy was the Doctor to number legions in the circle of his friends. Not a little versed in the ways of the great, he was courteous, affable and kind. No doors were closed in his face, and his name was an "open sesame" at the portals of the magnificent, or the doors of the poor. Genial as he was, he excelled as a conversationalist. He could fascinate as rarely men can do. When he spoke all listened; with mind so richly stored as his was with ancient lore, broad in its grasp of historic research, perfectly cognizant of current events, he was eminently fit to charm a *dilettante* or instruct a scholar. Rare and vast was his reading, thorough his mastery of the classics and familiar his knowledge of many languages of modern days. The French, Spanish and Italian he spoke with the ease of a native, and combined with them such a thorough knowledge of his theme, that comes usually from wide acquaintance only and much travel. Well read on all subjects, there were few on which he might not have enunciated views of his own, both novel and strikingly illustrative. Add to this his masterly power of description. He could interest as few men could. Old and young would dwell for hours on his rich melodious voice, telling of some Indian scene, with its jungles and Parsees and old world rites and forms, that would almost waft one back to the fairy tales of the Arabian nights. He was besides an actor, and even a ventriloquist in his way. He could make you live over the scenes again with him, so vivid was his power, while his flute-like voice would mimic the tones of the various *dramatis personæ* in most lifelike style, in the piping strains of the child, or the shrill hard register of the aged. At times pathetic, again majestic, but always charming, the Doctor, by the versatility of his gifts, might well grace the *salons* of the great or add increasing *prestige* to an academy of *litterati*.

Pleasant passed the hours with the Doctor as host. Simple in his tastes, the poorness of his abode was more than compensated by the courtly welcome of its occupant.

But not alone was he remarkable for his social attainments, nor did he gain renown alone as a public speaker. He was a writer too, as testify his countless contributions to papers and magazines on very many subjects. These were generally given in over some pseudonym, as Ermite, Hierophilos or the like, and were mostly confined to polemical rejoinders against his foes in religion or articles illustrative of Church customs and history. For a number of years he was a regular contributor to this magazine, of sometimes two and even three articles a month. In the October number of 1872, is a "Threnody of St. Augustine," a most beautiful lyric poem of six stanzas, in which he evidently poured forth his whole soul to God, in resignation for the heavy ills he himself bore of heart and frame.

Heard to greater advantage from the rostrum than in the studio, the Doctor's language sounds far better than it reads. His style was florid, richly ornate, and figurative, almost Oriental at times in that respect, and tending somewhat to redundancy. His periods were full and long, chiefly remarkable for the varied use of climax and antithetical arrangement, while his sentences were polish-

ed, well-rounded and even balanced. His use of words was eminently happy, especially his adapting of popular phrases of every-day coinage to clear his meaning, while the richness of his vocabulary may be well argued from a perusal of his *Life of St. Augustine*, which he wrote at the sunset of his day, a beautiful tribute of the son to his father and a rich portrayal of all the wondrous mercies of God in the conversion of that great saint. Apart from the many eulogies bestowed by the reviewers of this work of his, we may adduce the tribute of affectionate regard with which the great Brownson honored the labor of his lifelong friend. We cull briefly. The reviewer says: "Authentic materials for a life of the great Bishop of Hippo, now Bone, in Algeria, are abundant, in great part furnished by the holy doctor himself in his *Confessions*, that masterpiece of humility, contrition, tenderness, frankness, and burning love to God, and entire trust in his mercy; and Dr. Moriarty has used them with rare skill and judgment, and presented us a very full and charming life of the great patron of his order, which was much needed to fill a gap in our English Catholic literature,"—and further on: "Dr. Moriarty has given us a most excellent *Life of St. Augustine*, written with deep love and veneration of the saint, a genuine sympathy with the man, and a learned appreciation of the theologian."*

But while his name was so greatly revered by Catholics at large, and his example quoted as a brilliant model of the Christian priest and scholar, his own brethren did not fail to recognize his worth or make known their trust in one who so ably spread Augustine's name in every quarter of the world. This is shown by the many years during which he was the superior of their missions in these United States. He had come in 1839 as their commissary-general; he was again chosen their superior in 1851, and the last time in 1866. From the first year of his arrival in 1839, when there was but one house in the Order and but three priests, he saw raised up gradually around in various States new churches and new convent homes. With one church only in 1839, they now number twenty-four in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York and Massachusetts.

For many years the Doctor was President of Villanova College. He was its first in 1842, when along with it he designed founding a manual labor school, conjointly with the College. The latter was afterwards abandoned as inexpedient. For many years too he filled successfully the mission-churches at Lansingburgh and Waterford, in New York, while the latter years of his life were spent at Chestnut Hill near Philadelphia, at his "Hermitage," as he loved to call it, a neat semi-gothic church with priest's house and garden attached, which he had built in 1856.

Here was the Mecca of his friends and followers. Here was he wont to recount the toils and labors of his long eventful life, and fight, as old warriors so love to do, his battles o'er in the polemic arena. And here too were those delightful reunions of old admirers and youthful worshippers, who would sit for hours by their Mæcenas' knee, and drink in deep untiring draughts the rich flow of his checkered experience and the warm friendly counsel of a life now mellowed with age and almost spent by sacrifice. And this spot, so endeared to him on earth, he abandoned only when the fell disease that had been for so many years sapping away his very life drove him from public gaze. For nearly thirty years he had been a martyr to that most painful malady, rheumatic gout, a martyr by his patience in suffering uncomplainingly the acutest torment, a martyr in his resignation to his

* Brownson's *Review*, July, 1873.

cross. How often have we heard him say that never once during the long years of his penance, did he pray God to ease him of his pains! Indeed he was so gifted with this marvellous endurance in suffering, that we may only explain it by his complete abandonment to the will of God. Save by an occasional, involuntary twitching of his features, none could detect in him the slightest indication of pain. Once, on a visit to Boston some fifteen years ago, he was taken suddenly ill by a freak of his old tormentor. A physician was sent for, Dr. Warren, to attend him. On noticing the frightful extent of his disease, the physician asked him how he could bear such pain without even a murmur. The Doctor replied, pointing to a crucifix that was placed opposite his bed, "There, when I feel like murmuring, I think what He suffered for my sake and without complaint." Dr. Warren soon after became a Catholic. His independence of mind and unwillingness to tax others by even such small offices of kindness as charity would suggest, upheld him so far that until the last few weeks of his life, he would allow no one to dress his wounds, although the exertion entailed on him great additional sufferings. Towards the close of his life, when his attendants had to perform this duty for him, they were shocked, yet strangely moved to compassionate admiration of a patience of which few men would be deemed able to bear even a tithe. His limbs were fairly eaten with ulcerous sores, that seemed as if they would soon lay bare all flesh to the bone.

He was now at the monastery of Villanova, the mother-house of his Order in America, where he had begged to be retired a few months before to prepare himself for his last end. He entered its portals in January, 1875, and on Saturday, July 10th, the feast day of the Seven Martyrs, he left them forever.

Thus he slept fortified by the holy sacraments on a fair Sabbath eve, three hours before the twilight, rich in his merits, to awaken, let us hope, on the still fairer Sabbath morn, amid the blest with God, a grand old exemplar unto generations of men of what a gentleman, a priest should be.

On the 14th day of July, the funeral rites of Holy Church were held over all that remained of mortal of Dr. Moriarty. Over seventy ecclesiastics from far and near, besides many societies and confraternities of the faithful, came to pay homage by their presence to the sainted dead. One bishop, Dr. Quinlan of Mobile, preached his eulogy; another, but an archbishop, Doctor Wood of Philadelphia, pronounced over his remains the final prayers of the Church. And then they laid him softly, with fervent orison and chant, amid his brethren, under the shadow of the dear old church of St. Augustine, where he had ministered so long, which had been the scene of his earnest labors for Christ's sake, the arena of his battles and triumphs for the Faith and the shrine where old and young can now come in the gloaming and breathe a *requiem* over his ashes, and tell how in other days, as their fathers tell them, no Mass was read more sweetly, nor counsel given more wisely, to rich and poor alike, alike to old and young, than by the venerable hermit, who had taken up his abode there when their fathers were children, and now had come back to rest when their children's sons were men. There with his brethren, and where his sons will lie, rest his ashes, near his father's shrine. Revere them, then America! honor them, O thou adopted city of his life! for there lies a true man, a true scholar, a true priest.

No chiselled cenotaph points out the spot, nor ivy-mantled shaft bids halt! the passer-by, nor laudatory verse embalms his praise. Only a plain marble slab covers the ground where posterity will come and pray over

the vault that holds the ashes of three great brothers, the venerable Carr, the sainted O'Dwyer and now the gifted Moriarty, but none will be remembered so well in after days, as he who was the protector of the poor, the patron of the orphan, the great defender of God's Truth, the famed hermit, Doctor Moriarty.

THE MAIDEN AND THE FLOWER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

THE coffin sinks—a weeping father bends,
And drops on it a rose, as it descends;
The earth that bore them closes o'er the pair,
And hides from every eye the young and fair,
The Maiden and the Flower.

More blessed than if they had been doomed to stay
And perish at the last by slow decay—
The hand of death that cropped them in their prime,
Has but translated to a kindlier clime
The Maiden and the Flower.

Thou art at rest, Eliza; and secure
From all the woe that we must still endure;
For life is a vicissitude of ills,
The heat that scorches or the frost that chills
The Maiden and the Flower.

Thy Sire still lingers here, but with a brow
Which grief has made more pale and wrinkled now,
Like some old oak, whose trunk survives the storm,
That levelled in the dust each frailer form,
The Maiden and the Flower.

"THE WAY OUT."

"THE truth is, mum, if you'll let sech as me speak to sech as you, and the Lord, he ken estimate the distance betwixt us fur better than us as isn't used to the immense in any line, *ef* you'll let me say it, this here isn't the way out uv it! No, sir! mum. I beg your pardon, but you *must* see I'm not used to speakin' to sech as *you!*"

He was large, burly, in fact, and his face was round, and laughing, and the worse for the weather, as regarded complexion. The hand with which he made graphic gestures as he spoke, was knobby, and red, and toil-marked generally. His figure was enveloped in an old army overcoat, the cape whereof hung in tatters which bore a grotesque likeness to fringed festoons. The other hand, not making the graphic gestures, held a heavy whip, which looked as if it might have been in use from "time immemorial."

"The way out of what?" It was such a furtive, such a desperate, such a shuddering question! And she who asked it, was so small, so fragile like, such a very shadow of a woman in the dark archway of the dark bridge on which they stood. The soul of the big man rose into his eyes as he looked and listened, a very tender and a very chivalric soul, if those speaking eyes said truth.

"Out uv your trouble, mum—fur I reckon I'm not fur wrong in sayin' as you hev that there. I sees you a leanin' over," he pointed, with one of his graphic gestures to the hand-rail of the bridge, "and sez I, 'She aint a admirin' the water jest now! that there aint the way they hold their heads, when they're a admirin' it. No, sir (I was a talkin' to myself then, you know). *She's* a wishin' as that there water was a closin' round her, an' Lord, but she's a makin' a mistake.' Jest at that, you ups with your hands, mum, and I catches you jest in time. Fur you must excuse me, but *I knowed* it wasn't the way out."

"What better?"

The answer was a rude gesture, but grand. He pointed to the dark, magnificent firmament, studded with its numberless globes of light. She followed the upward motion of the hard, rough hand, and for the expression of sorrow and of hope that grew into her eyes as she did so, it might have been the beckoning of an angel's.

"You see, mum," and the big man's voice fell to an indescribably gentle tone, "life *is* a puzzle to most of us, and a mighty cruel one to all, ef we don't look *there*. But somehow, lookin' there shows us the way out fur better nor keepin' our gaze on what *we'd* call the way. Come, now, let me take you home, mum; out uv the cold, you know. When you git in there things'll look dif'rent."

"Home!" and the fragile, slender creature, standing in the shadow of the cold, dark arch, clasped her hands with a gesture of desolation not to be put into words. She said no more, but as if in answer to the unspoken thought the name contained, he spoke, and his voice was husky, and held a tremor strange to a voice coming from so huge and so apparently rude a frame.

"Well, *I* hev a home, mum; a queer one, but you might find the way out through it, fur all I know. Lord! won't the old woman be s'prised though. We don't offen see visitors."

He chuckled with a sort of delight that was more like a boy's than a man's, as she followed him with a tread that might have been a spirit's, so light was it. He walked before her, looking back at intervals to say,

"Comin', eh? all right!" and then proceeded onwards, chuckling anew at each repetition of this performance. She followed steadily but silently, her dark-robed figure more like a shadow as it moved thus than even when it stood under the arch. It was not long before he stopped at the door of a very strangely shaped little house, and flinging it open, a burst of light leaped forth, and enveloped the shrinking figure, which, taking by the hand, he led across the threshold, only to see it fall just inside, motionless, and, to all appearance, lifeless.

"Poor thing!" he blurted out ruefully, "mebbe this here's the way out fur her, Lord!" as he stooped and raised her gently to a lounge near. "it's dreadful to find any human bein' so light. Hi! old woman! old woman!"

At this another door sprang open, and new light leaped forth, from some unexplored quarter of the place, in the midst of which light stood confessed a little, round, rosy woman, so little and so round and so rosy, that you could not help immediately picturing her to yourself, as the mistress of the well-known "shoe," who "had so many children she didn't know what to do."

"*Why*, Hiram!" piped her treble voice, as little as herself, but quite as round and clear in every tone, as would be expected to issue from such rosy lips, "*What* is it?"

"A woman, my dear, as is dyin' in this here home of ours, an' Lord, he knows, fur he's used to knowin' that which can't be knowed by us, what heart's a achin' fur a sight uv her this here very hour."

By this time, though, the rosy little woman was up to her eyes in business. The unconscious creature's wraps were quickly unloosed, her hood taken off, her hands and feet chafed, some drops of cordial, smelling of spice and generous spirit, put to her stiff lips. The big man looking on in a state of wonder, only equalled by his simple and irrepressible admiration of the work and its results.

"Lord, what a miracle uv a old woman *you* are!" would escape from his lips, or, "how she knowed it, when we never saw no one in sich a fix before," or, "I tell you what, sir, it's like bringin' the dead to life—*it* is."

At length the rosy little woman's cares were rewarded. Upon the half-merry half-solemn scene, opened a pair of tear-laden eyes, and looked softly around.

"Better, my dear?" whispered the rosy little woman, "Yes; don't speak. Where are you? Why, why," and she looked all around the tiny smiling room, with its light and cheer, its comfort and repose, notwithstanding its utter absence of wealth's tokens, "at home," she promptly added, as if the glance suggested the words, "And, my dear," piped on the clear, little treble, "you'd better be quiet, and not think at all. *I* wouldn't, just now." Here, with a dimpled, rosy hand, she smoothed the black hair, falling over the lounge almost to the floor, to the complete bewilderment of the big man, who gazed on it like one in a trance. To whom, then, the little woman winked, and pointed towards the door from which the new burst of light had leaped; he immediately disappeared over its threshold, shutting it after him as he did so.

"Now, my dear," said she, the piping voice taking a sweet tremor, "you are alone with a woman, and a woman that has been tried, and if there is anything you want done, say so; *I* don't know where he found you, or why he brought you, you know, but *I* take it that God sent you, to be safe to-night, and safe you are, thanks be to him. Is—for instance—is there any one you'd like to be sent word you *are* safe?"

A light shudder ran over the slender frame.

"No, no," whispered the hitherto silent lips; "better they should think me dead."

"Better," asked the rosy little woman, "better, my dear, for them, or for you, or for God's love?"

"God! I had forgotten him, for I believed he had forgotten me."

"But you know now it was he brought you safe here, don't you?"

"If I'm safe—yes! *Am I safe!*"

She sprang up with a strength and life that amazed the rosy little woman.

"I am pursued by an enemy from whom I would have hidden—oh! God, forgive me—in the depths of the river. Am I safe here? If I am, then God did bring me to you."

"Safe as gold," said the rosy little woman, and she closed the shutters, and barred and bolted the funny little door.

"Now, my dear, I'll give you a few drops more, and you'll sleep, and you'll forget, putting yourself in God's keeping. To-morrow we'll talk, and see what's best for you next."

"In God's keeping." The words echoed through this wearied heart as, under the touch of the rosy little woman's fingers, the tired head composed itself to rest. They were magical fingers, for soon that head which had sought the river's slimy bed found repose in slumber.

Then the rosy little woman stole through the door in such a manner, that you would not have known it opened or closed again, or that anything of flesh or blood had passed through. You never saw such a fireside or such a scene. The room laughed from ceiling to floor. I think this ubiquitous laugh commenced in the heart of the fire, which roared and sputtered and bubbled in a manner quite contagious in itself. From thence it leaped and climbed, and even danced, always on steps of light, to every corner. It pervaded the table, where a queer service of blue delf for two stood challenging you to accuse it of having once confronted you on your grandmother's teaboard. It found refuge in the visages and figures, nay, even the china hair of the pair of crockery lovers on the mantel, poised in killing attitude for dancing. It bounded madly over the paper birds swinging in impossible branches on the walls, and it seemed to settle itself down for a good rest, in the sombre ridges of the rag carpet, till, taking a thought from the stripes of scarlet and red therein interspersed, it gave an unexpected bound, and lit softly and lovingly on the head of the big man, now bared of its slouched hat, and revealed gray and somewhat bent, in its ruddy aureole.

To whom, said the smiling little woman, pointing beyond,

"Resting, old man. Now I must see to you."

He smiled a broad comprehensive smile,—a smile that could only have found perfection in a long life of honest contentment.

"Wonderful little woman," ejaculated his lips, when they had done smiling.

"I don't know, Hiram." But his own beautiful smile was reproduced on the rosy lips. "Look here," with a very child's delight.

"Wonderful, little woman," again, and he drew up his chair to the table, with a boy's gusto and a boy's appetite alike expressed on his face. A dish of the most deliciously cooked, the most juicy, the most tender and savory broiled chicken, that epicure could wish for, awaited his eager palate. These, served out by the dainty carving of the rosy little woman's hands, and set off by rolls and butter, coffee and apple pie, formed a meal that a king might have envied, at least in the appreciation, and consequently the enjoyment of it, by its master.

"You don't eat, old woman," said he softly, in one of the pauses from his herculean exertions at de-

molishing it; "are you thinking of anything?"

"Yes, my dear, I am," and her eyes—they were blue—suddenly held dewdrops not there before.

"Of a night like this?"

"Yes, my dear."

"And you weren't an old woman then?"

"No, my dear."

"You're not now, for that matter, only we say so, to lessen the mighty distance, that the Lord, he knows well, is betwixt your age and mine."

The rosy little woman here betrayed signs of choking on nothing. Whereupon he shook his gray head.

"I wouldn't, dear! You're thinkin' of the night when God sent you to bless this here life o' mine, eh?"

"Don't call it that, but the night you snatched me from death, and then gave me new life, to make up for the past—this, this sweet life in this dear, little home," and the piping treble quite gave way here, and lost itself in sobs.

"Don't, don't take on so, my little woman," and for want of words, which were entirely exhausted by this speech, the burly figure left its seat, and the knobby hands tenderly took her drooping head, and lifted it up from where it had laid itself on the table. The rosy little woman dashed her tears away.

"It isn't because I'm sorry, Hiram," she said: "not that. But I think of the night I wandered about the streets, a little starving child, and because I was starving, I stole a pie from a stall as I passed it. It all comes up before me now, my dear; how the policeman saw me, and how I was set upon, and chased and chased till I got on the bridge. And right before me, people from the other end of it, darted forward to stop me from running any more. And what did I do, rather than be caught?"

"Why, little old woman," and it was something refreshing to see his eager excitement, as he took up the story, "you made the purtiest jump over the hand-rail uv that there bridge, an' plump down in the river, that ever could hev been took! You couldn't see yourself, you know, but I did from this here very shore. Down you went, an' them a hollerin' an' a cursin' fur dear life, on the bridge. But you bumped your poor head agin a snag, I reckon it was, poor head." He stroked it as you would a little child's. "I ken see it bleed now. Lord! when I think uv it, I sometimes believe I ken feel it ache. While they were a consultin' an' talkin' round big, an' you was a sinkin', I offs with my coat, an' I ins to the water, an' I swims to you. Lord! what a dead little thing you was, to be sure, when I gits you in here. This here place," and he paused to regard it admiringly; "didn't look like this, then. No, sir; you're the one as has changed it."

"But you're leaving out, Hiram," and smiles broke over the rosy little woman's face, "how grand you acted when I told you I was a thief, and how you said you'd keep me, to teach me better, instead of giving me up to the law, and oh!"—her delight here grew irrepressible, and vented itself in taps of the dimpled hand on his burly shoulder—"how you did teach me better, not so much by talk as by your own life, and—and—"

"And so," the big man concluded, "when my little housekeeper as changed my house an' my life too by her bright way o' doin' things might a left me, she ups an' stays with me fur life, an' is happy, though no little child of ours ever lived to leave the cradle fur any other bed but its little coffin!"

"Yes, my dear. That's the end! An' the little coffins," but the piping voice paused very like a voice hushed by tears; "each counts an angel waiting to make the home beyond what we would have liked this to have been here!"

"Talk!" cried the big man standing up, and commencing his graphic gestures, "talk o' *me* hevin' done anythin' grand. Lord! when I got at an' built this here little shanty with my own hands, all but the chimbley, an' it come out all wrong in the shape at that, gittin' laughed at ever since. Lord! I put a roof over my head, but did I build a home? No, sir; who covered the bare walls with purty paper, an' the shelves with shinin' chaney, an' *made a fireside?* An' who smiled from it for me, an' waited at it fur me, an' was brighter nor lamp or fire? An' who gave me the angels a waitin' beyond, to look forward to?"

She found herself taken tenderly to his heart, the heart that has been her shelter and her protection from all peril for twenty happy years of the simple life with which God had blessed her in that humble home.

"Now, old, awful old woman! never say no other word about this here business, but that *you're the one* as had all the *grand* doin's here! An' go ahead with what got you on this;" he pointed to the closed door, "it was her."

The rosy little woman nodded. "You want me to—to treat her, Hiram, as people like her are seldom treated. You know, my dear, she may be guilty, but that won't make us turn our backs on her till she's found the way out!"

"Never!" and a thundering clap on the table from his knobby hand attested the earnestness of the promise.

"For you see, my dear," pursued the piping voice in a tone so tender it reminded you of a flute in the distance, "I believe—on—on account of my own story, that if the guilty were helped, and if they need it, taught instead of hunted and disgraced, many a soul would be saved! What *would I be now*, if my crime had been treated as they who were after me would have treated it, and what *am* I now?"

"This old man's blessing!" Then the knobby hand clasped the rosy dimpled one in that beautiful clasp where hearts tried by time and proved by trial can still meet in love, more beautiful, more constant, more steadfast, than the love of youth, with its delusive fancies.

II.

"It was madness, last night, and you have saved me from it!"

She was sitting at the supper-table crowned with the antiquated blue delf, twenty-four hours later, and she was speaking to the big burly man, awkwardly presiding thereat and seated opposite to her. He was gazing at her like one just awakened from some extraordinary dream, the bewilderment of which still clung to his half-clouded faculties. How small she was, and how delicate, yet what a queenly grace crowned the poise of her intellectually shaped head, and how majestic was the look upon her low white brow! Her face was fair as a lily, and marked by perfection of outline, but colorless now, and the expression sad beyond words. The eyes were dark, flashing gray, determined eyes, but beautifully suggestive of tenderness. They looked up into his humbly, as he answered no word to her straightforward speech.

"Why, what's the matter, Hiram?" cried the little rosy woman reproachfully; "why don't you answer?"

He passed his hand across his eyes.

"I—I'm thinking—maybe dreaming," said he; "*is* this the lady I brought home last night?"

"I am indeed," she answered.

"Would you, ef it aint takin' too great a liberty, tell me your name, mum."

"No liberty; my name is Verner, Cecilia Verner."

"I'd never know you this evenin', mum—an' this here name! *It's* wonderful—leastways, the ways uv

the Lord is—but then he's used to knowin' what's ahead!"

He looked at her meditatively.

"This here's the reason," he went on, as if pursuing a train of thought, "that the way out uv trouble is to face it, an' take hold uv it, instead uv tryin' to get out of its track; it's because we can't see ahead, an' the Lord, as can, mum, he put it there *to be met! Ef* it's met, he furnishes the way out, or my name's not Hiram Sloan!"

"Sloan!" she echoed wonderingly.

"Yes'm, Sloan, your father's drayman, ever since I could guide a horse, fur I take it Cyrus X. Verner was your father!"

"He was!"

"He was the best friend *I* ever knowed, mum; to him I owe the ground an' the makin' up o' this here little house, though it's to the old, old woman there I owe the home part uv it. But, therefore, mum, this here house is yours, an' the home part too, if you'll make use of sech as it is—not fittin' I know, fur sech as you! That's to begin with. Now to end with: what trouble *ken* so foller Cyrus X. Verner's daughter as to drive her to this?"

"You know my father died in Europe about a year ago," was her answer.

"Yes, mum; hevin' giv up business here on account uv his health."

"Well," in a low and clear, but terribly despairing tone, "if I am discovered now, it is to be accused of the murder of my father, and denounced with very little hope of defending myself from the fearful charge! Is not the grave preferable to that?"

"No, mum," was the prompt reply; "as long as God knows you're innocent, he'll make a way out fur you! *You* murder that there father as you loved so you wouldn't marry to leave him! O no, not ef *my* name's Hiram Sloan!"

Slowly, sweetly, the color crept up over the fairness of her face, and the lids drooped down upon the look gathering in her eyes, lest it might tell the story the words brought to the aching heart beneath.

"Miss Celie," said Hiram Sloan, "there's law fur such as this, an I'd hev it ef I was you! *Who* accuses you?"

"The doctor, who attended my father, and travelled with us. My dear father died very suddenly, and his disease could be hardly considered the immediate cause of his death. He was very much attached to this doctor, for he attended him constantly, and indeed, I must tell the truth here in order to make the story understood at all. Doctor Orenberg wanted to marry me, and my father approved, but I—"

"You, excuse me, Miss Celie, you was 'faithful unto death.'"

Again the color tenderly crept up over cheek and lip and brow, but her voice said trembling, "Hush, that is all over now!"

"You don't mean—"

"I mean," and she compelled her voice to a strange steadiness, "that Laurence Atwood is dead—*to me!*" The old man's face lit.

"Somebody's been a tellin' you a lie then," he cried, "ef you mean he's untrue in any way! Lord! didn't everybody in the warehouse, Miss Celie, know your story, and how *you* perferred your father's clurk to the jackanapeses dancin' round you in the parlor o' nights, an' how it 'id a been a match, only you clung to that there father to take care o' him? An' now, Lord, what a wrong way out, somebody must a' led you into, to git you to the river's edge, whin I know, that there Laurence Atwood, as ruz from a errand-boy to be chief clurk in Cyrus X. Verner's countin' house, is sittin' in his office this very minit, true to you, an' dyin' to git a chance to take care uv you fur the rest uv his life!"

This was too much; her face was buried in her hands, and a tempest

of sobs shook her frame. "It was sudden to tell it so, Hiram," said the rosy little woman, compassionately; "joy is as great as sorrow—to a woman."

"But, my dear, she thought he was untrue," said Hiram, reasoning in simple fashion, "an I *hed* to tell it then, you know!"

"I was told he was engaged to marry a very rich lady, and his letters to me ceased. Several of mine were returned unopened. What could I think?" said the object of the foregoing colloquy.

"*Who* told you, Miss Celie?" asked Hiram.

"Doctor Orenberg, some time after my father's death; he told me as a piece of news; he did not seem to know about Laurence and me at all!"

"I bet it was only seemin', Miss Celie, an' I bet he ken tell about them there letters!"

"I must explain to you the rest of my position with him. After my father's death, he produced a paper bearing his signature, and directing that I should marry this Doctor Orenberg, or forfeit seventy-five thousand dollars of my fortune. I said I would sacrifice it, and hoped then to be at peace. Instead of that, I have been followed by him everywhere, and pursued with his attentions. At last I determined to come here, and seek refuge amongst the old friends of my father. He followed me and found me last night at my hotel. I had but just arrived, when he was shown up to my parlor, and there he told me that he had kept this measure as a last resort, but now I compelled him to it. My father's stomach had been analyzed after his death, and traces of poison had been found. The glass in which I had mixed the last dose of medicine he ever took, had been found to contain the same. He held the proofs of this; he could also testify that I, with my own hands, had administered this. If I would marry him, he would be silent; if not, he would denounce me. I was in despair, alone in the world, believing Laurence untrue—feeling, that, even if it turned out in my favor, a trial in a court of justice for murder of my own father would be a sort of stigma in itself! I—I promised to marry him, solely for the purpose of getting him away for a time, and then I determined to put an end to my life. As soon as he left me, I hurried to the bridge, and, but for you, would now be in eternity!"

"But for God, Miss Celie, he knowed how driv you was, an' how good you had been, an' he seed ahead, an' put it in my mind to watch you! Now see ef his way out o' this here trouble isn't better than the river!"

She smiled, she watched him wistfully as he donned hat and coat, and proceeded to get out.

"Stay you here, Miss Celie, with this venerable old woman o' mine," said he, cheerily, "an' think o' happy things to come, fur they're comin', sure."

III.

"THERE is but one way out of this, Hiram, my man," said Laurence Atwood, when he had heard the astonishing recital; "the law is slow; the publicity would be painful to *her*, and she has already suffered too much. But the man," he set his teeth together with an expression in his eyes that told the deepest indignation of his soul was aroused, "the man who would thus persecute a woman is a coward, and we will work on that." He took down a revolver, and loaded it.

"How is *your* muscle, Hiram?" and he smiled a grim smile.

"Well, sir, this here arm ken hold the strongest horse in this here city, yet, ef he gits to cuttin' capers," said Hiram, returning the smile with one its equal in grimness.

"Then you can help me."

"Sure!"

The young man's face settled into an expression of that sort of determination, which even death cannot remove, but can only stamp there more legibly than it stood in life. It was a thoughtful and a beautiful face, set round by lightly curling brown beard and hair, and the eyes that lit it up with rare light were large and brown. The old man silently followed him out, a gloating expression, one of infinite gusto and irrepressible triumph dwelling on his weatherbeaten countenance.

Dr. Orenberg, sitting in a luxuriously furnished private parlor of his hotel, dressed in the extreme of the fashion, amusing himself with the gossip of late newspapers, and sipping costly wine, was surprised by a knock at his door, about an hour after this.

"Enter!"

"You see before you Laurence Atwood, sir," said the young man, contemptuously, and the words had hardly ceased to sound in his ear, when Hiram slipped round behind him, and seizing both his arms, held them as in a vice.

"To the rar, me, Hiram Sloan, sir," he said, with savage humor, for one so gentle of nature as he.

"Now, sir," and Laurence held his revolver at the bewildered villain's head, "I have come to demand justice, and this man is my witness to all you say. Refuse to answer one of my questions, and you are a dead man."

The look of hate and rage and fear that shot from his eyes almost amounted to the diabolical. The catechism was short.

"Did you intercept my letters to Cecilia Verner?"

"Yes."

"Did you forge the paper conveying to you her hand, or a gift of seventy-five thousand dollars?"

"He often said—"

"*Did you forge it?*" in thunder tones.

"Yes."

"Did you invent that damnable lie about the purest of God's creatures murdering her own father?"

A moment of silence.

"Answer, or I'll shoot."

"I did."

"Where are the proofs of poison?"

"In my travelling-desk."

"What was your motive for this?"

"I—," with horrible passion in every tone, "*I love her.*"

"Love! faugh! coward, give up to me those proofs of poison, that forged paper, or you will never leave this room alive. One more question first, though. *Was* Cyrus Verner murdered at all?"

"No; he died of apoplexy."

"You put the poison in the glass after his death to convict her?"

"To win her, and," with hate that would have murdered if it could, "but for you she would have been mine."

"Death's, you should say. Listen now. Outside of that door two officers of justice stand ready to come at my call. Give me your paper and your proofs of poison peaceably, and they shall not be called. Attempt treachery of any kind, and you are in the grip of the law forthwith. Let go, Hiram."

He did so. Dr. Orenberg, with the attitude and motion of a fox skulking away with his prey, walked to the desk, opened it, took therefrom two papers, and a small glass. Then he turned. He was one of your tall, white-faced people, with overhanging brows and pointed forehead, and his face, on this occasion, was lurid with hate and baffled passion.

"You have me in your power, sir," he said.

"Yes, thank God, but all I seek is justice for her. If I gave it to you, death alone could atone for your work of persecuting her."

"You do not propose to take my life, then," with demoniac coolness.

"Not unless you compel me. As for these 'proofs' she so dreads, I

do not consider them worth a word, but I demand them for her satisfaction and future peace."

He handed them. Laurence tossed them into the fire, the glass shivering to atoms, and the papers losing their identity in a heap of crumbling ashes.

"For the rest," said he, contemptuously, "I leave you to God, who has defeated your foul design. If my hand would obey its present inclination, it would beat you within an inch of your craven life, but I do not seek revenge, simply justice. I have got it."

He turned to go. As he turned, Dr. Orenberg darted at him like lightning, and seized the revolver.

"No, you don't!" cried Hiram, knocking it out of his hand, throwing him on the floor, and beating him about the face till he could not see. Then he got up.

"Come, Mr. Laurence," said he; "*I'm* satisfied now; I've been a achin' to do this here; 'twas kind o' this here poor excuse, to give me a chance! Let's leave him to recover."

They left him to recover. And as soon as he recovered, he disappeared for parts unknown.

IV.

"So you see, my dear," said Cecilia Verner, at the end of a *very* long conversation, so long that to a pair waiting in the inner room, it seemed only to be compared to something owning no end—a ring, for instance—"Hiram has taught me a lesson for life; his first words to me in my madness took me by storm."

"It was only because madness had seized you," answered the lover, "that you did not think of them yourself."

"No, indeed, Laurence," she said, humbly, "I know I seemed good enough to all who loved me, and my life seemed guided by faith; but it was only that negative kind of goodness, which consists in not doing harm, and that equally negative faith, which consists in not denying God's power. And when I was tried, I had no stay. It will never be so again!"

"And—so help me, God—poor, tried heart, you shall never find such pain again!"

"What a beautiful way out! Come, help me to thank him who led me to it!"

In the glow of the smiling fireside created by the rosy little woman, they thanked him with thanks which, beginning then, lasted through years of happy life spent near him, and tenderly intertwined with his. And when, as these years passed on, children's feet danced over the threshold of the funny little house (the shape of which never grew right), and many voices called out for "Uncle Hiram," and tiny hands clung to the rosy little woman's dress, and babbling voices begged her for stories and cakes, her eyes would fill up, and his would grow misty; and they would say to each other—

"We have found a way out of *our* sorrow, too; the little coffins are not near so hard to think of now."

Then the children would grow clamorous for a story, and softly, and by turns helping one another, would they recount the poor little starveling's race for life and leap for death, and how she was saved for happiness and love by God's tender providence from which our blindness often makes us strive to flee. Before the story would be ended, a pair would often enter arm-in-arm, and stand looking delighted on the pretty scene, these softly whispering to each other—

"But fitting that *our* house-angels should bless this home, where God sent the first blessing to us!"

"Yes, yes, children all, parents, an' babies, too, aint you all children to me all round? *He* was used to seein' ahead! He seed this here!"

would the old man cry, pointing to the group. "Sure 's he showed *you*, Miss Celie, that there way out, he then an' there seed *this* here! Lord, *you* couldn't a' seed it, nor me! He, he sees the rest, too; let's leave the end to him!"

And so, O young heart! bending over this page, would its writer say to you, whatever be your lot in life, for in these words, born of the old man's simple, steadfast faith, lies the true key to life's many bitter enigmas, all of which, opened by that golden key, become but gateways to peace unutterable.

ESTRANGED.

A BARRIER hath arisen between
Thy heart and mine, O friend, I ween—
Cruel and strong, though all unseen!

We made that barrier, thou and I,
And strengthened it as days went by;
Ah, me! I scarce know how or why!

Mayhap, some promise given and broken,
Some word unkind, though lightly spoken;
Then, hearts that grieved but gave no token.

Farewell! O loyal heart and true,
Swift wouldst thou pity if thou knew
The mazes that I wander through.

As wider, wider, every day
Our paths diverge, O friend, I pray
That thine may be the sunnier way!

I, in my lone lot, scarce could pine,
The while *thou* quaffest life's red wine,
E'en though its bitterest cup were mine!

THE THREE AMBROSIAN SEPULCHRES.

TOWARDS the end of the fourth century the names and burial-place of Saints Gervasius and Protasius, martyred in Milan under Nero, were almost forgotten. In 313, Constantine's decree of freedom of worship was promulgated. Then arose many Basilicas, amongst others that afterwards called by St. Ambrose the Nova, near which in the Baptistery, called the Basilica of the Baptistery, St. Ambrose, and later St. Augustine and St. Alypius were baptized.

St. Ambrose erected two churches, one the Romana, in form of a cross, and the other called the Ambrosiana. The occasion of the erection of this latter was the death and burial of his brother Satyrus in 379. St. Ambrose had buried him in the Basilica of Fausta, on the left of where lay the body of St. Victor, martyr. In his funeral oration on the occasion, St. Ambrose speaks of his wish to be buried near his brother, and so he and his sister Marcellina were ultimately buried. St. Ambrose wished to arrange this so that all three could be in a church and under an altar. This church was called by the people the Ambrosian. In the interior, St. Ambrose had some of the principal events in the Old Testament painted, those especially that were types of the New, and added descriptions of each beneath, *e.g.*, Noah with the ark and dove, and Isaac ready to be sacrificed. The altar had over it a Baldacchino supported on four porphyry columns, presenting the appearance of a small Roman temple; underneath were the sarcophagi of the martyrs. This arrangement was usual in those early days, and is still seen in many churches. It was called variously the confession, martyrium, sanctuary, ciborium, "tempietto" or "tempio." Behind the altar was the chair or episcopal cathedra, facing the people, with seats on each side for the lesser clergy. All this part was separated from the people by a balustrade. St. Ambrose had completed and consecrated this church in April, 386, but had placed no relics there.

But a few days later he discovered some, in the manner thus described by his secretary, the Deacon Paulinus, in his *Life of St. Ambrose:*

> The persecution directed by Justina, the Empress-mother, an Arian, against the holy martyrs was at its height. . . . At that time the holy martyrs, Protasius and Gervasius, by revelation, made themselves known to the Bishop. Their bodies were deposited in the church in which are now the bodies of the martyrs, Nabor and Felix. But whilst these last were honored with a special *cultus* and a great concourse of people, of these two martyrs, Protasius and Gervasius, both the names and the sepulture were unknown, so that over their sepultures everybody passed to and fro in approaching the balustrade that protected the graves of Nabor and Felix.

Paulinus then describes the transfer of these two bodies to the Ambrosian Church, in the midst of great solemnity and with accompanying miracles. St. Ambrose, in a letter to his sister, Marcellina,* thus refers to the same event:

> I have to inform you that we also have found some holy martyrs. It happened thus. I had completed the dedication of the Basilica, but the manner of doing so displeased many, who came to me and said, "You ought to dedicate it as you did the Basilica in the Via Romana, *i.e.*, by placing relics in it." "Willingly," I replied; "if any relics of martyrs are found for me, I will do so." And suddenly I felt within me an inspiration, an ardent impression, which urged me. In a word, the Lord granted the favor. Having proceeded with attendants to the Basilica Naboriana, I gave orders for them to dig in the spot just in front of the balustrade of Saints Nabor and Felix. The attendants were seized with fear. We came

* Epist. 22.

upon evidences very satisfactory. For having dug away the earth, the saints very soon began to make themselves known; so that, seeing the urn, the attendants took hold of it, and opened it in the very spot of the holy sepulture, whilst we still kept silent. We found within two male skeletons of remarkable stature, such as were in ancient times, all the bones entire, and a great deal of blood. For two days there was a great crowding of the people. In brief, we put the bones together in their places and embalmed them. As it was getting dusk, we transferred these bodies to the neighboring Basilica of Fausta, and there we kept watch all night in prayer, On the following day we transferred them to the Basilica which the people has taken to call the Ambrosian. Whilst this "translation" was taking place, a blind man, named Severus, recovered his sight. I made a discourse to the people.

We omit the greater part of the discourse, quoting only the concluding portion:

Thanks be to thee, Lord Jesus, who hast raised the spirits of these holy martyrs at this time in which thy Church hath need of help the most available, I mean of defenders—of those who are able to bear the brunt of battle, not to offer it. For such I yearn; let all know it; and such are these whom I have acquired for thee, O holy people! such as do good to all, harm to none. Such are the defenders whom I have ambition to have; such are the soldiers whom I have—soldiers not of the world, but of Christ; such my guards, whose guardianship, whilst it is the bravest, is also the most peaceable. "Some trust in chariots, some in horses, but we in the name of the Lord." It is narrated in the Holy Scripture,* that Eliseus, being surrounded by the Syrian army, said to his servant, Giezi, who was in great alarm, "Be not afraid! see how many more we have in our defence than are against us." And Giezi, by a grace obtained from God, opening his eyes, beheld an innumerable army of angels gathered near to assist the prophet. We do not behold these heavenly spirits, but we feel their presence. So in the past time our eyes were closed, and we saw not the bodies of the saints hidden under ground; we knew not the protectors who so often had undertaken our defence. Therefore, whilst we were in trepidation and fear, the Lord seems to say to us: "See what martyrs I have given you." Happy are we, who with our eyes behold the glory of the Lord, the glory of their past martyrdom, the glory of their actual miracles! Old people now begin to remember that long ago they have heard the names of these saints, and read the inscription over their burial-place; but of late the city had lost its own martyrs, and had appropriated for itself those of another country (Victor, Nabor, and Felix were Africans).

This discovery is a gift from God; and I cannot but acknowledge with thanks the grace that the Lord Jesus has granted for the time of my priesthood, that since I have not the merit of becoming a martyr, I have the consolation of having obtained for you these martyrs. Behold! noble relics have been dug out of an ignoble burial-place; the trophies of the two conquerors have been brought to the light of day. The sepulchre is bathed in blood. That sign that indicates their triumph is there. The relics are found untouched in their place, in their order: the head severed from the trunk. Let these triumphant victims now come and stand where Christ stands—he himself the victim; but he above the altar, as the One who has suffered for all; these martyrs beneath the altar, as those who have been redeemed by his passion. That place beneath the altar I had already predetermined upon for my own sepulchre, it being just that the priest should have his remains reposing in the spot where he was wont to offer the holy sacrifice; but I give up the right-hand portion to the sacred victims: this part is due to the martyrs. Let us then consign to their place these sacred remains; let us bear them within a structure worthy of them, and with sincere devotion let us celebrate this day.

The consignment or "deposition" of the relics at the request of the people was deferred till next day. The Arians meanwhile were not inclined to let the incident pass without disturbance; they exclaimed it was an imposture, denied the facts, spread it about that the holy Bishop had with bribes prevailed on some men to feign themselves possessed, who were then freed from the obsession by the martyrs and by Ambrose; and uttered much insolent abuse against the faith and the Catholic Church, the mother of the saints. Ambrose on the next day made another discourse, in which he refutes the Arians, gives the evidence of the miracle of the blind man Severus, restored to sight the instant he touched the fringe of the cloths in which the sacred relics were wrapped, cites the evidence of the obsessed

* 4 Kings vi.

delivered, and the testimony of the demons themselves, concluding with these words: "The devil confesses the fact, but the Arians are not willing to own it."

It is worth observing that the martyrdom or death of these two martyrs, called in ecclesiastical language their passion or birthday, has never been celebrated; for nothing is known either of the kind of martyrdom by which they suffered or of the day of their triumph; but only their invention, translation, or deposition are mentioned. St. Augustine, who had been present in Milan at the miraculous discovery and at the solemnity of the deposition, said to his people in Hippo many years afterwards in a sermon, "We celebrate to-day, that day in which the precious mortal remains of Saints Gervasius and Protasius were found by means of Ambrose, a man of God."*

This event occurred in 386. St. Ambrose survived eleven years longer. The Emperor Theodosius died in 394, and was succeeded by his sons Arcadius and Honorius. St. Ambrose died on Holy Saturday, April 4th, 397, after having been bishop for twenty-three years and four months. He was buried on Easter Sunday in the spot which he had chosen, under the high altar on the epistle side, and next to the sepulchre of Saints Gervasius and Protasius. As his biographer, the Deacon Paulinus, relates, "The funeral resembled a triumph. Crowds of every rank, age, and sex were there, even Jews and pagans flocking to the church to honor the burial of such a man. Men and women threw handkerchiefs and linen girdles over the body, and happy was he thought who succeeded in touching the corpse." His sister, Marcellina, was buried in the same church at some little distance behind the high altar.

Milan was sacked by Attila in 452, and devastated later by Odoacer, King of the Heruli, who however was defeated by Theodoric, King of the Goths, in 493. St. Laurentius, then Bishop of Milan, returned to the city after that victory, and finding the "temples of God converted into stables, and the finest Basilicas befouled with much uncleanness, he not only restored them to their former state, but even put them into still better condition." St. Laurentius must on this occasion have opened the sepulchres of Saints Gervasius and Protasius, and of St. Ambrose, as coins exactly of that period have been found in these sarcophagi, together with coins of the Emperor Theodosius, placed by St. Ambrose in the sarcophagus of Saints Gervasius and Protasius, and of the Emperors Arcadius and Honorius, placed in his own tomb at the time of his interment in 397. In the sixth century, St. Gregory of Tours, in 560, in his treatise, *De Gloria Martyrum*, refers to these martyrs. Houses of retirement for such as wished to devote themselves to a life of prayer in memory of a saint, were often in the early times annexed to the great sanctuaries. There was one such contiguous to the Ambrosian Church, and the first person who so consecrated himself was Severus, whose sight had been miraculously restored. He lived for twenty years in this way. St. Augustine speaks of him, and mentions that he himself "congratulated Severus on the recovery of his sight, and when a year afterwards I left Milan, I left him still engaged in the service of the Basilica, and I think he is still there alive and full of fervor." Mention is made of the relics and body of St. Ambrose under the altar in a deed of gift to the Hospitium of the Basilica, under King Luitprand, in 742, and in a deed of the Archbishop Peter, in 789. Frescoes in the apse representing St. Mansuetus, Archbishop of Milan, with other bishops in council against the Monothelites, are attributed to the eighth century. Towards the end of the eighth century, Peter was Archbishop, and

* Serm. 286.

Charlemagne was Emperor. This Archbishop entirely renewed the Basilica, preserving merely the three naves, and constructing the building as it now stands. Its style of architecture is Romanesque. This Archbishop changed the title of the Basilica, as we find in a diploma of that period, A.D. 789—"Hanc ecclesiam construximus pro amore beati Christi confessoris Ambrosii et sanctorum martyrum Protasii et Gervasii." At this time also monks of the Benedictine rule were attached to this Basilica, that "before the holy bodies of these saints they might continually and publicly celebrate the divine offices." Charlemagne, by a deed in 790, confirmed the foundation of this monastery and added revenues for its support.

In the earliest ages the bodies of saints were usually placed under the altar, but below the pavement; in later times they were placed rather above the pavement in an urn under the altar slab; but later still they came to be placed above, or on the altar, for the greater devotion of the people. This raising of the relics or sacred body above the pavement is called the elevation or exaltation of the bodies. The event was frequently commemorated by an annual festival.

Angilbert the Second, who was elected Archbishop of Milan in 824, effected this "exaltation" of the relics of the three saints. He left undisturbed in their position under the altar, and at right angles to it, the two sarcophagi, covering them over with a thick marble slab, and above this he placed transversely, and therefore lying in the same direction as the altar, a large sarcophagus or urn of porphyry, in which he placed the three bodies. He covered it with its lid of porphyry, and built it round with a wall-work of stones and bricks, like a square well. Over the urn he laid further a large slab of marble, the ends of which were built into the brickwork of the wall. Over this he placed another slab of porphyry, similarly built in, and upon this he placed and set up the grand altar of gold, silver, and precious stones, which has remained the wonder of succeeding ages. Murray, in his *Handbook of Northern Italy*, describes it as the most remarkable monument of metallurgic art of the Middle Ages now surviving. His description of it, and of the subjects represented in relief upon it, occupies three columns of very small type. It narrowly escaped being seized and melted down by the French revolutionary commissioners in 1797. A reference to this altar which he had constructed, is made by Angilbert in 835, in a diploma of that date preserved in the archives of St. Fidele, and confirmed by the Emperor Lothair. The event, as was customary in those times, was commemorated by a festival, and in an old parchment codex, the date of which is prior to the year 850, existing in the archives of the Ambrosian Basilica, there is recorded in a martyrology, on the "viii Kal. April (25 March) adnuntiatio dominica . . . et in mediolano, *Exaltatio* corporum sanctorum Protasii et Gervasii martyrum et confessoris Ambrosii." This festival was observed, and can be traced in ancient martyrologies for nearly five centuries. It ultimately was joined to and commemorated with "the deposition," on the 5th of April. Curious and interesting records have come down to us, showing in what relative position Angilbert placed in the porphyry urn the bodies which he removed from the sarcophagi beneath. In the metal work of the altar of Angilbert, the three saints are figured by their names on shields, and St. Ambrose is placed in the centre, St. Protasius on his right, St. Gervasius on his left. A still more detailed representation is found in a manuscript of the thirteenth century, in the Ambrosian Library. This contains a beautiful illumination, which from intrinsic evidence derived from its ornaments, dress, etc., is known to have been

copied from a still earlier illumination of the tenth or eleventh centuries. In this the death of St. Ambrose is depicted ; and in an adjoining compartment of the illuminated manuscript the Saint, clad in his episcopal robes, and with a mitre of ancient form on his head, is represented as lying in the sarcophagus; St. Gervasius and St. Protasius being drawn, the latter as lying on his right, the former on his left. Even the coins are depicted as lying in the urn. In the first illumination, on a scroll which is in the hand of St. Ambrose, there is written, *Depositio Ambrosii;* in the second illumination, which represents the three bodies in the porphyry urn, there is written on a similar scroll, *Depositio Ambrosii secundo,* or for the second time, referring evidently to the removal of the bodies into the porphyry urn, effected by Angilbert. Further testimony as to the position of the bodies is afforded by a thirteenth century fresco in the crypt beneath the sanctuary, wherein, on the very wall which underlies the high altar, in a niche, is depicted in fresco a representation of the three saints in the relative position described above.

A curious confirmation as to the antiquity of this fresco is furnished by a dispute which arose regarding the custody of the shrine of the saints between the monks and the canons of the Basilica, in the fourteenth century. A Pontifical Legate is sent down, before whom the cause is tried, and the act of citation of witnesses, still preserved, bears the date 1333. The witnesses are called to prove priority of possession, and one of these, an old priest named Bernaroldo, in giving his evidence, speaks of this niche in the crypt, and says that there the saints are represented just as they lie in their sepulchre. He had seen the fresco some forty years previous to the date of his evidence. Diplomas and grants of bishops and princes in reference to these relics are preserved, ranging from the ninth to the twelfth century. In the eleventh century, Aquilinus, from Wurzburg, came to visit the shrine. In 1132, St. Bernard, Cardinal Bishop of Parma, and in 1135, the great St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, came to reverence this sanctuary.

The most terrible visitation that Milan has experienced was after its surrender to Frederick the First, surnamed Barbarossa, in 1162, when his vengeance co-operating with, or rather instigated by the jealousies of the surrounding cities, Pavia, Cremona, Lodi, Como, and Novara, razed it to the ground.

On Palm Sunday in that fatal year, when the Emperor departed in triumph for Pavia, the site of the great city was to be recognized only by the Basilica of Sant' Ambrosio and some few others of the churches, which were left standing in the midst of the ruins. The sparing of the Church of St. Ambrosio on this occasion, was owing to the circumstance that the Benedictine monks in charge of it were in the good graces of Barbarossa. In fact, in 1186, Barbarossa had his son Henry crowned in that Basilica, after the marriage ceremony had been performed there of his son with Constance of Sicily. In the thirteenth and fourteenth century, references to the shrine and sacred bodies become still more numerous. In the thirteenth century, the vault beneath receives its fresco paintings, and the great cupola above the high altar is erected. In a manuscript, A. D. 1300, it is mentioned how the archbishop, on the festival of St. Ambrose, gets on horseback and goes to the Church of St. Ambrose, where his sacred body reposes, and there sings in his honor the Mass of a Confessor. One manuscript of 1318, speaking of the bodies of the martyrs Gervasius and Protasius, says that between them lies the body of Blessed Ambrose.

In the great work on the antiquities of Milan, begun by Castiglione in the sixteenth, and printed in the

beginning of the seventeenth century, he sums up all the traditions regarding the sacred relics, and says, "Whatever may be the way in which the urn and the three bodies are placed, it is the constant tradition of every age, from Angilbert to this day, that these three bodies are there under the altar," and he then cites a long list of chroniclers and biographers, native and foreign, who record this tradition.

From this date to our times there is nothing special to record. The shrine continued in veneration, and though many of the archbishops, and amongst them Cardinal Odescalchi in the last century, projected the opening and examination of the shrine, it remained untouched and undisturbed until the month of January, 1864. In that month certain repairs were going on in the church, and as it was necessary to get at the base of the large porphyry columns that support the confession of the high altar, and as this proceeding involved the breaking into the wall and brickwork constructed in the ninth century round the sepulchres and urn by Angilbert, the reverend provost of the Basilica obtained, by faculties delegated to him, permission to institute a research as to the position of the sepulchres. An ecclesiastical commission was appointed, and the excavations under its direction led to the discovery of the three sepulchres, placed exactly as the traditions of ages had described them. Lowest of all, beneath the high altar, were the two marble *loculi* or coffins, lying lengthwise in the sense of the length of the church, or from east to west, both of them empty, except some earth, a few teeth, and some small coins. In the one on the Gospel side of the altar had been the bodies of Saints Gervasius and Protasius, placed there by St. Ambrose in the fourth century; in the one on the epistle side had been the body of St. Ambrose, placed there as he had desired, after his death in A.D. 397. Above these *loculi*, and resting on the marble slabs placed over them, was found the large porphyry urn, placed transversely to their direction, *i. e.*, lying in a direction north and south. This discovery filled all Catholic Milan with joy. The provost, as soon as he beheld this urn, reverently approached and kissed it, for he knew that it contained the sacred bodies placed in it one thousand years ago by Angilbert. Seals were then set upon the urn until such time as it might be deemed expedient to have the porphyry lid removed and the contents of the urn examined. This did not take place until August 9th, 1871, and the *Civiltà Cattolica* thus describes what took place on the occasion:

In the evening of the 9th August, 1871, there were assembled at the tomb his Excellency the Archbishop, the Provost and Chapter of St. Ambrogio, the Doctors of the Ambrosian Library, and the Professors of the Museum of Archæology. An inspection was made of the seals which had been placed on the lid in 1864, and these being found untouched, they were then broken, and the uncovering of the urn was proceeded with in the form prescribed by the Holy See. When the marble lid was removed, the three skulls and the bones of the saints were seen, in an excellent state of preservation, lying at the bottom of the urn, and immersed in very clear water. This water was analyzed and found to be natural water which had percolated through the fissure of the lid when the Basilica had been inundated. In the middle was the body of St. Ambrose, recognizable by the precious pontifical ornaments that still remained in fragments upon it. On each side was a skeleton, the bodies of the holy martyrs, Saints Gervase and Protase, of extraordinary stature. The urn was then re-covered and re-sealed, and the joyful news was at once sent in a telegram to the Holy Father. A few days later, by a new act and in presence of competent witnesses, the urn was again uncovered by the removal of the lid. The water was extracted by means of a siphon, and placed in the sacristy. The bones of the saints were carefully taken out and laid in exactly the same position which they occupied in the urn upon a table covered with sacred cloths. The festival rejoicing that ensued in Milan it would be difficult to describe. May this discovery be the presage of a fresh triumph for the Church in the persecution she is now enduring, as

of old the discovery of the holy martyrs, Saints Gervasius and Protasius, by means of St. Ambrose, seemed to announce the discomfiture of Arianism in the West.

In final confirmation of this interesting discovery, the Sacred Congregation of Rites, on July 24th, 1873, published a decree confirming the judgment pronounced by the Archbishop of Milan on the authenticity of the bodies of St. Ambrose, St. Protasius, and St. Gervasius, discovered on August 8th, in the porphyry urn, and placing the relics under the immediate protection of the Holy See.

We may well, in conclusion, echo the prayer of the writer of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, that the fresh discovery of these relics may lead to an increased devotion to the martyrs and to the blessed Archbishop of Milan, and that this increased devotion may lead to the speedy triumph of the Church. We recognize the spirit of St. Ambrose in the noble stand which is now being made by the Episcopate of Germany against an emperor by no means so admirable for Christian virtue as the great Theodosius. We recognize the martyr spirit in numberless members of the Catholic clergy and laity, both in Germany and Italy, whose sufferings are not the less real because the time has not yet come for resistance unto blood. When that time shall come, we may trust that God will not fail to console the Church by raising up for her champions as brave as those over the discovery of whose relics St. Ambrose so greatly rejoiced.

ON THE BRIDGE.

O PEERLESS picture! velvet hills
  So tender bending o'er
The sweet, sad waters, bathing mute
  With tears each verdant shore;
The lovely sky in bright watch bent
  Upon their moaning waves,
And leaving heaven's image where
  The stream, earth's bosom laves;
The murmuring trees—their mist of green,
  Soft rising over all;
The golden shadow in the west,
  That marks the sunset's fall.

O peerless picture! to my heart
  Forever more so dear,
For eyes that looked on you with me,
  For voice I used to hear.
Within your realm of tender charm,
  As, on your beauty rare,
The golden shadow brooding soft,
  Shows once the sun was there,
So falls upon my heart the spell
  Of memory, that you hold—
Love's shadow round the absent cast,
  Love's shadow—but, of gold!

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPES.

IS ITS NECESSITY OBVIATED BY THE SO-CALLED LAW OF THE PAPAL GUARANTEES.

ARTICLE VIII.

THE necessity of the temporal power of the Pope was admitted by those who usurped it, from the fact, that the Italian Government, prior to the occupation of Rome, issued a memorandum to tranquillize the apprehensions of the Catholic powers, who might fear, with reason, that the personal and official liberty of the Pope, would cease to exist with his temporal domain. Had not its necessity been acknowledged by the Piedmontese, as something patent to, and received by the powers of Europe, they would have shown no more consideration for Pius IX, in taking his possessions from him, than they evinced for the unfortunate King of Naples. They might possibly permit him to reside in the land, and mayhap, in a fit of demonstrative generosity, vote him a pension. Beyond that they would not go. But it was a bold and a delicate undertaking to occupy Rome. The King thereof was not only the sovereign of a few subjects, but was also the Pontiff of two hundred millions of Catholics. No one better than the Italian ministry knew that, in taking away his temporal sovereignty, his liberty and influence over his spiritual children would suffer materially. Hence, to reassure him, and Catholics all over the world, the Memorandum of August 29th, 1870, was published.

We will cite a few articles from this wonderful document. "The government engaged to preserve all the institutions, offices, and ecclesiastical corporations existing in Rome, also those employed in them." "The government engages to preserve entire, and without subjecting them to special taxes, all ecclesiastical property, the revenues of which belong to dignitaries, offices, corporations, institutions, and ecclesiastical bodies, having their seat at Rome, and in the Leonine City." Again, "The government will not meddle with the internal discipline of the ecclesiastical corporations in Rome. The bishops and priests of the kingdom are, in their respective dioceses and parishes, free from all interference whatever of the government, in the exercise of their spiritual ministry." And another significant article is in these terms. "The patrimony of the Roman Church will remain entire in the possession of the Church." After these, and divers other magnificent promises, the Memorandum declares: "These articles shall be considered as a public, bilateral contract, and shall form the object of an agreement with those powers which have Catholic subjects." The reader is already aware, that not a single article of these was observed. The Memorandum of Viscount Venosta, after the occupation of Rome, became a dead letter, and to this day, not a word has been heard about the "public bilateral contract," or "an agreement with those powers which have Catholic subjects." Now, if such be the fate of a document, which was issued at a time when it was of absolute necessity to be prudent and loyal, of a document which was addressed to all the powers of Europe, what are we to think of the Law of the Guarantees, which was passed when the Italians were already in possession of Rome, when Europe had already recovered from the shock

(very slight indeed), occasioned by the occupation of the Eternal City? If the Memorandum did not obviate the necessity of the temporal power of the Popes, much less did the Law of the Guarantees. We will examine it in detail. It is composed of nineteen articles, thirteen of which regard the prerogatives of the Sovereign Pontiff and the Holy See. The other six affect the relations between Church and State. It is a very pompous document indeed, and would lead an unsuspecting reader to believe, that in all the world, there is not a body of men more devoted to the Church and the Sovereign Pontiff than the Italian Senate, with the Chamber of Deputies, and that Victor Emanuel is a model Catholic prince. It opens with the declaration that Victor Emanuel II is, "by the grace of God, and the will of the nation, King of Italy." We pronounce its inability to obviate the necessity of the temporal power, from a simple reading of the first words: "The Senate and the Chamber of Deputies have approved—we have sanctioned and do promulgate as much as follows." But we will dwell on this point farther on. Meanwhile, taking for granted, that the Senate and Chamber of Deputies could in themselves draw up the Law of the Papal Guarantees, let us examine several of the articles, and see whether they have been observed as laws of the land.

Article 1. "The person of the Sovereign Pontiff is sacred and inviolable." It is a very good premise to start from, for it is the basis of Article 2, "An attempt against the person of the Sovereign Pontiff, and the provocation to commit it, are punished by the same penalties established for an attempt, and the provocation to commit it, against the person of the king. Offences and public injuries committed directly against the person of the Pontiff, by discourses, deeds, or by the means indicated in Article 1, of the Law on the Press, are punished by the penalties established in Article 19 of the same law." All this is very complimentary to the Pope, and as far as the wording goes, pays him a great deal of reverence. But has this article been observed? The discourses of the men who voted the law have often and often given the world a proof of the importance they attach to it. In the very Parliament where the Law of the Papal Guarantees was voted, the Pope is not infrequently made the subject of the most violent tirades and insults, and not a voice has ever been raised to remind the speakers, that an attack upon the Pontiff, by discourses, deeds, etc., is punishable with the penalties sanctioned for an attack against the king himself. Even among the Senators, that venerable body of men, whose age, judgment, and experience should raise them above all party spirit, the Sovereign Pontiff is not spared, but is insulted with impunity. We shall say nothing of the numberless discourses, delivered outside of Parliament, at elections, reunions, public demonstrations, dinners, etc., for such occasions to make a good hit at the Pope, and polish it off with a tribute to the House of Savoy, is a sure way to gain ministerial favor, and become popular. We have never heard of any of the ringleaders of the mobs that rushed to the Vatican, screaming "Death to the Pope," being visited with the awful penalties, sanctioned for the punishment of offences committed against the royal person. We remember the last demonstration made against His Holiness. It was on the night of the 23d of June, 1874. Only three arrests were made, and the offenders were condemned to a few months' imprisonment, not because an offence was committed against the sacred person of the Pope, but for a contumacious resistance against the police force. And what shall we say of the num-

berless insults which are daily heaped upon the Pope through the press? The caricatures in the illustrated journals, the unmanly insinuations of the official organs, and the gross slanders of the Billingsgate sheets in the Eternal City, and throughout the entire peninsula, are in daily contradictions of that article of the Guarantees, which sanctions the severest penalties against every attack made upon the Sovereign Pontiff through the press. We have never heard of a journal being sequestrated for anything said against the Pope, but we know of Catholic editors, who have had a long acquaintance with prison walls, because of articles, the sense of which was wilfully distorted into an attack against the King of Italy. Before dismissing the second article of the Guarantees, and condemning it as an infamous piece of equivocation, we would call attention to something like a codicil, which has no relevancy with the foregoing paragraphs. It seemed to have dropped in at the end, just to show that there is no consistency whatever in the famous Law of the Papal Guarantees.

"The discussion of religious matters is perfectly free." This paragraph is in general terms, and we would find nothing objectionable in it, were it not the primary article in the Constitution of Italy, that the Roman Catholic and Apostolic religion shall be the religion of the state. Such being the case, the government is bound to preserve that religion, to defend it by its secular power, and not to allow its dogmas to be discussed and denied with impunity by the subjects. The article cited gives the people the unlimited faculty of discussing, accepting, or rejecting any or all the dogmas of the Catholic faith. Article 3 is a glorious outburst of devotion. "The Italian government will render to the Sovereign Pontiff, within the territory of the kingdom, sovereign honors, and will maintain for him the pre-eminence of honor accorded to him by Catholic sovereigns. The Sovereign Pontiff has the faculty of retaining the usual number of guards attached to his person, and the custody of the palaces, without any detriment to the obligations and duties consequent on the existing laws of the kingdom." That is to say, the government permits His Holiness to keep around his person the usual number of noble guards, gens d'armes, and Palatines, and absolves them from all military service in the Italian army. This faculty of absolving, however, was more easily displayed towards the National Guards of Rome, who most brutally murdered a captain of the Papal gensd'armes, while he was taking a walk outside the Porta Cavalleggieri. They literally perforated him with their bayonets, and yet the government seemed to do a great condescension in instituting a trial. The base assassins were acquitted. Article 4. "A dowry of an annual income of 3,225,000 francs is appropriated in favor of the Holy See." This article is an insult. The independence of the Sovereign Pontiff cannot be sold for money. He rejected the appropriation with the scorn which it merited. The next article graciously allows him the use of the Vatican Palace, with its museums, the Lateran Palace, and the little villa at Castel Gandolfo. It is also ordained that the Vatican be exempt from all taxes, be they governmental, provincial, or communal. An incident occurs to our recollection in connection with this article, which merits recording. Last spring, an enormous deficit was found in the municipal accounts. There is always a deficit there, but it was only discovered last spring. The Conscript Fathers of the Capitoline went to work with a hearty good will to discover the cause. Interminable rows of figures were added up, investigations made, speeches delivered, but to no purpose. Fi-

nally, when despair was about to seize them, one genius jumped up from his seat, and yelled out, "I've got it! The Vatican has paid no water-tax for the last four years." The "ah!" of relief which escaped from the perplexed Fathers awoke her majesty, the wolf, who has her lair atop of the Capitoline Hill, where filial gratitude has established her in the enjoyment of *otium cum dignitate*. At this announcement, the hoary Sor Pietro arose from his seat and motioned silence. "If the Vatican does not pay, cut off the water." Having said this he sat down, much relieved. Meanwhile, the grand code of the kingdom of Italy contains a little paragraph, the tenor of which informs the law-student that the Vatican is free from all imposts, be they governmental, provincial, or communal. But these are little inadvertencies, insignificant peccadilloes, which are swallowed up in the very ocean of filial tenderness and religious devotion, set forth in Article 6. It is a solemn article, and makes provision for a solemn event. Without doubt, the member who arose to word the article took off his hat, and involuntarily bowed his head as he pronounced these memorable words. "During the vacancy of the Pontifical See, no authority, judiciary or political, can for any cause whatever, place hindrance or restriction on the personal liberty of the Cardinals. The government will provide, that the assemblies of the Conclave, and the Œcumenical Councils be not disturbed by any external violence." What a sage provision! It takes in every emergency. No power, judiciary or political, can interfere with the Conclave. This certainly disposes of Bismarck. Add to this, that the last clause takes a particular care of the mob. In short, the article leaves nothing to be desired but a moiety of good faith. Solemn though the article be, portentous the event for which it purposes to provide, it is found in bad company, and we doubt its sincerity. If the living Pope, whose gray hairs alone should command respect and reverence, be subject to the insults of a mob of assassins, the Conclave of Cardinals, who are to elect a new Pope, need expect but very little deference, either from the mob or the government, which thinks it politic to connive at their excesses. We are inclined to think, that when the Cardinals will have the sad but imperious necessity imposed upon them, of electing a successor to Pius IX, they will remember, not the sixth article of the law of the Papal Guarantees, but the election of Pius VII, accomplished in the little convent of the Benedictine Monks, standing on the little island of San Giorgio at Venice. As the Cardinals of those days would not intrust their liberty and their persons to a Napoleon, it is not likely that those of our own day will give themselves up to the dubious protection of a Savoyard. We have, in the conduct of the present Pontiff, a sure indication of what will happen after his death, in the matter of uniting the Conclave. If Pius IX refuses to reconvoke the Œcumenical Council of the Vatican, notwithstanding the solemn assurance of the Italian government, that its deliberations would not be disturbed by any external violence, with equal reason will the Cardinals hesitate about assembling for a purpose of such unusual importance as the election of a Pope. Article 9. "The Sovereign Pontiff is perfectly free to discharge all the functions of his spiritual ministry, and to affix the acts of the aforesaid ministry on the doors of the Basilicus and churches of Rome." Now the Pope cannot be conceived as discharging the functions of his sacred ministry alone, for the "church is necessarily a secular body administered by regular orders." We will cite here the pointed words of Mgr. Dupanloup, in his letter to Min-

ghetti. "And the first thing you did was to destroy these regular orders. Can there be a more manifest contradiction? And at this moment, you are giving the finishing stroke to your work, by destroying even the general houses of these orders. Near the Holy See, there existed mother-houses, a centre of government for those numerous communities of laborers scattered throughout the Christian world. There resided the generals of those orders, with their counsels, and in this manner the religious bodies were in constant communication with the head of the Church." It being a principle then, that the Pope governs the Universal Church by means of congregations and orders, it is clear that every blow aimed at these, interferes not only with the perfect liberty which he must enjoy in gathering around him men of his own choice to assist him, but also hampers the action of the Church in her most potent agency, that of the religious orders. The suppression of the religious orders, while violating the individual liberty of every religion, destroys also the liberty of the Sovereign Pontiff in a most important particular. This were deplorable enough, and more than sufficient to brand as a glaring falsehood the article just cited. But the worst was to come. Though the religious orders were suppressed, and the general houses done away with, so that, with the present generation of monks, the monastic spirit would perish, and with it the incalculable benefits which it brought upon Christian society, still the secular clergy remained unmolested, and from their ranks the Pope could hope to recruit his counsel. But the infamous law for the conscription of young clerics is a blow as fatal to the secular clergy in the end, as entire suppression has been to the religious orders. Where is the "perfect liberty" of the Pope to discharge all the functions of his spiritual ministry? With wonderful shrewdness, the government has not interfered directly with the personal liberty of the Pope, but it has, in an indirect manner, rendered him almost powerless in his action on the Church. Why prate to a man about liberty when you have incapacitated him in other ways to enjoy it! The Italian government has acted towards the Pope as brigands have been known to do with some of their prisoners—cut off their feet, and then tell them they are at liberty to escape. The thirteenth article is a particular proposition, a parody which dwindles into nothing in the face of an appalling truth: "In the city of Rome, and in the six suburban sees, the seminaries, academies, colleges, and other Catholic institutions, founded for the education and training of ecclesiastics, will continue to depend upon the Holy See alone, independently of any interference from the scholastic authorities of the kingdom." Signor Bonghi, the Minister of Public Instruction, has not been able as yet to conceive any measure which will directly affect the ecclesiastical seminaries. Indirectly, however, he has given them considerable trouble, on account of their secular day-scholars.

Since the occupation of Rome and the conversion of the Roman College into a government lyceum, and since the degeneration of the Roman University, many Catholic parents have been sending their children as day-scholars to the seminaries and ecclesiastical colleges, where they can complete their education as far as philosophy and ethics. Signor Bonghi is endeavoring to crush this, what he calls "latent influence of the priests upon seculars," and has already succeeded so far as to make all these "semi-ecclesiastics" pass a yearly examination before the faculty of the Roman Lyceum. He hasn't interfered directly with the ecclesiastics. But the annoyance, which Bonghi is powerless to effect,

has been inflicted severely by other departments of the state. The *Giunta Liquidatrice* has seized upon all their property, and sold it at public auction, while the tax-assessor has laid such heavy imposts upon the seminary buildings—all that was spared by the rapacious *Giunta*—that the article cited has been fulfilled to the letter; "the seminaries in Rome and the six suburban sees shall continue to depend upon the Holy See," that is to say, they have been so mercilessly beggared by the *Giunta Liquidatrice* and the tax-assessor, that they are depending almost entirely upon the personal charity of the Holy Father for their support. In this respect, the seminaries and ecclesiastical colleges shall continue to depend upon the Holy See alone.

We have now examined some of the principal articles of the Law of the Guarantees, touching the prerogatives of the Sovereign Pontiff and the Holy See. Before proceeding to draw any conclusions, we shall consider a few of the articles affecting the relations between Church and State. The first of these articles reads as follows: "All restriction on the right of reunion of the members of the Catholic Church is abolished." In direct contradiction to this law, we may cite the prohibition issued by the government authorities, to have solemn and public processions in the streets. We may recall the mind of the reader to the shameful scenes which transpired at the translation of the relics of St. Ambrose, a little over a year since, in the city of Milan. The public translation of the relics was interdicted by the prefect of the city, and we know that the government applauded his action. Not a public procession has been seen in the Eternal City since the occupation. In addition to this, we would call the reader's attention to the special penal laws, which were voted in the Italian Senate last spring, for the punishment of ecclesiastics who offend against the laws of the land in their discourses from the pulpit. We would invite particular attention to the circular of Minister Vigliani, issued last winter, in which the police authorities, and all those whose duty it is to provide for the public security, are earnestly requested to exercise a "*special surveillance*" over the discourses and popular instructions of the clergy. Besides, if all restriction on the reunion of the members of the Catholic clergy be abolished, by what right or title are they forbidden to live in communities? The law for the suppression of religious orders is in direct opposition to this article. Admitting even the distinction, that monastic bodies are not comprised in this insult of the government, still the law is a dead letter, or rather a *lying* letter, for the general law of suppression prohibits even members of the secular clergy from forming themselves into a community, and living under a common rule. Why are the Oratorians driven from their convents? Why are the possessions of the Redemptorist Fathers seized, and they themselves expelled from their home? Every confiscation of church property, every sale of the same, effected by the insatiable *Giunta Liquidatrice*, is a restriction of the government on the right of reunion of the members of the Catholic clergy. Article 16 of the Guarantees is observed, like the rest, by contraries. It is in the following terms: "The *exequatur* and royal *placet*, as also every other form of government assent, for the publication and execution of the acts of the ecclesiastical authorities, are abolished." To be summary with this article, it has as little regard for truth as possible. The *exequatur* and *regium placet* are *not* abolished, and the government insists most strenuously on their observance. It may be asked: What is the *exequatur*? What is the *placet*? They are in substance one and the same. Every newly appointed bish-

op, prior to his installation, is required to ask the permission of the government to take possession of his see. The permission, when granted, is called *exequatur*. Being installed in office, for every publication of important acts which he wishes to make, he is required to ask the permission of the local authorities. This permission is called a *placet*. The penalty for neglecting to observe these laws is expulsion from the episcopal residence, and deprivation of benefices in the first instance, and fines, perhaps imprisonment, according to the nature of the offence, in the second. Now, no Catholic bishop can, in conscience, ask for either the *exequatur* or the *placet*. By doing so, he would acknowledge that the validity of his appointment depended more materially on the good will of the king than upon the papal nomination, hence it is never asked. The consequence is, that quite a number of prelates have been driven from their residences, deprived of all support from the government, and are now living on the personal charity of the Pope. Nay more, instances are on record of poor bishops who are obliged to pay income tax on the charitable allowance of His Holiness. Within the past few weeks, the Bishops of Messina, Palermo, Poggia-Mirteto, and Imola, have been driven out of their palaces, because they had not asked for the *exequatur* at their installation. Indeed, the appointment of a bishop nowadays to any of the vacancies in the kingdom of Italy, is but the beginning of a series of struggles with the government, which only have an end when God calls the sufferer to himself. In many instances the people obviate this difficulty by asking, in their own name, for the *exequatur*. Sometimes the local authorities themselves petition the ministry for the royal permission. Thus, Mgr. Cecconi, the lately consecrated Bishop of Florence, so won all hearts, that the prefect of the city himself asked for and obtained the *exequatur*.

We have cited enough from the Law of the Guarantees to give the reader a notion of their character. To every article quoted, we have opposed undeniable facts, sufficient to prove that more attention was given to the formulæ than to their observance. Here is the concluding paragraph of the wondrous document: "We ordain that the present law, stamped with the seal of state, be inserted in the official collection of the laws and decrees of the kingdom of Italy, commanding whomsoever it may concern to observe it, and enforce its observance as a law of the state. Given at Turin, May 13th, 1871. Victor Emanuel." It was drawn up as a substitute for the temporal power of the Pope. His prerogatives as a sovereign were acknowledged. Every emergency was taken into consideration, every event calculated with great foresight, and suitable provisions adopted. A magnificent copy, elegantly bound, was sent to His Holiness, while the press proclaimed the event to the whole world. The Law of the Guarantees left nothing to be desired, so the salaried journals said, and it was a happy solution of the Roman question, and, at the same time, a standing monument to the generosity and devotion of the King of Italy to the Sovereign Pontiff. But the organs, which were so eager to trumpet to the world the promulgation of this law, kept a deep silence on its non-observance, and though the world knew of many of the facts here cited, it was only to the utter oblivion of the Guarantees. No one seemed to care or think about them after their publication, and the government cared less. They were sanctioned, and ordered to take effect as a law of the land, to obviate the necessity of the temporal principality of the Pope, and to justify its usurpation. We have seen, that they have not taken any effect in their most essential

particulars, consequently the necessity which it was intended they should remove remains as imperious as ever, and the "Justice of St. Peter" still clamors for satisfaction.

The Papal Guarantees have failed signally in this object; they have failed in themselves, for they never had any existence, because never observed. The only reality they can lay claim to, is the ambiguous reality which belongs to the memorandum of Viosonti-Penosta. They exist in the statute-book, nothing more. They are violated continually and flagrantly, yet we have not heard of condign punishment being inflicted upon any one. No lawyer has made a fee in defending them, and prosecuting the cause of the crown; no pettifogger has ever had occasion to quibble upon them, in defence of a culprit, and the independence of the Sovereign Pontiff is still in the thraldom to which it was consigned on the 20th of September, 1870, and he himself, only a subject of the Italian government. We have reasoned this far in the hypothesis, that if the Law of the Papal Guarantees was strictly observed, it would have accomplished its purpose, and satisfied the claims of St. Peter. But it was only a hypothesis, and we intimated as much in the beginning, when we hinted at the inability of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies to offer guarantees to the Sovereign Pontiff. The Pope is a sovereign. His despoilers admit that fact. The lying monster which we have just been considering, accords sovereign honors to him in the same terms as they would be given to the King of Italy himself. Let it be borne in mind, that these honors are granted to him, not simply because he *is* a spiritual sovereign, but because he *was* a temporal monarch. Looking at the Pope merely as a temporal sovereign, despoiled of his territory, and robbed of every vestige of royalty, it is patent that his case *should* be considered and settled, not by the unconscionable minions of the government that despoiled him, for though bereft of his royalty, he is superior to their judgment, but by his own equals. As a sovereign, his cause could only be discussed by sovereigns assembled in common council. Such is the law, or rather such the custom, and custom in this instance constitutes the law. Small though the dominions of the Pope may have been on the map of Europe, yet his political influence was inferior to none. Nay, though it was nominally slighted by modern upstarts, and we locate these in the vicinity of the Rhine, yet, despite their studied system of ignoring him, they felt, and both tacitly and indirectly acknowledged, the important part which he took in the affairs of European nations. Such being the case, it is patent to every one, that the Italian Parliament, and an approving Senate, had no more right or power to make dispositions for the Pope, than any other parliament of Europe. The fact that he was their victim, and in their power, did not endow them with the right which they arrogated to themselves, with an impudence which is the more glaring in the contemptible cowards which we know them to be. But the Pope is a spiritual sovereign, exercising supreme sway over two hundred millions of souls, scattered over the whole world. In this capacity his situation is essentially international. His wellbeing is, therefore, inseparably linked with the wellbeing of every nation on the globe, which counts among its population a considerable number of Catholics. We have considered the temporal and spiritual separately in the Pope. But a prescription of ten centuries joined these two by a tie so strong, so just, so sacred, that they could not be separated without detriment to, it is enough for our present purpose to say, the spiritual. But the spiritual, from its universal character,

makes him, so to speak, a universal sovereign, raises him high above the influence of any particular nation, so that none but a council of the nations can deliberate on his affairs, and history tells us that this was done in the past with becoming deference and veneration for his sacred character. Viewing the matter in this light, the utter powerlessness of the Italian government to provide for the Pope becomes doubly apparent, and the Law of the Papal Guarantees, as voted by the Senate and Parliament, becomes a most insulting parody upon power, as well as upon truth. It is an intolerable mockery, for while investing him with sovereign attributes, it presumes, at the same time, to dispose of him as of the commonest subject in the land. If he be a sovereign, it is insulting in the Italian government to presume to offer him guarantees. If he be but a subject, the condescension is anomalous. One more consideration, and we shall have done. The character of the Sovereign Pontiff, and the incomparable magnitude and importance of the interests which are centred in him, demand that his condition, even as a unit in the world, be not subject to the whims and vicissitudes to which the other sovereigns and people are subject. 'Tis true, he has always been obliged to battle with the world, with its pride, with its arrogance, with its rapacity, with its insatiable ambition, as personified in many of its rulers. He is necessarily the champion of truth and justice. But he has always defended them from his own citadel, within his own stronghold, where Providence placed him many centuries ago. His long sojourn there will bear us out in presuming, that it was the will of Divine Providence that he should remain there, and moreover, that his condition in the world should be a fixture, not subject to change or revolution of any kind. He has always been independent enough to rule the Church efficiently, and he has not been beholden to any particular sovereign. Now let us suppose again, that it be the will of Providence, we only suppose, that men should take upon themselves the care of the Sovereign Pontiff, nay, that this care was in the especial province of the Italian government. The Papal Guarantees, as they stand now, are an evidence of what the Italians can do for the Pope. But if they do not abide by the Guarantees, and this is deplorably the case, to whom are they responsible? Ah! there's the rub. There is where the Macchiavellian shrewdness of these equivocators comes out in bold relief. They simply say, as they do of any law, "We have sanctioned, and do promulgate what follows!" But who is to insist upon the promulgation and observance of what follows? No one. They have pledged themselves to no one. They are responsible to none of the European powers. They have the Pope all to themselves. They can dispose of him as they will, and at most, to satisfy Europe's curiosity, they hold up that collection of flagrant falsehoods, the Guarantees. But the same Parliament and Senate which said, "The privileges in favor of the ecclesiastics, in the matter of conscription, are abrogated," can say to-morrow, "We abrogate the Law of the Papal Guarantees." They made a show last spring of being honorable, and refused to modify or abolish the law, as Bismarck desired. But they *did* take up the matter for consideration, and this proves that the law, even in the statutes, has as precarious an existence as any other law recorded therein. This very possibility there of abrogation, makes the Law of the Papal Guarantees inefficient to insure the liberty, independence, and untrammelled action of the Sovereign Pontiff. They are open to condemnation in this particular, and the

condemnation is so destructive, that no efficiency at all is left in the Papal Guarantees. Last, but not the least powerful consideration of all, the Pope himself has steadfastly refused to receive them from the beginning. Looking upon them as a mere favor (and the Italians thought them such), the Guarantees could not be forced upon the Pope, hence they were always without effect. He condemned them as a lot of equivocations, gotten up to deceive the people. He condemned them because neither the Italian government, nor any other individual power of earth, is capable of discussing his interests and providing for them. He condemned them, in fine, because they were sanctioned, not with the honest purpose of establishing the head of the Church in a condition of peace and sovereign independence, but to legitimize, in the opinion of the world, a robbery, which can never be justified, save by restoring the "Justice of St. Peter."

MY TWO PARTNERS.

I.

WHY do men become chimney-sweeps, dust-contractors, sausage-makers, meat-salesmen, and soap-manufacturers? Why do men in large orchestras play upon kettle-drums, cymbals, trombones, and serpents, instead of choosing violins, flutes, and clarinets? I cannot make it out.

II.

I AWOKE one morning, and found myself a man of property. A man of property! There is a bitter mockery concealed in those words. My uncle had died suddenly, without a will, and I was his heir. Heir to what? A distinct and gigantic nuisance; a bone-boiling factory! Inscrutable fate! My mother on her deathbed had exhorted me to be genteel; she had left me a genteel income; and I had lived a genteel life. It was all over now. At the early age of twenty-five, with the romantic name of Edwin Gazelle, I was sucked into the vortex of trade. And such a trade!

III.

I WENT over my new possessions. It was a hard, sad task. I saw in the distance, a bleak, bare wharf, which they told me was mine; but I did not venture personally to measure its extent. I saw several rotten-looking barges lying off this wharf, and, in them several men, who seemed to be dancing and chirruping in the mud. They cheered me vigorously from the depths of their unwholesome craft; and I gave them beer. They were happy; happier than their new master, who was obliged to conceal his conflicting emotions.

"Shall I put your name, sir, upon the barge?" asked my late uncle's chief elerk, who was now my managing man.

"Not at present, Steevens," I replied, with a shudder, "not at present. O, certainly not at present."

We proceeded to the bone-boiling factory; the chief of my new possessions. I had come into my property, and I was compelled, in common decency, to go over it; but there are certain things that a man is not equal to, even when interest and curiosity prompt him to undertake the task. The factory

was large, busy, and situated near an important main road; and, at the moment I approached it, the least endurable part of its manufacturing process was in full operation.

"Steevens," I said faintly, "where is the chief counting-house?"

"In the centre of the factory yard," replied my managing man.

"Then, Steevens," I returned, holding my scented handkerchief to my nose, "as I have an appointment now, you shall bring the books and papers to my rooms at six o'clock this evening."

At the time fixed he came, in company with one Mr. Nickel, a friend of mine of experienced business habits. We employed ourselves till nearly midnight. The examination, as far as I could make out, went to show that the property, if rather repulsive, was decidedly lucrative. It was agreed that, to advertise it for sale, was worse than useless; and, appointing my friend as general inspector, to look after my interest, I accepted my destiny. From that hour I was a bone-boiler.

IV.

I HAD command of wealth, but I was not happy. Although I did not alter my style of living, I felt that I was no longer the same individual. I had bartered my soul for worldly goods, and the cold shadow of the eternal factory was always darkening my heart. I still moved in the same circles as I had moved in before. I was still the same eligible single man. I was still five feet five inches in height; my appearance still preserved its pleasing, if not commanding expression; and yet I was not happy. The name of bone-boiler was always hissing in my ears. The horrid effluvium, which had always prevented me from exploring my own premises, seemed to cling to my clothes, and exude from the roots of my hair.

I was now nervous and diffident; for I was moving in society under the false pretences. Carefully as I had maintained the secret of my connection with the repulsive factory, and its very repulsive adjuncts, I could not be certain that others had been equally discreet, and, in every sly glance, every whisper, and every titter, I seemed to read the discovery of my imposition. The blow might fall at any instant, and I lived in dread.

V.

IT was near the close of May, when I received my usual invitation for Mrs. Buckram's second annual ball. I was supposed to be the same young, idle lounger with expectations, living in chambers, as I was some months before; and scores of such invitations came to me in the course of the year. I accepted this one gladly, for I knew that SHE would be there—Emma Sandford, Mrs. Buckram's niece, and the fairest and sweetest of her sex.

The night of the ball came, and with it all that I had anticipated, even in my fondest dreams. She was fairer and more amiable than ever, and she devoted so much of her time to me in the dance, that most of the visitors thought we were engaged really. When nearly all the dancers were down in the supper-room, we found ourselves upon a balcony, looking into the garden. My lips had long been struggling to disclose my love; and my honor told me that, at the same moment, I ought to state fully and unhesitatingly who I was—what I was. The situation in which we were unexpectedly placed (was it quite unexpectedly?) gave eloquence to my tongue.

"Miss Sandford—Emma—" I said, "I dare not speak to you upon the subject that is weighing on my heart, until I have made a full and honorable disclosure. I am not—I am not what I seem!"

"Good gracious!" gasped the blushing and trembling Emma.

"Yes," I continued, "at the same moment in which I tell you that I love you, I tell you that I am—a bone-boiler!"

She sank upon a rustic seat, but quickly recovered herself.

"A bone-boiler?" she muttered in her sweetest tones, evidently relieved by finding that I was not, as she had seemingly expected, a man of crime; "a bone-boiler, Edwin; and what is that?"

Beautiful simplicity! Troublesome question!

"Well, dearest," I replied, getting more confident, now that I had made the revelation, "I scarcely know, as I go so seldom to the works; but they boil bones—"

"Works? bones?" she interrupted evidently full of some sudden idea. "Speak, Edwin, tell me—where is this establishment—this factory? you know what I mean."

"My property, Emma?"

"Yes."

"About three miles out of town, on the Downham Road."

"Near the church?"

"Near the church."

"Then we are lost!"

"Lost?"

"Yes, Edwin," she returned, in sorrowful tones, "it is within a stone's throw of my father's freehold villa; and it is the one nuisance which embitters his life."

What reply I might have made to this I can scarcely tell; for, at that moment, Mr. Sandford, a stately man of severe aspect, entered the balcony.

"Emma!" he said, sternly to her, as he frowned at me, "I have been searching for you everywhere. Wish your aunt good-night."

Emma gave me one tender, sorrowful glance, and left the place followed by her father.

VI.

THE next day was a busy one, at least for me. I wrote to my manager at the works to cease operation for several days, and he replied that this could not be done. He would boil as little as possible; but boil he must. My object was to prevent the nuisance being very obtrusive at the exact moment of my visit to Mr. Sandford.

I went to Downham Road about midday, and I was shown into Mr. Sandford's study. There was one large French window which opened upon an extensive ornamental garden; and, in the distance, just over the glass of a conservatory, I saw the two black, smoking chimneys of my bone-boiling works. Under any circumstances my errand was an excuse for nervousness, and my peculiar adjacent property did not add to my calmness.

In about five minutes, Mr. Sandford entered the apartment, very stiff and severe in his manner, as he motioned me to a seat.

"Sir," he said, "after the conference between you and my daughter, which I interrupted last night, I am not altogether unaware of the object of your visit. Take a chair."

This opening was chilling, and calculated to increase my trepidation. I made no reply.

"Sir," he continued, in a severe tone, "the first question which a parent very naturally puts to a gentleman in your position is, What are his means for supporting a matrimonial establishment? May I put that question to you, Mr. Gaz—, Gaz—"

"Mr. Gazelle, I answered."

"Mr. Gazelle?" he inquired.

I was about to reply to this very troublesome, but fully expected question, when with fear and horror, I observed a dense volume of smoke issuing from both my factory chimneys, and I was made painfully conscious, at the same moment, of a very disagreeable, not to say sickening effluvium, which floated towards us over the garden and through the open doors. I coughed and moved uneasily in my chair, while Mr. Sandford lit several pastiles on the

mantel-shelf, and closed the garden window with a hasty bang.

"Go on," he said, in an excited manner, "go on; nothing but a Chancery injunction will stop this. Night or day—it's always the same. My chrysanthemums withered with smoke; my family poisoned with effluvium—"

"It's very annoying," I said, "but—"

"It's more than annoying, sir," he interrupted, "it's illegal, sir. They are bound down never to boil bones when the wind is in the south, and I only ask you to look at that weathercock over the conservatory. Look at it carefully, sir; you may be useful as evidence."

"That, Mr. Sandford," I said, with attempted firmness, "I am afraid can never be."

"Sir," he ejaculated, in astonishment.

"The law, sir," I remarked, "protects a man from incriminating himself."

"You?" said Mr. Sandford, converting his brow into a tall note of interrogation.

"Yes, sir, I am the proprietor of those works," I replied, with a nervous gulp, feeling that all was over.

It was now Mr. Sanford's turn to be discomposed; but he soon recovered himself.

"And you come here, sir," he said, red with anger, "to ask my consent to my daughter's union with an illegal and a pestilental nuisance?"

"Mr. Sandford," I began to reply, deprecatingly:

"Go, sir," he interrupted with irritating, though pathetic, dignity; "go; you have polluted my home. You have made the ark of my declining years unbearable; but you shall not rob me of my child!"

"You decline my offer?" I inquired with considerable spirit; for I now felt indignant and aroused.

"Good morning, sir!" he said, with a majestic wave of his hand. "Good morning!"

In the passage I came full in the arms of my beloved and anxious Emma, who had evidently been listening.

"O Edwin," she exclaimed, "is papa indeed inexorable,—and are we to part thus?"

I could not trust myself to speak, but fled from the place.

VII.

SCARCELY knowing what I did I rushed to the works. The men were all on duty, with Steevens, the manager, and my friend, the inspector.

"Boil!" I shouted, in my excitement; "Boil like mad!"

My two managers looked at each other, and then looked at me, but they made no remark.

"Pile up," I continued, "mountains high, and let no copper in the place be other than a cauldron of bubbling stench."

"You are aware, sir," replied Steevens, "that we are already threatened by the inhabitants with proceedings for creating a nuisance?"

"And especially by one Mr. Sandford," interrupted Mr. Nickel.

"Gentlemen!" I exclaimed, becoming more excited on hearing the name of that obdurate parent; "you are the managers here, but I am the master. Boil, I say, to the utmost verge of your power!"

The order was obeyed without further remonstrance; and in half an hour the neighborhood must have been sickening under our repulsive activity. What was my design? I hardly knew. Perhaps to storm my enemy into compliance? To reach him I was compelled to annoy the innocent; and, while I gloated in imagination over his sufferings, I was painfully conscious that my own Emma must be affected by the same poisonous vapor.

At this thought a momentary weakness impelled me to stop the busy

nuisance; but I checked it at once, when I remembered the contempt I had met with. The smoke rose higher and higher, and rolled in majestic volumes of effluvium over my enemy's villa. I was amply revenged; and, as the works became unbearable, I began to feel dizzy, and turned my steps in the direction of home.

VIII.

THE excitement had preyed upon my health and I was not able to leave my residence for several days. At the end of this time I went once more into the world, and wandered by a mysterious impulse towards the Downham Road. I approached Mr. Sandford's villa with no definite design. I had not determined to call, but I was curious to see the place. A mild flavor of the works still hung over the neighborhood, and I judged from this that my instructions had not been neglected. When I reached the villa, my heart sunk within me; for I found the shutters of every window closed, except those of the kitchen. A dreadful thought suggested itself. Could I have caused a death in the family?

Regardless of everything, I hastily rang the bell; and it was answered by an old char-woman.

"Is she—is any one dead?" I asked, breathlessly.

"Lauk-a-daisy, sir," she replied, "you give me quite a turn!"

"Is any one dead in this house?" I repeated.

"No, sir," she replied, in a nervous manner.

"Why are the shutters closed, then?"

"Well, sir, I don't know who you may be—"

"Why are they closed?"

"Becos the fam'ly couldn't stand them stinkin' works, an' they've gone out o'town."

"Madman." I muttered to myself; "I have driven them into exile."

I asked the old woman where they had gone; but, of course, she could not tell; for the address, as usual, had been written on a piece of paper which she had lost or mislaid.

"It's some town as begins with a P," she said.

"There are five hundred such towns!" I replied.

IX.

A DAY of misery and a night of restlessness were recompensed by an announcement which I read in the second column of the next morning's paper.

EDWIN G—Z—LE.—The Chain Pier every morning at nine. The air on the Downs is bracing, but it has no charms for me. Better the smoke of a hundred b—e b—ng factories if thou wert only near.
EMMA S.

I read with eager and dazzled eyes, and I could not doubt that this paragraph was meant for me. The pointed mention of the Chain Pier and the Downs, directed me to B—and, rejecting the old woman's statement that the town began with a P, I prepared at once to start for that fashionable watering-place. A few minutes before I sent for the cab, a letter without a signature, written in a strange hand, and directed to me, arrived through the post. Its contents were as follows:

Beware of Mr. Sandford, who is nothing but a respectable adventurer. Far from having any objection to your marriage with his daughter, he is only too anxious to bring about the match; but, in such a way that no questions shall be asked concerning his child's prospects or wedding portion. Pause, and reflect.
YOUR WELL-WISHER.

I treated this base missive with the contempt it deserved. If it had contained any libel upon her whom I was flying to meet, I would have found out the writer at any cost; but, as it merely confined itself to remarks upon her parent, I put it in my pocket, and thought no more about it. In a few hours I was at my journey's end, gazing upon the sad sea waves.

X.

THE afternoon and evening passed wearily enough; for she was not to

be seen. I sought her on the beach —the promenade—and in the assembly rooms, but without success. I felt that I was rash in betraying my arrival in places where I might be discovered by Mr. Sandford; but I could not control my impatience until the morning. As dusk approached I gave up the search and settled down to a late and solitary dinner in the melancholy coffee-room of my hotel. The cutlet was tough; the wine was hot and acid; the waiter painfully obsequious; a clock was ticking with maddening regularity, and a fellow-visitor, who ought to have been sociable, was glaring at me ever and anon from an opposite table. At times the thought came across me that I might have been deceived by the advertisement, and my only comfort was to stick it before me against the cruet-stand, and read it all through the meal.

At last the morning came, and, at the appointed time, I hastened to the pier. The direction was right. I was not deceived. She stood before me more lovely than ever. I asked, after the first salutations were over, at what hotel or lodging they were staying; and was answered, "At neither."

"Where then," I inquired, perceiving some hesitation on the part of the lovely Emma, "if not at one of these usual places?"

"At an uncle's, Edwin," she replied, in a sorrowful tone; "would that it had been otherwise."

"Tell me more, Emma," I replied, "for there is something which you are concealing from me."

"It is a cousin, Edwin."

"A cousin, Emma?"

"Yes. They call him refined; because he does nothing but smoke, play at billiards, and spend half his time in a yacht; but he is no favorite of mine; and rather than marry him—"

"*Marry* him, Emma! Surely your father can have no such design?"

"It is too true, Edwin; and any day I may be compelled to bid adieu to you forever."

"This shall not be! Fly with me, Emma; fly from this fashionable and detestable place."

"I cannot, Edwin. Where can I go?—unless—"

"Speak; I will take you anywhere; but fly, and fly at once."

"To my Aunt Buckram's then. She will do anything I ask her."

In a few hours we had reached the desired haven, and the next morning saw us man and wife.

XI.

My honeymoon was not without its troubles, though my wife was not the cause of them. My friend, Mr. Nickel (whom I suspected of having written the anonymous letter), departed one morning from his post as my factory-inspector, with a considerable sum of money which he never accounted for. On the next day to the one on which he left the country, my father-in-law, Mr. Sandford, made his appearance; calling upon us suddenly as we were seated at breakfast.

"I come here," he said, "in no spirit of enmity. You have acted without my consent, but I freely forgive you. The portion I might have given my daughter, Emma, if the marriage had been conducted in the regular way, will now remain a secret until after my death."

After we had thanked him for his kindness, and had wished him a life as long as Methuselah's, he continued:

"I am not surprised that your inspector, Mr. Nickel, betrayed his trust, and embezzled your property. I knew him some years ago, and I never had a favorable opinion of him."

"Is it possible?" I exclaimed.

"You are young and inexperienced," he continued, "and I am a man of the world. Go and enjoy yourselves while you can,

and, repugnant as the bone-boiling establishment is to me, I will look after your interests—as a father."

"Mr. Sandford," I replied, "I cannot allow this generous sacrifice. After all that you have said regarding this repulsive business—"

"I only do my duty," he interrupted. "One member of my family has already become your partner for life. I propose to join the firm also. From this hour you will consider me your acting partner."

And he became a partner; I scarcely know how. Sometimes I think of the anonymous letter, and suspect his disinterestedness; but one glance at my gentle and amiable wife reconciles me to all.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE project of changing the course of the Tiber seems to have been entirely given up. It was evident from the beginning that the Italian government had no serious intention of backing up Garibaldi in his visionary projects with substantial aid. In fact it had not the money to spare even if it had been disposed to expend it. The parasites who fatten on the public treasury have exhausted not only the legitimate revenues of the government, but also the immense sums which have been acquired by stealing the property of the religious orders and of charitable societies. Capitalists were too sagacious to invest in a project which almost every one but Garibaldi knew was impracticable, except under the penalty of an epidemic, which would practically depopulate Rome.

Under Papal governments the matter had been frequently and carefully examined by skilful engineers, and the conclusion always arrived at was that sanitary reasons dictated non-interference with the course of the Tiber. If the river were turned from its channel the immense amount of decayed matter which has accumulated in its bed, if exposed to the sun and the action of the air, would certainly generate a fatal miasma.

About fifty years ago certain Jews offered the Pope a sum amounting to nearly five millions of dollars to induce him to allow the course of the river to be diverted and its bed to be cleared. They proposed to give up all the works of art they might discover, but to retain whatever treasures of gold and silver they could find.

The Pope refused the offer because of the sanitary reasons already mentioned. The bed of the Tiber is covered with a soft, almost semifluid mud, of great depth, into which all articles cast into the river immediately sink. There they remain, and are not carried by the waters towards the sea. The accumulation of works of art, of gold and silver jewels, and vases filled with coin, thrown into the Tiber during the many sieges which Rome has sustained is immense. Among these is the golden candlestick of seven branches, which once ornamented the temple at Jerusalem. It was thrown into the Tiber below the Ponto Roto. There, along with many other articles of inestimable value, it will probably remain forever.

CABLE dispatches from Europe continue to assure us of the peaceful settlement of the Herzegovina difficulty. At the same time it is a fact which cannot be concealed that the people of Servia and Montenegro, and of adjoining Turkish provinces, are ripe for a war against the Sultan of Turkey. Secret enlistments, too, it is said, have been made in Italy and southeastern Austria, and the rebellion against Turkey may break out again at any moment. Both Austria and Russia disclaim any desire for the extension of their territorial limits by the annexation of any of the Sclavonic provinces of Turkey. But it is plain that, eventually, they must either be annexed by one or the other of these powers, or be divided between them, or else constituted an independent confederacy. The latter neither Russia nor Austria would allow. Neither would either be willing to permit their absorption by the other. The difficulty of making a partition of them between the two powers satisfactory to both amounts almost to an impossibility. The consequence of this is their allowing and encouraging Turkey to put down by force the uprising in the Herzegovina. But the fire still smoulders there, and the flames of insurrection may break out again with increased violence at any time.

Meanwhile, the semi-official journal of the Turkish government, at Constantinople, speaks in a defiant tone respecting any interference by the great European powers. It says that they have all had to contend with

political and religious troubles among their peoples, and would have indignantly resented any foreign interference in their domestic affairs. It affirms that Turkey has an army of 800,000 soldiers, armed with breech-loaders and Krupp cannon, and is abundantly able to put down any rebellion that may arise within her territory; that the Turks "are well aware that every inch of Turkish territory has been watered with the blood of their ancestors, and are determined to hold on to it, and defend it" against either rebel inhabitants or foreign invaders.

IT is very gratifying to find how useful Catholics are in this country. We are useful to fight, for about 500,000 Catholics fought bravely for the Union during the war. We are useful to assist to support an unsectarian system of education which is practically anticatholic. We are very useful to vote other people into offices. Our priests are very useful occasionally in pacifying Indian tribes, like good Father De Smet often did.

Is it generally known that English Catholics have schools of their own, liberally assisted by government aid, and that Catholic priests are employed and remunerated for their services as chaplains in the army, the navy, and in prisons? Is it known that in some of the colonies of the British empire the Catholic Church is almost treated as the established church of the country?

Certainly, when we reflect on these facts, we are tempted to believe that the English Catholics are better off than we are here; but, on further reflection, we find this unjust to our fellow-countrymen, whose errors and shortcomings towards Catholics do not proceed from that crass bigotry which marks the feelings of the middle classes in England towards Catholics, but simply from want of due attention and interest to the matters of which we complain.

Absorbed with the demands of business or pleasure, Americans often suffer gross abuses, political, social, and religious, to remain unredressed, because they do not perceive them. Too often, also, everything is viewed in a party light, and when the claims of justice are urged, our leaders consider, "How will this affect our political position? Will it make capital for the Democrats or for the Republicans?" Thus the public wellbeing is ignored, and abuses go on till they reach a head, when some acute politician seizes the favorable moment and puts himself forward as the "champion reformer of the day."

GREAT efforts are being made in Germany and Ireland, as well as in this country, to improve church music. The Cecilia Society of the United States met at Dayton, Ohio, on the 17th of September, when Palestrina's music was rendered by two hundred voices, under the directorship of Prof. Singenberger, of Milwaukee. Bishop Tœbbe, of Covington, delivered the sermon, and the Society adjourned to meet at Baltimore in 1876.

There is no question but that the music of the Church is the Gregorian Plain Chant; other music is permitted. This method of singing is very ancient, having been introduced by Pope Gregory the Great in the sixth century. It has been indorsed and recommended by numerous pontiffs and synods. At the present time, De Witt, in Germany, and Herr Pustet, in the same country, have bestowed particular attention to it; and the *New York Herald's* correspondent, writing from Maynooth, at the opening of the Synod, says:

"High mass followed, at which the Cardinal, as President of the Council and Papal Delegate, was celebrant. The music was Gregorian, sung in the Ratisbon style, which De Witt, Pustet, and others are striving to propagate all over Germany. It is a great improvement on the old style Gregorian." In this Ratisbon Gradual, at it is called, is every single feast, up to the present time, completely set to music; every note of which has passed the criticism and received the sanction of a commission appointed by the Holy Father.

THERE are few phrases so awkward, ambiguous, and really meaningless than the saying, "Politics and religion have nothing to do with each other." What is meant by this? If it means that those intrusted with power should have no religion or conscience, the sentiment is certainly a shocking one, and, if carried out, would give knaves, swindlers, and villains a preference over good and honest men. If it means that the belief of the citizens should not affect their political actions, it states what is a foolish absurdity and impossibility in many cases. When, for example, political parties are divided on financial questions, or on the expediency of free trade or protection, or on the question of peace or war, or similar questions, then a man's religious opinions would not be likely to influence his votes.

In Southern Ireland and in Eastern Canada, or the province of Quebec, where Catholics largely predominate, their votes are often cast for Protestants, if they accurately represent their political opinions. In the United States Catholics are notoriously in the habit of making no religious discriminations in their choice of political candidates to vote for. But Catholics would be self-stultified to vote for "Know-Nothing" candidates, or for any one who assails their religion as dangerous to the republic, or

who would wish to deprive them of any of their natural or constitutional rights.

ONE of the most common topics of declamation against the Catholic Church is the large cost of maintaining its clergy and religious. Political economists object to the large amounts of land attached to convents and other religious houses, and to large sums of money not actively employed in trade. Pseudo-philanthropists, whose mouths are filled with platitudes about the improvement of the good of mankind, and the improvement of the condition of the poor, but whose actions too often fail entirely to correspond with their words, lift up their hands and cry out, "Why this waste?" at the expensive ornamentation of churches, and the treasure that is laid upon the altar in honor of the blessed sacrament.

We do not propose to refute the argument, but simply to show that even if the fallacy on which it is based were true, still it is not for human governments to undertake to reform the "abuse" until they "swept before their own doors," nor for these blatant "friends of the poor" and politico-economical philosophers to be straining at gnats in the expenditures of the Church, and "swallowing camels" in those of secular governments.

Here is a statement compiled by a German statistician of the salaries of the different monarchs of Europe:

"Alexander II, Czar of Russia, $9,125,000, or $25,000 a day; Abdul Azir, Sultan of Turkey, $9,000,000, or $24,650 a day; Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, $3,850,000, or $10,500 a day; Frederick William II, Emperor of Germany, $3,000,000, or $8210 a day; Victor Emanuel, $2,400,000, or $6840 a day; Victoria, Queen of Great Britain, $2,000,000, or $6270 a day; Leopold, King of Bavaria, $600,000, or $1643 a day. In addition to these salaries each of these persons is furnished with from a dozen to fifty palaces, country seats, etc., etc., to live in rent free."

SOCIALISM is spreading with great rapidity in Russia. Recently a large number of persons, women as well as men, were indicted for participating in the movement. It is said that very many of its most ardent supporters belong to the higher classes of society, among whom are retired army officers, civil functionaries of every grade, professors, and ladies of high rank. It is said that the socialists only await an opportunity, such as a foreign war would give them, to organize a revolution, and put their abominable notions into operation.

The existence of such a state of things in Russia is not at all surprising. The government is a despotism. The free exercise of the Catholic religion is not allowed, and in many provinces of Russia Catholics are persecuted.

The so-called Russo-Greek Church is the slave of the government, and acknowledges the Czar as its spiritual head. There is no religious influence, therefore, to hold back the people from looking to Socialism as a substitute for the crying evils which now oppress them.

THE Catholic Church in British America has been attracting considerable attention lately. The Guibord affair, in Montreal, has been already treated of in these notes. On the 26th of September the Provincial Council of the Ecclesiastical Province of Toronto assembled at Toronto, when the Right Rev. Bishop Walsh, of London, preached the sermon. The jubilee exercises and pilgrimages also took place at Toronto on this day, when a mob of Orangemen, who are very numerous in the province of Ontario, attacked the pilgrims, assaulting them with volleys of stones, and wounded some forty persons. This outrageous assault was wholly unprovoked.

The archdiocese of Toronto contains the sees of Toronto, Kingston, Hamilton, London, and the vicariate apostolic of northern Canada. It has one hundred and seventy-seven priests and two hundred and fifty Catholic churches.

THE new cathedral in the City of New York will certainly be a splendid edifice, and will compare in some degree with the cathedrals of Europe erected in former ages, especially when we reflect that sometimes from half a century to several centuries were consumed in the erection of the latter. The diocese of New York will defray the expenses of the altar, which will cost $250,000, and will be composed of white marble. It will have a stylobate and reredos, with spires and tower, all composed of rich and variously colored marbles. The workmanship of this altar will be performed part at Rome, by Carminini, and part in France, by Guibe. It will be set up by the fall of next year.

The main roof of the cathedral is nearly completed, and the groving of the arches in the interior has been commenced. The stained glass windows will soon be in place.

OPEN-AIR preaching has been claimed as a device of the Methodists, for reaching those who would not go to church. But in English and continental villages may be seen to this day fragments of the large stone cross, erected in the village street, a little way from the roadside, which was approached by steps.

On the highest of these steps, as from a pulpit, the Dominican or Franciscan friar often delivered his simple and earnest appeal. Of late years, also, a large number of beautiful new hymns, devotional prayers, and apt illustrations of spiritual things, have appeared; but it is not generally known that many of these have been gathered out of old books, dust-covered and moth-eaten, which have long slumbered on the shelves of libraries, while their Catholic authors have slept the sleep of the just for centuries.

EVERY order in the Church will soon be well represented in America. The abbots of Mount Mellary, in Ireland, Sept Fonds in France, and Mariastern, in Turkey, all of the Trappist order of monks, have decided to purchase land in Maryland, and to establish a house in the United States, and have appointed as their agent Brother Francis de Sales. The order of Trappists is the severest order in the Catholic Church. They are blacksmiths, shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, farmers, dairymen, and millwrights. They fast severely, never speak save when absolutely necessary, sleep little, take no recreation, and pray and meditate much. Two hundred are expected in December. There is already a small settlement of the same order at New Mellary, in the State of Iowa.

DE MAISTRE, Lacordaire, Dupanloup, Montalembert, Chateaubriand, are some of the great names which have reflected honor on the Catholics of France within this century. As regards the latter, he declared, when he wrote his *Genie du Christianisme*, that he intended it to show that "of all religions which have ever existed the Christian religion is the most poetic, the most humane, the most favorable to liberty, arts, and letters; that the modern world owes to it everything, from agriculture to the abstract sciences, from the hospitals for the sick to the temples built by Michael Angelo and decorated by Raphael; that there is nothing more divine than its morality, nothing more to be loved than its dogmas, its doctrines, and its rites; that it favors genius, refines tastes, develops virtuous passions, gives vigor to thought, offers noble forms to the poet, and perfect models to the artist."

A monument to Chateaubriand was inaugurated, at St. Malo, in Brittany, his birthplace, on the 5th of September. It was in 1801, the very year of Bonaparte's concordat with the Holy See for restoring Christianity to France, that Chateaubriand published that great work, the *Genie du Christianisme*. It is admitted by all, that this book was one of the most powerful means in commencing the Catholic revival which to-day is so powerful in France.

THE progress and the influence of the Catholic Church in America has attracted the attention of two English leading dailies, the *Times* and the *Daily News*. The former says: "American Catholics are building splendid churches and spreading rapidly. They have gained great political power, and they sometimes control the elections of certain towns. With much foresight they have bought large strips of land by the side of the railways which run westward, and thus their Church will soon have a princely endowment. They may also win many converts from rich classes, eager to find some greater relief from the bareness of Democracy than the bareness of Protestantism."

RECENT events in Asia give increased significance to the movements of Russia in extending her influence and political control southward and eastward. She is building a railroad, and also constructing a canal, to facilitate easy communication between the Caspian and Aral Seas. Bokhara and Khokan, and the countries which they dominate, are practically in the hands of Russia. Herat and the Cabool will soon be placed within easy reach of Russian military posts on the south and Cashgar on the east. Thus England may expect, if the Russian movement continues, to have Russia as an immediate neighbor to the India territory of the Punjaub, upon both the west and the north.

OLD Catholic ideas and practices are often unearthed and paraded as "new," "modern," and "progressive inventions." What are trades' unions but a revival of the guilds of the Middle Ages. These guilds, which flourished hundreds of years ago under the protection of the Church, and always chose some saint as patron, in the same way that rosary societies are under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin—these guilds had many members, who associated for mutual support, for relief in case of sickness or death, and also to maintain the rights and usages of the trade, as do modern trades' unionists.

CATHEDRAL building is going on very actively in America at the present time. To say nothing of the New York cathedral, which, commenced by Archbishop Hughes, is still in progress, a fine new cathedral is being built by Bishop Gross at Savannah, which will cost $300,000. The corner-stone of the new cathedral at Erie, Pa., to cost $150,000, was laid lately by Bishop Mullen. The cathedral of Boston will be dedicated by Archbishop Williams on December 8th; and the foundation-stone of a new cathedral for the diocese of Green Bay, Wisconsin, will be laid this fall.

THE National Synod of the Catholic Church in Ireland, his Eminence Cardinal Cullen presiding, assembled at Maynooth College on August 31st, and closed its sessions on September 20th. The Bishops have issued a pastoral, in which they announce their intention of establishing a complete system of primary, intermediate, and superior schools for the education of the Catholics of Ireland, and of establishing a training or normal college for the education of teachers, under the charge of the Vincentian Fathers.

This is an example for us here in the United States to follow.

ACCORDING to the Italian *Official Gazette*, the sales of Church lands, "expropriated" by the Italian government, amounted, during the month of July, 1875, to 2,352,579 lire ($488,148), and, during the previous part of the year, to 10,666,883 lire ($2,133,377). From the 26th of October, 1867, to the close of 1874, the total amount realized by the sale at auction of expropriated Church lands was 480,778,827 lire ($96,155,766).

IT is very odd to see paragraphs flying all round the country to the effect, that Bishop Corrigan and the Catholics of New Jersey made an organized attack on the public school system, but were overwhelmingly defeated, when the Bishop's circular only directed attention to the amendment taxing church property, which, in its operation, affects Protestants as well as Catholics! So much for that.

THE Catholics in New Brunswick, British America, have obtained some concessions in the school question. The certificate of the Superior of any Catholic religious order for any teacher is received as equivalent to attendance at the Normal School. No books are permitted to be used in any school containing matters offensive to the religious principles of Catholic teachers and scholars.

SOME Catholics think that Sunday-schools are a Protestant invention, and we have seen a statement that Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, England, first conceived the idea. But nothing was more usual in Catholic times than for the priest, on Sunday, to gather the children around him and teach them their catechism. It was a custom in Catholic England twelve hundred years ago.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THEOLOGIA MORALIS: Novissimæ ecclesiæ Doctoris S. Alphonsi.

In compendium redacta, et usui venerabilis cleri Americani accommodata Auctore, A. Konings, C.S.S.R.

Continens Pontificum de SS. Congregationum Decreta, Declarationes ac Instructiones ad rem moralem pertinentes. Facultates Episcopis nostris concedi solitas. Tractationam de præsentia et auctoritate doctrinæ moralis S. Alphonsi, necnon clavem operum ejus. Prolegomena ad Theologiam Moralem ac *Tractatus*, De actibus Humanis, De Conscientia, De Legibus, De Peccatis, et De Virtutibus Theologicis. Bostoniæ: Typis Patricii Donohoe, 1874.

The three parts composing the whole of the above work have been at length completed, and have been furnished to us by Peter F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, to which fact we direct the attention of the Reverend Clergy of Philadelphia and vicinity. To praise the work would be a labor of supererogation. The name of St. Alphonsus is of itself a tower of theological strength, but it seems to us that over and above the fact of this being a compendium, and from the pen of one so fitted for the task of a judicious abridgment, the words upon the title-page, *Et usui* venerabilis cleri *Americani accommodata*, should of themselves be a sufficient inducement for every American clergyman to have a copy in his library. The peculiar status of the Church in America, the anomalous condition of American society, life, and manners, must give rise to many grave questions ignored in the days, comparatively recent though they be, when the saintly Bishop of Santa Agata Dei Goti penned his admirable treatises. To accommodate his doctrine to the present age and condition of our own country is therefore a task in the highest degree praiseworthy; and we feel confident that our clergy will by their patronage not only do justice to themselves, but, at the same time, signify to the learned son of St. Alphonsus, who, from his retreat at Ilchester, has sent forth so excellent a work, that they appreciate his labors in their behalf.

THE SPIRIT OF FAITH; OR, WHAT MUST I DO TO BELIEVE? Five Lectures delivered in St. Peter's, Cardiff, by the Right Rev. Bishop Hedley, O.S.B. New York Catholic Publication Society, 1875. Received from

"*Without faith it is impossible to please God.*" Such is the declaration uttered long ago by the lips of infallible truth. Faith, then, is the *sine qua non* of salvation. Yet, while those who have strayed from the true fold, professedly claim to put all their hopes of salvation upon faith in Christ, they practically deny the doctrine by setting up a dead faith as their standard of redemption. There is no doctrine of divine truth more totally ignored in this age of reason and skepticism than this supernatural principle of faith, not only by the rationalistic theories of infidels and the paradoxical system of Protestants, but even by the children of the Church, who, believing, live as though they believed not, and whose faith thus unanimated by good works, is as lifeless and impracticable as that of their brethren outside the pale of the Church.

Since want of faith is the great evil of our age, surely any work which inculcates the necessity of this virtue, and explains its nature and objects, must be of incalculable value. Such is the little treatise before us, which is a thorough and simple exposition of this fundamental theological virtue. The sermons are five in number, and treat of, I. The necessity of belief. II. The New Testament teaching as to the nature of faith. III. Prejudice as an obstacle to faith. IV. Wilfulness as an obstacle to faith. V. Faith the gift of Jesus Christ. Should any further recommendation be needed for this little work, let it be found in the name of its author.

WAYSIDE PENCILLINGS, by Rev. James J. Moriarty, A.M., Chatham Village, New York. Albany: Van Benthuysen Printing House, 1875.

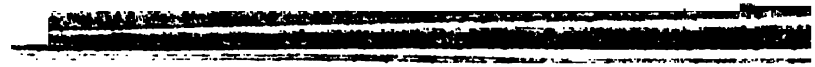
We regret that this charming little journal, the character of which is sufficiently demonstrated by its name, has not, as yet, a more general circulation, having been published *for the author* by the firm whose imprint it bears. Such books are largely in favor with a class of readers who find peculiar delight in the romance of travel. Europe, its manners, customs, and people, can be correctly described only by a Catholic; for, after all, Europe is thoroughly Catholic, despite the temporary overclouding of the brilliancy of her faith by the darkening influences of infidelity and liberalism. The description of Pope Pius IX, from the author's graphic ***pen, reminds*** us strongly of the beautiful ***pen-and-ink*** portrait of the Sovereign Pontiff drawn by the celebrated Margaret Fuller Ossoli, shortly after his elevation to the papal chair; but this is but one of the many good things with which the book abounds, and we think the author is doing injustice to himself in not giving his work wider circulation. We hope soon to see it on the shelves of every Catholic publisher, not that it may stay there, but preparatory to its transfer to every Catholic library.

LUDOVIC AND GERTRUDE, by Hendrik Conscience. Baltimore: Murphy & Co., 1875.

The seventeenth volume of the Conscience series of novels, which are too celebrated to need any new recommendation. The scene of this romance is laid in Antwerp, in the days of the reign of the tyrannical Duke of Alva, as representative of Philip II of Spain, when the Flemings had banded together to throw off the hated foreign yoke. These conspirators were known as the Gueux. But, whilst many of them were inspired by the loftiest motives of patriotism, there were some among them who, hating the faith of the Spaniards worse than their rule, made patriotism but a pretext for the attempted overthrow of the Church. History has frequently repeated itself in this particular, the folly of such attempts being no preventive to their repetition even in our own *enlightened* (!) age. We, therefore, recommend this novel, especially to *liberal* Catholics and the dupes of false freedom.

THE LITTLE CROWN OF ST. JOSEPH. Compiled and translated by a Sister of St. Joseph, Permissu Superiorum. New York and Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 1875.

An excellent collection of meditations and devotions in honor of the glorious Saint whose name it bears, and most appropriate for a time when his cultus is so strongly and so generally propagated. It is embellished with a steel-plate portrait of the great Patriarch of the Christian Church. We feel confident that so serviceable a manual will meet with the success which it deserves.

THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS, by Rev. F. X. Weninger, S.J., D.D., in twelve parts, flexible binding. New York: P. O'Shea, 1875.

We have received, through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Part III of this work, in the praise of which we can only repeat our former encomiums of the preceding numbers. The engraving serving as a frontispiece to this part is a steel-plate copy of Carlo Dolci's well-known painting, The Agony in the Garden.